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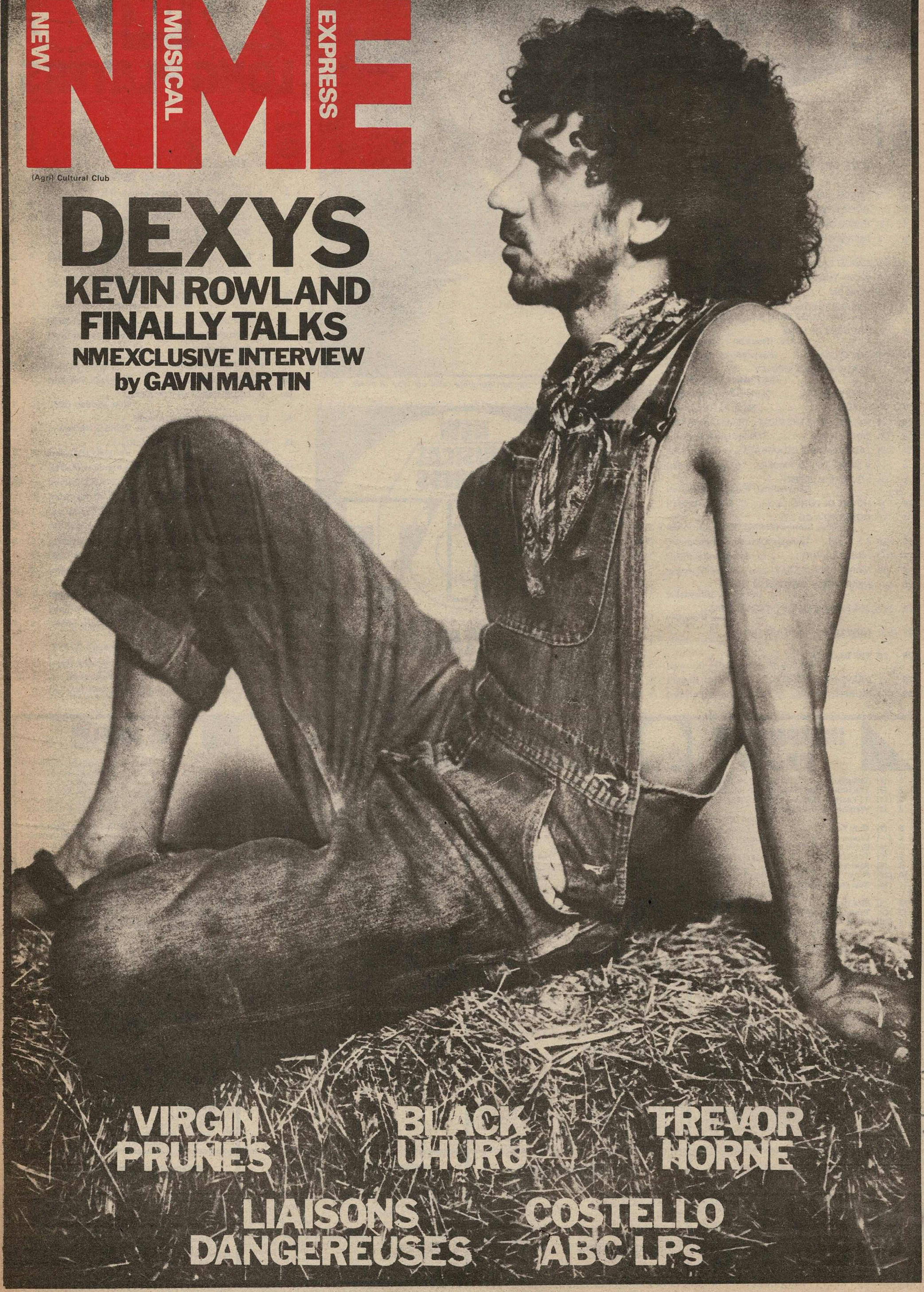
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

(Agri) Cultural Club

DEXYS
KEVIN ROWLAND FINALLY TALKS
NME EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW by GAVIN MARTIN



VIRGIN PRUNES

BLACK UHURU

TREVOR HORNE

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES

COSTELLO ABC LPs

Kevin Rowland bales out / Photo by Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME** Charlene (Motown)	5	1
2	3	TORCH...Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	5	2
3	1	GOODY TWO SHOES ..... Adam Ant (CBS)	7	1
4	(13)	INSIDE OUT.....Odyssey (RCA)	2	4
5	6	I'M A WONDERFUL THING (BABY) Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	4	5
6	10	I WANT CANDY.....Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	4	6
7	8	WORK THAT BODY.....Diana Ross (Capitol)	4	7
8	(15)	AVALON.....Roxy Music (EG)	2	8
9	(26)	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	9
10	5	THE LOOK OF LOVE ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	7	4
11	11	DO I DO.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	11
12	17	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY The Beatles (Parlophone)	4	12
13	(—)	HAPPY TALK ..... Captain Sensible (A&M)	1	13
14	22	IKO IKO ..... Natasha (Towerbell)	2	14
15	4	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF ...Duran Duran (EMI)	7	4
16	(14)	NO REGRETS ..... Midge Ure (Chrysalis)	2	14
17	(27)	LAS PALABRAS DE AMOR..... Queen (EMI)	2	17
18	(—)	A NIGHT TO REMEMBER ..... Shalamar (Solar)	1	18
19	(9)	WE TAKE MYSTERY Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	2	9
20	7	HOUSE OF FUN..... Madness (Stiff)	7	1
21	16	GOING TO A GO GO Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	3	16
22	18	3 × 3 (EP) ..... Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	6	10
23	(—)	MUSIC & LIGHT .....Imagination (R&B)	1	23
24	19	MAMA USED TO SAY.....Junior (Mercury)	7	7
25	(—)	HEART (STOP BEATING IN TIME) Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(—)	JUST WHO IS THE 5 O'CLOCK HERO Jam (Polydor)	1	26
27	(—)	NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	27
28	28	THE BACK OF LOVE Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	5	20
29	21	BRAVE NEW WORLD..... Toyah (Safari)	5	21
30	(—)	MURPHY'S LAW .....Cherie (Polydor)	1	30

Rabbit, rabbit . . . Captain Sensible talks his way in at No. 13

Pic: Peter Anderson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**AVALON** Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	5	1
2	4	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81) Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	4	2
3	2	COMPLETE MADNESS..... Madness (Stiff)	10	1
4	(—)	NON-STOP EXOTIC DANCE Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	1	4
5	5	RIO .....Duran Duran (EMI)	6	2
6	7	TROPICAL GANGSTERS Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	5	6
7	3	THREE SIDES LIVE Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	3	3
8	10	HOT SPACE ..... Queen (EMI)	7	2
9	11	WINDSONG..... Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	3	9
10	21	TUG OF WAR..... Paul McCartney (EMI)	9	1
11	6	THE CHANGELING..... Toyah (Safari)	2	6
12	17	NIGHT BIRDS .....Shakatak (Polydor)	7	6
13	9	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST Iron Maiden (EMI)	12	1
14	13	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM Stevie Wonder (Motown)	6	6
15	18	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack) Vangelis (Polydor)	26	6
16	12	LIVE IN BRITAIN.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	9	1
17	22	ASIA..... Asia (Geffen)	7	13
18	(—)	LEXICON OF LOVE..... ABC (Neutron)	1	18
19	(—)	KILLERS.....Kiss (Casablanca/Phonogram)	1	19
19	20	ARE YOU READY .....Bucks Fizz (RCA)	7	9
21	18	THE HUNTER..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	8
22	(—)	LOVE SONGS.....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	22	1
23	(—)	1982 .....STATUS QUO (Vertigo/Phonogram)	8	3
24	23	ABRACADABRA The Steve Miller Band (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	23
24	26	BAT OUT OF HELL ..... Meatloaf (Epic)	35	9
26	(—)	PEARLS..... Elkie Brooks (A&M)	28	3
27	(—)	WE ARE . . . THE LEAGUE Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)	1	27
28	(—)	DARE.....Human League (Virgin)	29	1
29	30	TURBO TRAX ..... Various (K-Tel)	2	29
30	14	JI ..... Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	14

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Temptation** .....New Order (Factory)	
2	(7)	**The House That Men Built** Conflict (Crass)	
3	(11)	**17 Years Of Hell**..... Partizans (No Future)	
4	(3)	**Waiting For The Blackout** Damned (Big Beat)	
5	(2)	**Only You**..... Yazoo (Mute)	
6	(—)	**Woman**.....Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)	
7	(4)	**Brave New World** ..... Toyah (Safari)	
8	(5)	**Total Noise EP**..... Various (Total Noise)	
9	(6)	**Faithless**..... Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)	
10	(22)	**Farce**.....Rudimentary Peni (Crass)	
11	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)	
12	(8)	**Sick Boy**..... GBH (Clay)	
13	(12)	**Tearing Up The Plans** ....23 Skidoo (Fetish)	
14	(20)	**Night And Day** Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)	
15	(13)	**Xo Yo** .....Passage (Cherry Red)	
16	(15)	**The Meaning Of Love** Depeche Mode (Mute)	
17	(9)	**El Salvador**.....Insane (No Future)	
18	(27)	**Pagan Love Song** Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)	
19	(25)	**View From Her Room** Weekend (Rough Trade)	
20	(17)	**Fashion**..... Charge (Kamera)	
21	(—)	**Running Away/Time**..Paul Haig (Twilight)	
22	(—)	**I Don't Wanna Be A Victim** The Varukers (Inferno)	
23	(23)	**I Think I Need Help**.. Farmers Boys (Waap)	
24	(19)	**The Warfare EP** .. The System (Spider Leg)	
25	(10)	**Love Is All — Is Alright** ..... UB40 (Dept Int)	
26	(24)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	
27	(—)	**Rosemary** Dislocation Dance (New Hormones)	
28	(29)	**La Vache Qui Rit** ... Zounds (Not So Brave)	
29	(16)	**Angel Face**..... Outcasts (Outcasts Only)	
30	(21)	**Survival** ..... Defects (WXYZ)	

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**We Are The League** .. A.N. League (WXYZ)	
2	(8)	**Troops Of Tomorrow** ....Exploited (Secret)	
3	(4)	**The Changeling**..... Toyah (Safari)	
4	(2)	**He Who Dares Live** Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)	
5	(3)	**2 × 45**..... Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)	
6	(5)	**Wargasm** ..... Various (Pax)	
7	(16)	**Thermo Nuclear Sweat** Defunkt (Hannibal)	
8	(15)	**Degenerates**.....Passage (Cherry Red)	
9	(11)	**Riotous Assembly** ..... Various (Riot City)	
10	(6)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing** Discharge (Clay)	
11	(7)	**Greatest Hits**. Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)	
12	(9)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup** Scientist (G/Sleeves)	
13	(12)	**4th Drawer Down** Associates (Situation 2)	
14	(17)	**Two Bad DJ** Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)	
15	(10)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**.....Pigbag (Y)	
16	(20)	**Seven Songs**.....23 Skidoo (Fetish)	
17	(13)	**Speak And Spell** .... Depeche Mode (Mute)	
18	(23)	**In The Flat Field**.....Bauhaus (4AD)	
19	(18)	**Movement**.....New Order (Factory)	
20	(28)	**Evacuate**..... Chelsea (Step Forward)	
21	(22)	**Hex Enduction Hour** ..... Fall (Kamera)	
22	(14)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**..... Various (Abstract)	
23	(—)	**Wipe Out** ..... Raven (Neat)	
24	(29)	**Metal On Metal** ..... Anvil (Attic)	
25	(21)	**After The Snow**.....Modern English (4AD)	
26	(27)	**Skinhead Anthem** Last Resort (Last Resort)	
27	(25)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins** 4 Skins (Secret)	
28	(—)	**Change Of Heart** .....Positive Noise (Statik)	
29	(24)	**Mr Yellow Man** ... Yellow Man (G/sleeves)	
30	(—)	**Big Ship** .... Freddie McGregor (G/Sleeves)	

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops.

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Dark Mist**.....	Black Uhuru (Island)
2	**Love Has Found Its Way**.....	Dennis Brown (A&M)
3	**Key To The World**.....	Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
4	**Big Ship**.....	Freddy McGregor (Greensleeves)
5	**Love Light**.....	Dennis Brown (Yvonne's Special)
6	**Go Away Little Boy** ...	Samantha Rose (Third World)
7	**Just For A Moment**	Erika Gale (Ital)
8	**For Your Love**	Legato (Ital)
9	**Hey Love**	Jimmy Riley (Island)
10	**Out Of Hand**.....	Yellow Man (PAMA)
11	**Boom Him Up**.....	Michael Prophet (Greensleeves)
12	**Chalice In Hand**.....	Carlton Livingston (Powerhouse)
13	**Secret Admirer**.....	Ovations (Live & Love)
14	**Operation Radication**.....	Yellow Man (Pama)
15	**Rock and Come On Ya**	Johnny Osbourne (Black Joy)

1	**Chill Out**.....	Black Uhuru (Island)
2	**Mandell**.....	Hugh Mandell (Greensleeves)
3	**Far Over**.....	Burning Spear (Radic)
4	**Love Has Found A Way**.....	Dennis Brown (A&M)
5	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (Greensleeves)

Bonaparte Records, 31 Market Street, Bromley

US SINGLES

1	**Ebony & Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
2	**Don't You Want Me**.....	The Human League (Virgin)
3	**Rosanna**	Toto (Columbia)
4	**Heat Of The Moment**.....	Asia (Warner Bros)
5	**Always On My Mind**.....	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
6	**Hurts So Good**.....	John Cougar (Polygram)
7	**Crimson & Clover**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
8	**Let It Whip**.....	Dazz Band (Motown)
9	**Love's Been A Little Bit Hard On Me**	Juice Newton (Capitol)
10	**The Other Woman**.....	Ray Parker Jr (Arista)

US LPs

1	**Asia**.....	Asia (Warner Bros)
2	**Tug Of War**.....	Paul McCartney (Columbia)
3	**Diver Down**.....	Van Halen (Warner Bros)
4	**Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium 1**	Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
5	**Dare**.....	The Human League (A&M/Virgin)
6	**Always On My Mind**.....	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
7	**Toto IV**.....	Toto (Columbia)
8	**Aldo Nova**.....	Aldo Nova (Epic)
9	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
10	**American Fool**.....	John Cougar (Polygram)

Courtesy Billboard

WEST GERMAN LPs

1	**Ebony & Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (EMI)
2	**Da Da Da Ich Lieb Dich Night**.....	Trio (Mercury)
3	**Rosemarie**.....	Hubert Kuh (Polydor)
4	**Ein Bisschen Frieden**.....	Nicole (Jupiter)
5	**Sommersprossen**.....	Ukw (Teldec)
6	**Maid Of Orleans**	Orchestral Manouevres In The Dark (Dindisc)
7	**Carbonara**.....	Spliff (CBS)
8	**Ich Will Spass**.....	Markus (CBS)
9	**Der Kommissar**.....	Falco (Gig)
10	**View from a Bridge**.....	Kim Wilde (RAK)

Courtesy Billboard/Der Musikmarket

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**So You Win Again**	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
2	**Fanfare For The Common Man**	Emerson, Lake and Palmer (Atlantic)
3	**Show You The Way To Go**.....	The Jacksons (Epic)
4	**Baby Don't Change Your Mind**	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
5	**Ma Baker**.....	Boney M (Atlantic)
6	**Sam**	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
7	**Peaches**.....	The Stranglers (United Artists)
8	**You're Moving Out Today**	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
9	**A Star Is Born**.....	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
10	**Lucille**.....	Kenny Rogers (UA)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Take Me Bak 'Ome**	Slade (Polydor)
2	**Puppy Love**.....	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	**Rock And Roll Parts 1 & 2**.....	Gary Glitter (Bell)
4	**Vincent**.....	Don McLean (United Artists)
5	**Little Willy**.....	Sweet (RCA)
6	**Rockin' Robin**.....	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
7	**California Man**	The Move (Harvest)
8	**Circles**.....	New Seekers (Polydor)
9	**Ooh-Wakka-Doo-Wakka-Day**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
10	**Mary Had A Little Lamb**.....	Wings (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Whiter Shade Of Pale**.....	Procol Harum (Deram)
2	**There Goes My Everything**...	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	**Alternative Title**.....	Monkees (RCA)
4	**She'd Rather Be With Me**.....	Turtles (London)
5	**Carrie Anne**.....	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	**Paper Sun**.....	Traffic (Island)
7	**Okay!**.....	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
8	**Groovin'**.....	Young Rascals (Atlantic)
9	**It Must Be Him**.....	Vikki Carr (Liberty)
10	**Here Comes The Nice**.....	Small Faces (Immediate)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Picture Of You**.....	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
2	**I Can't Stop Loving You**.....	Ray Charles (HMV)
3	**Come Outside**.....	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
4	**Good Luck Charm**.....	Elvis Presley (RCA)
5	**Ginny Come Lately**.....	Brian Hyland (HMV)
6	**I'm Looking Out The Window**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	**Here Comes That Feeling**.....	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8	**The Green Leaves Of Summer**	Kenny Ball (Pye)
9	**Last Night Was Made For Love**	Billy Fury (Decca)
10	**English Country Garden**.....	Jimmy Rodgers (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Stones set massive festival

LET IT BE LEEDS

THE ROLLING STONES are now officially set to play their biggest-yet UK open-air concert at Leeds Roundhay Park on Sunday, July 25 — so confirming yet another *NME* exclusive forecast, reported two weeks ago.

As explained at that time, they want to complete their current tour by playing to the biggest possible crowd, and the Leeds site is a natural amphitheatre capable of taking up to 140,000 people — though it's expected that the police will restrict the attendance to 80,000 for this concert.

The J. Geils Band will again be special guests, and a third big-name act has yet to be finalised. It's understood that the joint promoters — Harvey Goldsmith, Danny Betesh and John Curd — are keen on securing one of the top post-punk bands, and it's believed that approaches have been made to The Jam and The Clash.

The Leeds show is the day after the Stones' Irish concert at Dublin Slaine Castle and, although Roundhay Park was originally intended as the tour grand finale, it's now believed that a further gig may be slotted in on the next day — July 26, which just happens to be Mick Jagger's birthday. *NME* also understands that, if it materialises, this extra show won't be very far from London.

Mail order tickets for Leeds are priced £9.80 from R. S. Tickets 4, P.O. Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS — make cheques and POs payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments" and enclose SAE.

Tickets at £10 each are also available by personal application to HMV stores in Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, Wolverhampton, Hull, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, Newcastle, Stockton, Sunderland, Bradford, Glasgow and Manchester — plus Cyclops Records (Birmingham), Leeds Tourist Info, Newcastle City Hall, Preston Guildhall, all Mike Lloyd Record Shops, Manchester and Glasgow Apollo Theatres, and Piccadilly Records and Kennedy Street (both Manchester). In London, they are on sale at Keith Prowse branches, HMV (Oxford Street), London Theatre Bookings, Premier and Albemarle.

● *Stones cause 1969-style terror in Italy: page 4.*

Jagger at Wembley at the weekend. Pic: Peter Anderson.

Rock with Club Foot

A NEW Thursday-night rock venue opens in London this month — in the upstairs room at the Clarendon Hotel in Hammersmith — to be known as the Club Foot. Promoter John Curd has taken it over, explaining that the area has a need for a mid-size venue of about 500 capacity, which it has lacked since the closure of the Nashville Rooms.

It will have a flexible policy, as the initial bookings show: **The Meteors, The Straps, and Peter & The Test Tube Babies** (July 15); **Wasted Youth** and **The Danse Society** (22); **Southern Death Cult, Erazerhead** and **Mulion Circus** (29); and **The Higsons** and **The Dancing Did** (August 5).

The venue is licensed until midnight, and admission to each of the first four dates is £2, which will be the standard price. Tickets are available from Premier Box-Office, London Theatre Bookings, Rough Trade, Rock On Records and the Clarendon itself.

Roger joins solo ranks

THE BEAT returned last weekend from America, where they've been touring with The Clash, and immediately announced plans for a British tour in the autumn.

They've already gone back into the studio to complete work on their new album, which promises to be very different from the previous two, and the tour will coincide with its release — dates will be announced later in the summer.

Meanwhile, Ranking Roger releases a single in his own right this weekend. It's a toasting number recorded with a fellow Brummie named Pato, called 'Pato And Roger (Ago Talk)', with music provided by The Beat and issued on their own Go-Feet label.

The duo first met 15 months ago at a toasting competition in Birmingham, when Roger was a judge and Pato was the winning contestant.

DAF's final album: page 36
Herzog movie sparks protest: page 11

Adam: I'm no Maneater!

ADAM ANT, who was last week divorced from his wife Eve (real name Carole) after seven years, has issued a statement denouncing the release of the single 'Nine To Five' by The Maneaters on EG/Polydor Records.

He explains that in 1977 he was asked to put some Toyah Willcox lyrics to music, for use on the soundtrack of the film *Jubilee*, in which it was performed by a fictitious group called The Maneaters — with Toyah as their singer. He agreed as a favour to Derek Jarman, even though it was a low-budget session — and, he claims, it was agreed that his name should appear only as a co-writer and in no way associated with Adam & The Ants or Adam Ant.

Adam now claims that the record is being released in a completely different capacity, inferring that he's playing a major role on it, though he actually took part only as a session musician. He adds that he believes it to be a sub-standard record, and advises his fans not to buy it — and as he doesn't wish to profit personally from "inferior product", he'll be donating all his royalties to the Multiple Sclerosis Music Therapy.

Flashback! Adam circa '68 performing 'Toyah's In The Attic'. Pic: Bryn Jones

Modern roam-antics

MODERN ROMANCE are lining up a series of dates to tie in with the release of their new WEA single 'By The Way'. The first five confirmed are at Swindon Brunel Rooms (July 9), Torquay 100 Ballroom (August 1), Stockton Fiesta Club (4), Glasgow Tiffany's (5) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (28), with more gigs to be slotted into the interim dates. While they're doing the rounds, they'll also be undertaking extensive personal appearances at local commercial radio stations.

Steve Miller, Japan, AWB, Saxon dates: page 38
Win 60 classic singles: page 7

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Dexys divide

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have parted company with sax players Brian Maurice Brummitt and Paul Spear, just a few weeks after trombonist Jim Paterson left the line-up. The chief reason for the exodus says Paterson, is the diminishing role of brass in the group's new direction. The three departing members intend to continue working together as a section, both freelance and on material of their own. And the new slimline Dexys are currently at work on their new revue, which should see the light of day in the late summer or early autumn.

Brilliant start!

BRILLIANT — the new band who, as announced last week, were formed by the two non-defecting Killing Joke members — have already run into trouble. It seems that drummer Paul has already quit the line-up, leaving bassist Pig Youth as the sole remaining Joker.

In another enigmatic communique issued from their 'mysterious' 'Sussex' 'hideout', they say that Youth, Marcus (vocals) and Tintin (bass) are now working with a new drummer, plus an added keyboards player — though neither of the newcomers is named. They add that their debut single 'Push' should be out shortly "as pens get near to paper", and that plans are being made for a tour.

Cosmic Common

GREENHAM COMMON in Berkshire is the scene of a hastily arranged festival, starting today and continuing over the weekend, with the prospect of it running until next weekend if interest is sustained. It's been arranged by the organisers of the Stonehenge Festival, who call it a "Cosmic Gathering", and they've erected their pyramid stage at the site.

A spokesman explained that, with the ending of the Stonehenge event, many of the thousands who attended that festival had now moved on to Greenham Common — site of a long-standing protest against the Greenham cruise missile base — and he hoped that, when the news of this latest gathering spread, their numbers would be swelled substantially.

Many of the Stonehenge performers are also crossing over from Wiltshire to Berkshire, and among those confirmed are The Androids Of Mu, Dolly Mixture, Inner City Unit, Amazulu, Swamp 82, Dream Cycle 7, The Penguins and Peggy Seeger & Ewan McColl. If the project is successful, it will become a regular post-Stonehenge event every year.

Not so sweet

TO MARK the sixth anniversary of the Soweto massacre of school children, the Anti Apartheid Movement is initiating a number of 'actions' and demos throughout Britain, among them a march — July 3 — on the York factory of the Rowntree sweets and chocolate empire.

The step is taken, says AAM, "because of the persistent refusal of Rowntree Mackintosh to reinstate 470 black workers sacked by their 100 per cent-owned South African subsidiary, Wilson-Rowntree, and to recognise their union." Student unions and some councils have already banned the likes of Smarties, Aero, Polo, Yorkie, Rolo and juicy fruit pastilles. Can you say 'no'? For details of the march contact: AAM, 89 Charlotte Street, London, W1 (01-580 5311).

Pic: Paul Cox

COMPETITION WINNERS

Left: Tense? You bet. You could pierce the atmosphere with a winklepicker, or slice it with a trouser-crease. Backstage at the 1982 Billy Fury Lookalike Contest, four young hopefuls nervously await the judges' decision. Restlessly, Martin Fry drums his fingers, as the sweat trickles out from under his reinforced-concrete shirt-cuffs.

Right: They were to be disappointed. For here, proudly clutching his trophy, is winner Bry Nylon, of Great Yarmouth. "Tin Pan Alley is my life," he sobbed, gratefully. "I'm over the spoon — in June."

But beware, Bry: Hell hath no Fury like a poser scorned. Watch out for those poison arrows. Whatever that expression on Martin's face is, it ain't the Look of love

Pic: Harry Hammond, 1962.

THE LOOK OF FURY

Weekend — strong silent types. L-R: Spike, Alison, Simon.

The bombast backlash starts here

DAVE HILL sees Weekend take a Giant step and lose their Marbles . . .

Pic: DAVID CORIO

THERE'S NO use denying it. Minds get tired. Feet get sore. The soul becomes weary. The senses crave something cool and deep and calm. Certain kinds of music can assist your sad condition; so let me introduce you to Weekend.

"Yes, I think the music is easy to listen to. But there's a desperation in it too," claims Alison Station, formerly vocalist with clipped Rough Trade experimentalists Young Marble Giants. "I think the words used are quite . . . picturesque. But underneath it's not *just* all nice and pastoral."

"A lot of it is about quiet survival," adds guitarist Simon Booth. "It's not a '60s retreatist thing. All our music's based on our own existence, which is, like, trying to manage and survive in London. We're not positing some hippie utopia. Our music draws on areas you don't get referred to in rock music, and that's the whole business of unconscious and desire. Fears and insecurities. You got that in a lot of '60s pop music, and it remains popular today."

Simon, Alison and Spike (who also plays guitar) form the nucleus of Weekend, an exquisite group who've made two of the most beautifully crafted and deceptively emotive singles of the year.

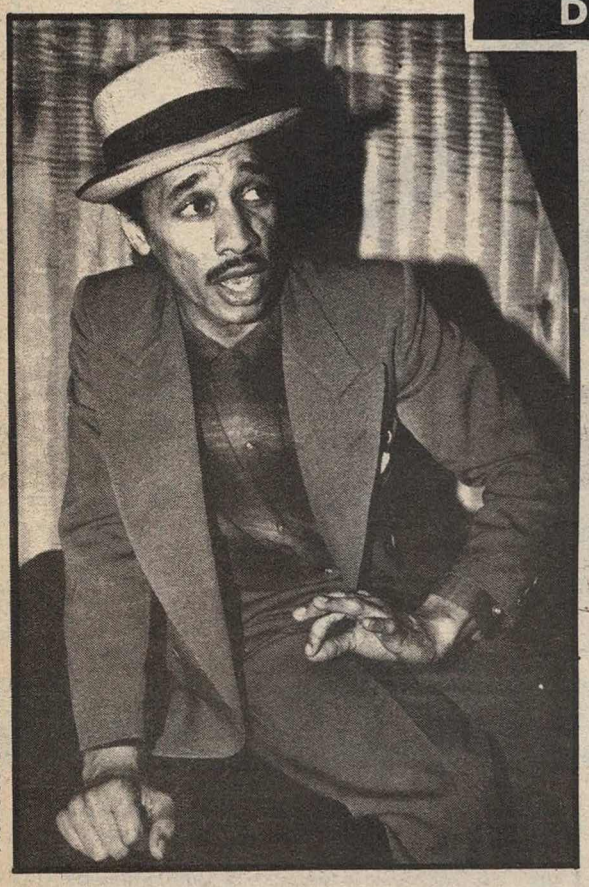
Like much of the most lasting, most affecting music, 'A View From Her Room'/'Leaves Of Spring', the group's first 45, created an instant atmosphere, almost tangible. It was only gradually that the specifics of lyric and melody crept up on you; the song worked initially at the level of pure sensation.

"You can't really pin it down to a style," says Alison. "It's more a *feel*."

'View's' music was the perfect complement of Alison's soft, pale voice, and the song's

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

AUGUST DARNELL



Pic: Joe Stevens

TV
Barney Miller

FOOD
Salads
Birhermuesli (a Swiss dish)
No meat — recently became a vegetarian

MUSIC
I Shot The Sheriff ... Bob Marley And The Wailers
I'm Only Sleeping, from Revolver ..... The Beatles
Dayo ..... Harry Belafonte
Give It Up Or Turn It Loose ..... James Brown
Jailhouse Rock ..... Elvis Presley
Cape Cod Bay ..... Patti Page
The Sound Of Music soundtrack
Soundtrack to Mutiny On The Bounty starring Brando and Trevor Howard
Steven Sondheim's Soundtrack to Gypsy starring Natalie Wood and Ros Russell

MOVIES
Casablanca (1942)
The Sound Of Music (1965)
Along Came Jones starring Cooper/Young (1945)
Samson And Delilah (1949)
Original King Kong (1933)
Mighty Joe Young starring Terri Moore (1949)

BOOKS
Far From The Madding Crowd ..... Thomas Hardy
The Great Gatsby ..... F Scott Fitzgerald
The Native Son ..... Richard Wright

PLAYS
Troilus And Cressida ..... W Shakespeare
Hamlet ..... W Shakespeare
Cymbeline ..... W Shakespeare

SONNETS
No. 116 by W Shakespeare

TIES
All bought in a job lot in '76 from a shop on 8th Street (all are 1940s originals). Collection is some 140 ties in all

SHOES
All bought from JuJu Boutique on Madison Ave, and Warren Edwards on Park Ave

message; a wistful wish for some out-of-town quiet and space. It *rolls* at an inviting mid-tempo samba, executed with warmth and economy by Simon, Spike and a selection of sessioneer friends who, in one combination or another, help them out on stage.
Syncopation is enriched by Phil Moxham (another former Young Marble Giant) on bass, Mark (drums) and Dawson (percussion). Detail is provided by Larry Stabbins and Olaf Vas on saxophones; and Harry Beckett's trumpet is a whole extra highlight on its own.

The new single, 'Past Meets Present'/'Midnight Slows' recaptures the debut's fascination, but, apart from Stabbins' tenor, dispenses with horn in favour of some exeptional string arrangements by producer Simon Jeffes.

Weekend's fresh approach has brought them some success. That first single has been a fixture in the *NME* independent chart for weeks. It's that sound. It draws people in. What inspires it?

"Well, it's jazz-influenced," explains Simon. "I've been working in Mole Jazz (a specialist shop in Kings Cross) for about a year, and I've got a lot of respect for jazz. But the two songs on that first single, I wrote by drawing as much from that style of '60s pop as from a jazz feel. There's a strong influence from ballads as well. Motown and soul comes in there. But it's also jazz-influenced in that we're not working within a sort of rock dynamic."

Weekend are indicative of changing attitudes within the independent sector. They're pursuing a musical perfectionism that combines radicalism with accessibility, and efficiency in its promotion and organisation. Along with the superlative Scritti Politti (of whom Simon was once a "floating member") they form the spearhead of Rough Trade's recent resurgence. Weekend are also the first band to sign a contract with Rough Trade long-term enough to cover two singles and an album. The threesome see this as a satisfactory test of the label's committment — and, of course, "we were afraid of the DIY ghetto."

One of the group's main aims is to build a positive alternative to established music and its presentation.

"Well, it's a reaction to the whole rock leisure process really," asserts Simon. "I've been to a few good rock gigs, but largely, of course, it's a redundant form. Bands like PiL were saying this two years ago, but they had nothing positive to replace it with. It's all very well whining on about the death of rock'n'roll, but it soon becomes a sad cliche."

For Weekend to work live, they need to find venues of the right type; small and civilised. Defending him from my criticisms, the group point out that Vic Godard's activities have really opened doors for groups like them. Two years ago, their music would have been regarded as mere novelty, if it was noticed at all.

Weekend stand against bombast. They want to encourage an appreciation of music based on something other than awe.

"I think," says Simon confidently, "that people are turning away from all that stuff. I think they're looking for a lot more subtlety and diversity."

Weekend aren't shouting in your face. They're whispering in your ear. Weekend are relaxing, but still make something stir. Still waters, remember, run deep.

Bad boys of pop shock Italians

THE ITALIANS seem to have lost their marbles over the prospect of an imminent tour by pop group The Rolling Stones.

Like the Five Lads themselves there is a belief in Italian political circles that the year is still 1969 or thereabouts and that Rolling Stones group equals drug-taking, anarchy, devil worship, child-rape and smelly feet.

The biggest row has occurred in the Tuscan city of Florence where a council decision to ban The Boys was followed by street demonstrations by thousands of youth.

The Florence council seems to have split roughly in three directions: those on the right who sought to outdo each other with scare-raising stories on nature of British pop group; and those on the left, particularly the Communists and Socialists, who saw the issue as a chance to woo young (youngish?) voters.

Among the very coolest contributions was that by Maria Cristina Fiochi, president of the right wing Anti Drug Coalition, who claims to have discovered involvement by Rolling Stone group in devil worship, Mafia drug circles, the CIA and MI5. "They are a grave danger to Italian youth," she concludes.

Lead singer Mick Jagger, a member of the MCC and former dance partner of HRH Princess Margaret, has so far declined so dirty himself by entering the debate.

The group have, however, gone on record as deploring a 'helpful' suggestion by the socialists that if Florence be denied them they should be cleared to play a military installation in the Roman countryside.

"We don't play to a bunch of tanks", was British pop group's sensible answer.

So far there seems to be no threat to concerts planned for July 11 and 12 in Turin. And this is just as well says our Italian correspondent "since 32,000 tickets went in two days like hot cakes".

As well as hot cakes, there are plans to release 15,000 coloured balloons during the shows and the president of the Turin regional council, far from crabbing at the expence, has praised British pop group for "bringing culture to an industrial city" and says he will reduce prices in all tourist haunts during the week of the visit.

Mick Jagger is 107.

Still demonic . . . Jagger

Next week in NME

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

HAYSI FANTAYZEE

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L.B. RECORDS (Concert Tour Div.)
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ROLLING STONES

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Ticket to the concert
and Tickets for the ferry.
Tel: 01-659 2526 for details.

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What do you think of the ads in this paper?

Could you do better?
If you're a writer or designer and think you could, then drop a line to box 4559 and maybe do yourself a bit of good.

CHRIS BOHN previews Liaisons Dangereuses' first UK dates

Liaisons L—R: Krishna Goineau, Chrislo Haas, Beate Bartel. Pic: Wolfgang Burat/Spex

FIRST ENCOUNTERS OF A DANGEROUS KIND

WITH A DIVINE modesty, Liaisons Dangereuses elude all publicity. Their agents, as is only natural, act secretly, spreading the word in whispers across a continent. It is resilient enough to survive a rough channel crossing, quick-witted enough to bridge the language barrier.

The word has been taken up over here by Mute Records, whose discretion can be relied upon. An Earcom 2 track aside, Mute were the first British label to sign DAF; thus their championing of New German music can be trusted. And what with the British record industry about to launch an indiscriminate blitz of Neue Deutsche Welle onto an unsuspecting market, you're going to have to trust someone in the oncoming months.

Pressured by their German equivalents, the blitz has in fact already begun. Wishing to expand the phenomenal success of Neue Deutsche Welle — a processed and packaged kind of new German wave — they've sold it to the Dutch and now it's our turn! WEA are doing their best to break million sellers Ideal, Phonogram have got a hit contender in the gaga Trio single 'Da Da Da' (briefly featured on *Top Of The Pops* two weeks ago) and EMI have just released records by German new wave forerunners Fehlfarben, Swiss wave Grauzone and the very suspect Rheingold.

The odd Fehlfarben track aside, the current blitz somehow misses the point. If there is any sense in releasing non-English language records in Britain, they must be different, novel or at the very least of sufficient quality to justify the interest. Liaisons Dangereuses' Mute single 'Los Ninos Del Parque'/'Mystere Dans Le Brouillard' scores on any scale you choose to judge it on, whereas the majors' releases smack of British companies doing their duty by their German counterparts.

Whatever, the British industry's willing participation in the peddling of mediocrity is depressing, if unsurprising.

Neue Deutsche Welle is another manifestation of the uncanny German ability to reduce dissenting art to a saleable commodity; thus it has imposed a suffocating straitjacket on what began as the most exciting development in European music of the past five years. Fortunately some still have the will to resist . . .

Liaisons Dangereuses counter the modern German ethic of cultural conformity with an aesthetic of pure exhilaration. Their stunning form of pop electronics goes far beyond the limitations of synthi-pop without getting sidetracked up some safe avant garde ghetto. It is a contagious body music that doesn't resort to easy sequencer disco patterns to make you move. Instead it delights in its unpredictability, takes a real joy in joking with sound and rhythm, sometimes creating an unbearable suspense to support French singer Krishna Goineau's absorbing, if incomprehensible (to some), multi-lingual mysteries.

Liaisons Dangereuses were the highlight last month at Munich's five dull Rockdays of NDW, where the very difficulty of defining their appeal placed them above the readily pigeonholed NDW groups.

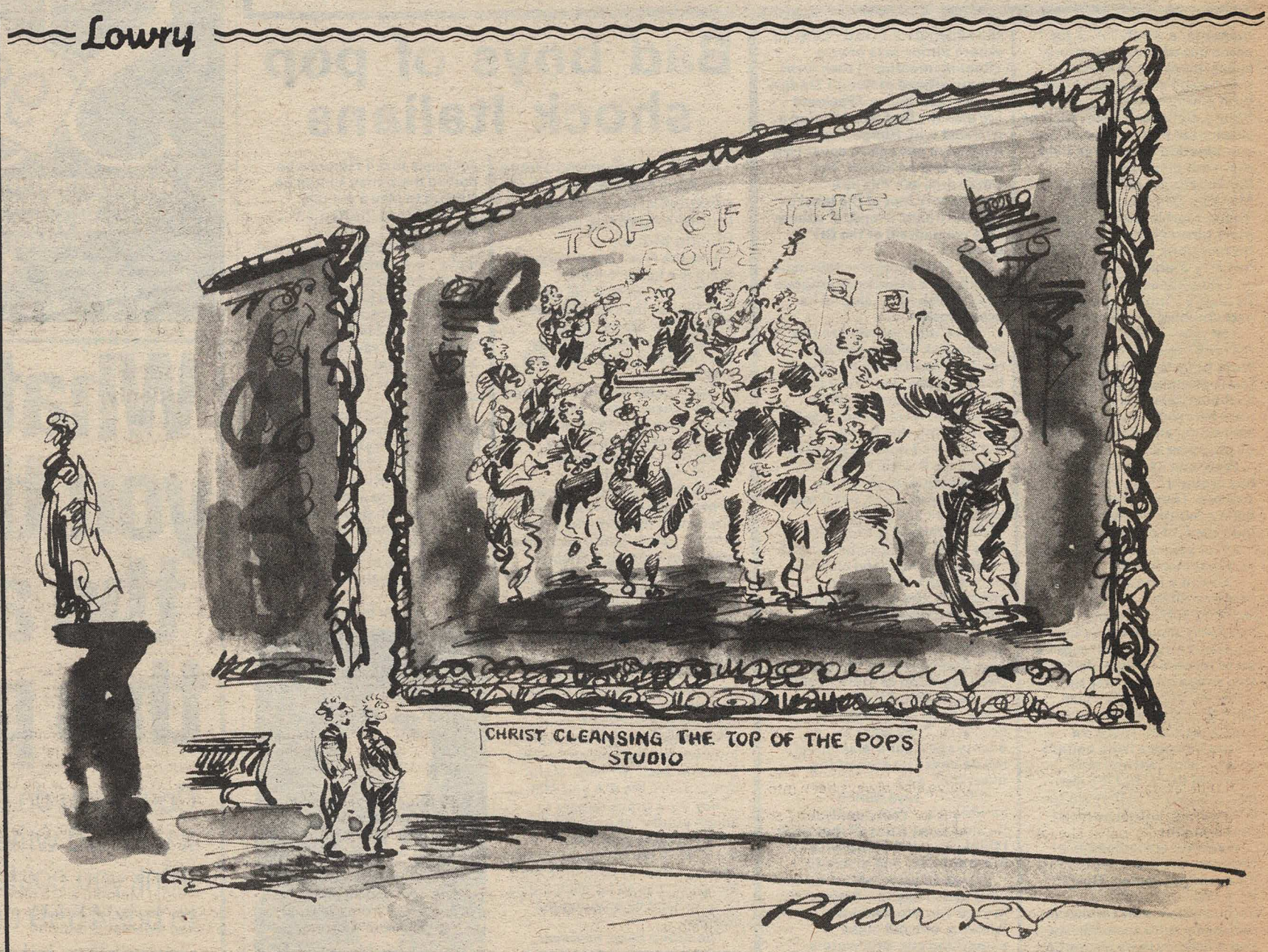
Talking to Liaisons Dangereuses doesn't make things much clearer either, which isn't to say they shy away from chatter. They claim their music to be the product of their wildly different characters, and cliche though that may be, it is in this case quite true.

Liaisons Dangereuses contrast the coolly analytical though warm electronics of Chrislo Haas — the man who programmed the tapes and synths of DAF's best LP 'Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen' — and Beate Bartel, former bassist of the Berlin girl trio Mania D (whose other two members are now Malaria) with Krishna's more emotional presence. Like many Parisiens, the Sri Lanka born singer has an excellent sense of rock'n'roll style — in both dress and demeanour — which ought to be out of place in LD context, but instead adds to its tension.

Live, you can see him straining against the pre-determining nature of the tape-based music, the frustration of everything stopping just as he's getting started. Don't they feel pre-recorded music is too restricting? Apparently not. Using a four-track cassette machine, says tape operator Beate, gives them more scope than is immediately obvious. One can drop channels in and out of the mix, tape and playback sounds, add echo — just like dub.

Anyway, it leaves them all free to move. And in a Liaisons Dangereuses concert there is more movement than one could reasonably expect from a music such as theirs. Those who remember DAF as a four-piece will recall Chrislo's fabulous DAF dances when he got carried away. Add to that Beate's offbeat intrusions and Krishna's mix of martial arts kicks and comedy.

They are appearing this month at two of Britain's best clubs, Glasgow Nightmoves and Manchester's Hacienda, and chances are their visit will be the event of the year.



CUT OUT AND SEND THIS WHOLE PANEL

recapture the Sixties

A SWINGIN' SIXTY singles — almost all of which stem from that fizz pop era — are yours for the winning.

This is a one-prize winner-takes-all play-off for 60 of the most in-demand 45s from Decca's dusty dungeons.

The cool and the crazy, the proud and the profane . . from skiffle to soul, from Merseybeat to MOR, from R&B to rubbish, from here to eternity, Decca Records had it pressed on black wax.

Activate the memory bank: can one ever forget Dana cooing 'All Kinds Of Everything'? — though many of us seriously try. But on the A-plus side, there were The Small Faces (Dirk, Stig, Ron & Nasty), Bowie, Rod (when he was still a Mod), Fury, Heinz (when he hadn't a bean), pools-winners The Vernons Girls, Van Morrison when he was one of Them and 17 — *seventeen* Rolling Stones hit singles.

They're all here, all 60 of 'em . . . The Bachelors, Val Doonican, radar and navigational equipment, come and collect them, they're cluttering up the office.

S'easy, just fill in both speech bubbles and the best side-splitter wins the wax.

TORNADOS ..... *TELSTAR / Jungle Fever*
SMALL FACES ..... *SHA LA LA LA LEE / Whatcha Gonna Do About It / All Or Nothing*
ROY C ..... *SHOTGUN WEDDING / High School Dropout*
LIEUTENANT PIGEON ..... *MOULDY OLD DOUGH/The Villain*
DAVID BOWIE ..... *LONDON BOYS/Till Tuesday*
BILLY FURY ..... *HALFWAY TO PARADISE / Cross My Heart*
JOHNNY & THE HURRICANES ..... *BEATNIK FLY / Red River Rock / Down Yonder / Rocking Goose*
DAVE BERRY ..... *THE CRYING GAME / Don't Gimme No Lip Child*
CAT STEVENS ..... *MATTHEW & SON / Granny*
TOMMY STEELE ..... *ROCK WITH THE CAVEMAN / Elevator Rock*
THE RATTLES ..... *THE WITCH/Geraldine*
NED MILLER ..... *FROM A JACK TO A KING / Parade Of Broken Hearts*
CURVED AIR ..... *BACK STREET LUV / It Happened Today*
LULU & THE LUVERS ..... *SHOUT / Forget Me Baby*
THE CRYING SHAMES ..... *PLEASE STAY / What's New Pussycat*
JACK GOOD PRESENTS LORD ROCKINGHAM'S XI ..... *HOOTS MON / Blue Train*
THE BACHELORS ..... *CHARMAINE/Ramona*
PETER SKELLERN ..... *YOU'RE A LADY/Manifesto*
KARL DENVER ..... *WIMOWEH/Gypsy Davy*
LONNIE DONEGAN ..... *ROCK ISLAND LINE/John Henry*
ROD STEWART ..... *GOOD MORNING SCHOOLGIRL / I'm Gonna Move To The Outskirts Of Town*
HEINZ ..... *JUST LIKE EDDIE / Don't Knock At My Door*
KATHY KIRBY ..... *SECRET LOVE / You Have To Want To Touch Him*
BOBBY (BORIS) PICKET & THE CRYPT KICKERS *MONSTER MASH / Monster Mash Party*
VAL DOONICAN ..... *WALK TALL / Only The Heartaches*
CAROLE KING ..... *IT MIGHT AS WELL RAIN UNTIL SEPTEMBER / Nobody's Perfect*
TERRY DENE ..... *A WHITE SPORT COAT / The Man In The Phone Booth*
THE HONEYBUS ..... *I CAN'T LET MAGGIE GO / Tender Are The Ashes*
EDEN KANE ..... *WELL I ASK YOU / Forget Me Not*
DOBIE GRAY ..... *THE IN CROWD / Be A Man*
THE MOJOS ..... *EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT / Give Your Lovin' To Me*
ANTHONY NEWLEY ..... *WHY / Anything You Wanna Do*
P.J. PROBY ..... *HOLD ME / The Tips Of My Fingers*
PINKERTON'S ASSORTED COLOURS ..... *MIRROR, MIRROR / She Don't Care*
WHITE PLAINS ..... *WHEN YOU ARE A KING / The World Gets Better With Love*
EAST OF EDEN ..... *JIG A JIG / Marcus Junior*
DANA ..... *ALL KINDS OF EVERYTHING / Channel Breeze*
THE APPLEJACKS ..... *TELL ME WHEN / Baby Jane*
THE VERNON GIRLS ..... *LOVER PLEASE / You Know What I Mean*
WHISTLING JACK SMITH ..... *I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN / The British Grin & Bear*
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH ..... *JACK THE RIPPER / I'm A Hog For You*
THEM ..... *GLORIA / Baby Please Don't Go*
DAVID BOWIE ..... *LAUGHING GNOME / The Gospel According To Tony Day*
ROLLING STONES ..... *COME ON / I Want To Be Loved*
ROLLING STONES ..... *I WANNA BE YOUR MAN / Stoned*
ROLLING STONES ..... *IT'S ALL OVER NOW / Good Time Bad Times*
ROLLING STONES ..... *THE LAST TIME / Play With Fire*
ROLLING STONES ..... *I CAN'T GET NO (SATISFACTION) / The Under Assistant*
ROLLING STONES ..... *GET OFF MY CLOUD / The Singer Not The Song*
ROLLING STONES ..... *19th NERVOUS BREAKDOWN / As Tears Go By*
ROLLING STONES ..... *PAINT IT BLACK / Long Long While*
ROLLING STONES ..... *HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER / Who's Driving Your Plane*
ROLLING STONES ..... *WE LOVE YOU / Dandelion*
ROLLING STONES ..... *JUMPIN' JACK FLASH / Child Of The Moon*
ROLLING STONES ..... *STREET FIGHTING MAN / Surprise Surprise*
ROLLING STONES ..... *HONKY TONK WOMEN / Sympathy For The Devil*
ROLLING STONES ..... *NOT FADE AWAY / Little By Little*
ROLLING STONES ..... *LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER / Ruby Tuesday*
ROLLING STONES ..... *HONKY TONK WOMEN / You Can't Always Get What You Want*
ROLLING STONES ..... *LITTLE RED ROOSTER / Off The Hook*

NME/DECCA COMPETITION, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP

Name .....

Address .....

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RULES: This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, the staff of Decca Records and members of The Applejacks. The Editor's decision is final and results will be published in a future issue of NME. Closing date: July 15.

NEW FOLK: THE LEADING CONTENDERS

Dexys Midnight Strummers — the new trailblazers

Fairport Convention — the inspiration

The Hummin' League — a cross between Abba, Kraftwerk and The Wurzels

SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG FOLK REVELS

Rock is dead. Pop has flopped. Funk has flunked and jazz is jaded. But . . . Dexys have once again blazed a trail. Folk is back! Suddenly, everyone's got a finger in their ear, a drone up their nose and a (traditional) song in their heart. As part of our reader service, *NME* is proud to present:

THE DEFINITIVE A-Z OF NEW FOLK

Compiled by our folk correspondent Mumbling Sid Maypole

A is for Archers, our only credible roots soap opera (you do call 'em the Archies, don't you?)

B is for beards, and beer in which to dip them.

C is for the cottage in the country where the band go to get it together. And for corduroy — tie-dyed, pleated, patched and thatched.

D is for dance. Morris dancing, square dancing, jigs, hoedowns and anything done with clogs on. And for Dexys-style dungarees.

E is for ethnic. Also for earoles, in which fingers are plugged while singing.

F is for not only folk but fiddles, flagons, faeries and fi-diddley day-o.

G is for gypsies, which personally we've always been into.

H is for hair, chewed whenever peckish. Also for hearties, around which we all gather.

I is for Ireland, and indigenous people everywhere. Also for The Incredible String Band, who we've also always been into.

J is for Joan, Joni, Judy and Julie, whose sainthoods are in the post (see D for deaf as . . .)

K is for nothing much except Kintyre (we're still mulling this one over . . .)

L is for lunch (out to). Mine's a ploughman's, and a quart of Cobbold's Genuine Olde Farte's Triple X.

M is for milkmaids in the market in the merry month of May-o. And for the *Melody Maker* folk section, of which we've always been jealous.

N is for natural, and the lost kingdom of Naardvark — where, legend hath it, the sun sinks day after day.

O is for octaves, scaled effortlessly, with a capo or sharp stick up the rump.

P is for protest, Peter Paul & Mary, and all pinko peaceniks from the Golden Age of strum'n'drone.

Q is for Lord Boris Quizzlestick of Strathclyde, notator of the celebrated 1642 Hebridean whaling roundel 'And We're All Throwing Up, Awa' Awa' Aweugghhh'.

R is for Roxy Music *(Surely some mistake here — Ed).*

S is for Shropshire — to folk what Memphis is to rock 'n' roll. Also for back-copies of *Sing Out* magazine, and sea-shanties from ethnic shanty-towns like Grimsby and Lowestoft.

T is for Richard and Linda Thompson, who personally we've always been *(Oh shut up — Ed).*

U is for the Ully Pipes of Tir-Na-Nog. Also for the legendary lost Unicorn of Camden Town, flattened by a number 31 bus, alack alack.

V is for violin. And the Volkswagen camper that's on order, soon as Elektra front the cash.

W is for woolly jumpers, whiskey, whiskers and wild women, sorry, *really nice* ladies in *really nice* Laura Ashley dresses and denim clogs a-barley-o . . .

X is for the expenses claim for voluminous research into this A-Z.

Y is the existential question in our songs — the answer is blowin' in the wind . . .

Z is for Zzzzzzz . . . *(Collapse of stout party. Collapse of folk revival)*

ADRIAN MADDOX investigates The Perfect Crime as they clamber out of Ulster's indies pool and head for high ground

Cool as sandboys ... The Perfect Crime L-R: George, Colin, Donal, Gregory. Pic: Alastair Graham.

PERFECT PARTNERS FOR THE BIG HEIST?

JITTERY GREGORY Grey, vocalist 'n' spiel specialist for The Perfect Crime, is on the other end of my phone. TPC are setting up a trio showcase of gigs at Heaven, Beat Route, and the Regency, he husks, don't want to play usual Greyhoundey places, want a show, want to do it properly, want dancer, comedians, the lot. TPC are thinking big.

Greg Grey has a cheeky strutting charm that's half ham and half convincing. Under the lights his act's a camp salvo of temple-clutching, hair-tousling fretfulness as he's whipped along by crack cabaret back-up boys who topple him into Pete Murphy and then hurl him into Freddie Mercury with a soundtrack of salsa/funk drum cackle, shearing treble synth and guitar and excruciating ear-searing sax.

The band are under ex-Moondogs manager Thomas Black's guidance and TPC's pipeline currently contains interest from Island, Phonogram and Polydor. What's it going to be then, Greg?

"Well, very few of the biz people that have come up to us so far have been genuine. They've realized that here's a commodity they could sell and that, hey, here's a singer who jumps all over the place, dunno what he's saying but it'll impress somebody and the band are young and not bad looking either..! But I'm not standing onstage so somebody can be interested in what weight I am or what colour my hair is."

Aren't there 1001 bands grocering their way up and saying all these things too?

"I think the possibility of us doing well is much better than most of these other bands. It's like us getting a memory down on something and our memories are definitely worth having. Possibly because we're young and in synch with what's going on it's very easy to become just another fashionable band. Our shell looks good and we know it, but I *like* the idea of an awful lot of people being into the band."

TPC were to be the first contemporarily recorded band on the reconstituted Good Vibes label but bigger biz interest has already superceded indies activity. From the present tune pool, 'The Bitch Is On' and 'Poison Noise' look like worthy hits but it's the versatile spread of a lot of their songs that worries and suggests a future of mark-missing.

Might a company who see a band who can master so many diverse musical elements not think they can twist you into releasing stodge geared to whatever the soup of the day happens to be, turn you into some sort of fixed session band?

"But stagnation's the thing that freaks me out. You're getting one kind of music that gets slogged down the market for a while as the industry brings out its cleanest dirty shirts, as it were. We don't have a set direction — it's just conditioning in the rock idiom that says you have to have one, and that you follow one single with another congruent to your first. We want to know that we can go off at tangents, because we don't owe anything to any one area."

It's apparent that TPC have been reading their music press style guides, but are they doing anything more than jumping someone else's funk train?

"Yes. I've been listening to funk for years. When I was 16 and doing DJ at Glasgow and Edinburgh Tiffanys and the London Lyceum, I was playing it all the time — and it was then I thought I wanted to *make* that music. If ever there was a typical frustrated musician/DJ it was me, standing there singing at the top of my voice over the records. Very unsatisfying.

"I'm very impressionable to funk. Anyone who likes to dance is. You can put more of your personality into it than in white rock, it's not as strict and you can improve yourself constantly on a feel level, keeping the bass and drums together and letting it pulsate, then putting over the top what feels right. It's totally non-technical, you just let your fingers dance on the fretboard.

"Our music's an inebriation; where I find something I can bring out myself rather than stick into myself like a drug.

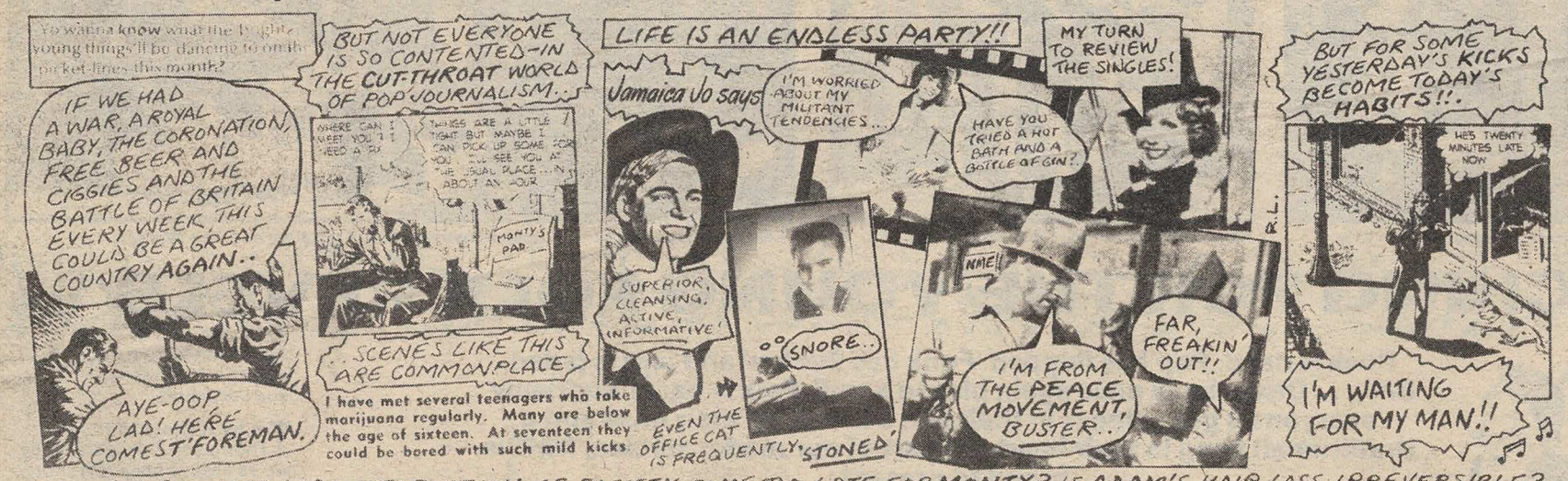
"I'm in this for development. It's a very heady thing and I've never done anything before where I meant what I was doing — and I've done loads of things, been thrown around various bands and people *(Rosetta Stone being one of them)* — but now I feel I'm being allowed to be creative. I like the insecurity of the whole thing."

All very well, Greg, but what are TPC's videos going to be like?

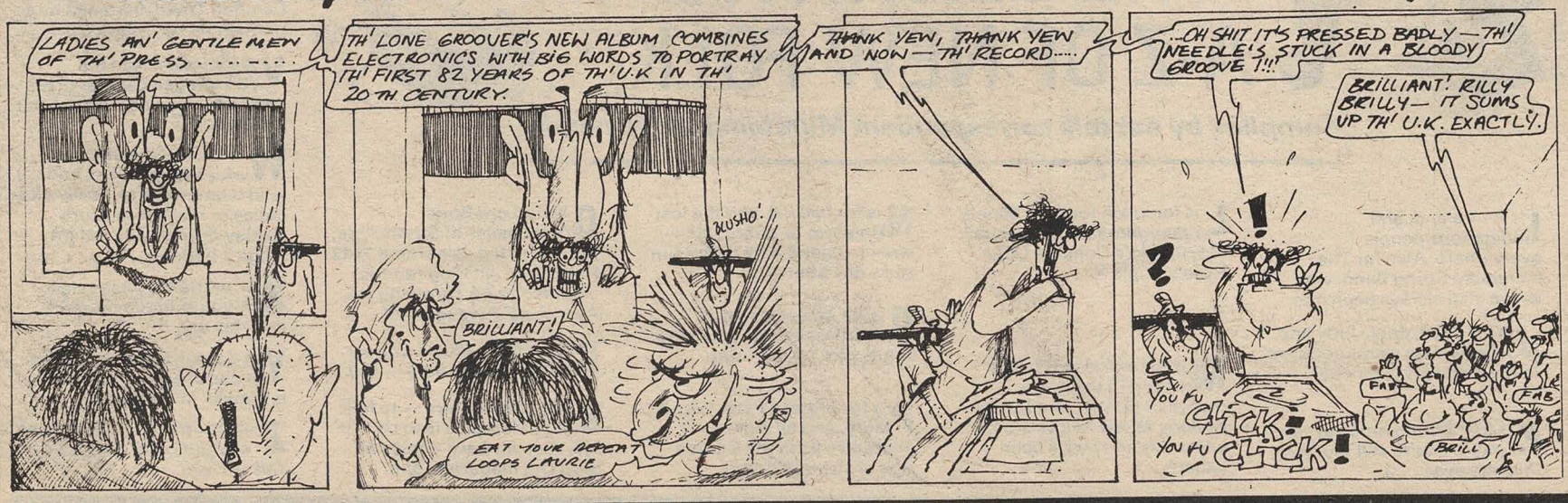
"Coherent with the songs hopefully, not just an urelated freeze frame and a puff of smoke. A lot of people are just being inarticulate with video."

GG and TPC — not just a freeze frame and a puff of smoke? Who knows, Gregory Grey's real name may yet turn out to be Dorian.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


Yo wanna know what the bright young things'll be dancing to on the pocket-lines this month?
IF WE HAD A WAR, A ROYAL BABY, THE CORONATION, FREE BEER AND CIGGIES AND THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN EVERY WEEK, THIS COULD BE A GREAT COUNTRY AGAIN..
AYE-OOP LAD! HERE COMEST FOREMAN.
BUT NOT EVERYONE IS SO CONTENTED-IN THE CUT-THROAT WORLD OF POP JOURNALISM..
WHERE CAN I MEET YOU? I NEED A FIX
THINGS ARE A LITTLE TIGHT BUT MAYBE I CAN PICK UP SOME FOR YOU. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE USUAL PLACE... IN ABOUT AN HOUR.
MONTY'S PAD
SCENES LIKE THIS ARE COMMONPLACE
I have met several teenagers who take marijuana regularly. Many are below the age of sixteen. At seventeen they could be bored with such mild kicks.
LIFE IS AN ENDLESS PARTY!!
Jamaica Jo says
I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY MILITANT TENDENCIES...
HAVE YOU TRIED A HOT BATH AND A BOTTLE OF GIN?
MY TURN TO REVIEW THE SINGLES!
SUPERIOR, CLEANSING, ACTIVE, INFORMATIVE
EVEN THE OFFICE CAT IS FREQUENTLY 'STONED'
SNORE..
NME!
I'M FROM THE PEACE MOVEMENT, BUSTER..
FAR, FREAKIN' OUT!!
BUT FOR SOME YESTERDAY'S KICKS BECOME TODAY'S HABITS!!.
HE'S TWENTY MINUTES LATE NOW
I'M WAITING FOR MY MAN!!
WILL THE SOCIALIST TRANSFORMATION OF SOCIETY COME TOO LATE FOR MONTY? IS ADAM'S HAIR LOSS IRREVERSIBLE?
Read the answers in Mr. Pye's literature.

The Lone Groover — Benyon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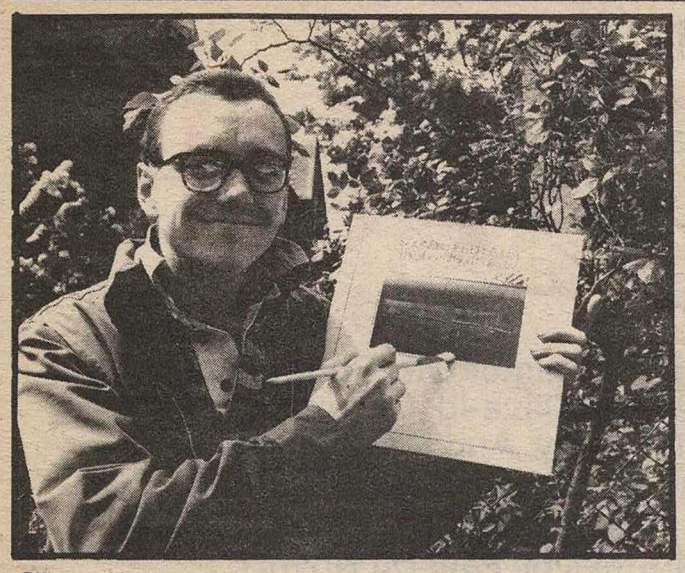


Billy Jenkins: mad.

Music made to order

ROCK AND ROLL'S endless quest for fresh artistic challenge — and for new ways of making a few bob on the side — enters a significant new era this month. The man of the hour is Billy Jenkins, guitarist and back-half of the Trimmer & Jenkins duo; his dramatic new concept is called Aural Art.

He explains: "In the same way that a painter receives a commission, I too am looking for interested parties who wish to invest in a limited edition LP, on any dictated subject, which they can either use as a prestigious advertising gimmick or, aiming at a particular market, sell at a respectable profit."

Thus you may decide, for example, that your new pair of trousers merit a concept album extolling their magnificence. Jenkins is your man. Just supply him with the theme, and he'll do the rest. Recording costs, he claims, will be kept to a minimum, and you can choose between paying the musicians — they're known as The Voice Of God Collective, incidentally — on a session-fee or a royalty basis.

To date, Billy and his VOG Collective have completed one commission, from a Bromley-based record company. Entitled 'Sounds Like Bromley', it includes numbers such as 'Parking Meters' and 'Council Offices'. Distribution is, needless to say, by Rough Trade. One project also in the pipeline, for which a backer is sought, is to be called 'Scratches Of Spain', a "collection of uncomplimentary compositions" about that land, inspired by the World Cup.

You can contact the Voice Of God office at 8 Mundania Court, Forest Hill Road, London SE22 0NQ, tel 01-693 4466. In a confidential memo to the *NME*, Jenkins describes his Aural Art scheme as "really fucking serious — ie I'm short of money!"

— PAUL DU NOYER

British move to ban Herzog's jungle epic

Fitzcarraldo: Wrath of the Peruvian Indians

A SMALL but fierce British campaign is to be launched against the latest offering by 'lunatic genius' German director, Werner Herzog — who, it is claimed, has been trampling the rights of Peruvian indians.

A group called Colonialism and Indigenous Minorities Research and Action (CIMRA) say they intend to block UK distribution of Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo* on the grounds that the director displayed the same vile instincts in the making of his jungle epic as the subject himself — Fitzcarraldo being a turn of the century rubber baron whose greed and megalomania caused the deaths of thousands of indians.

CIMRA are under the impression that Mick Jagger takes a leading part in the film and are angling their campaign to take advantage of his star status. But in fact, after stewing for weeks in the South American jungle — an experience he later described as the "most hilarious, ridiculous, craziest thing" — Jagger sensibly returned to his model American spouse while Herzog retaliated by removing every inch of him from the finished product.

By all accounts, and they vary greatly, *Fitzcarraldo* has been a production scarred by the most savage twists of fate and ill humour. There have been reports of five deaths suffered by indigenous crew members as rival factions fought each other; of the Peruvian army getting involved on the side of Herzog, firing upon and jailing several indians. Herzog himself is said to have threatened to shoot his german leading man Klaus Kinski and then himself if the actor deserted the set. And there have been fire attacks, gunplay, and constant untoward behaviour as production dragged to its uncertain end.

CIMRA complain that Herzog drove a road through Indian land against the will of the people. He is said to have "turned community against community, offering derogatory payment by way of compensation".

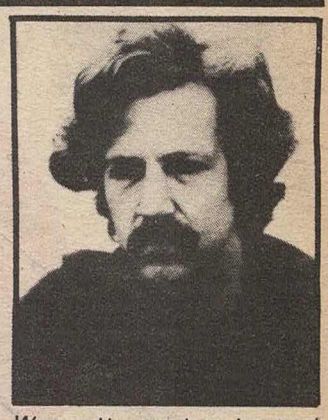
"He acted," says a spokesman, "in precisely the same neo-colonialist fashion as the man he was supposed to be unmasking."

In his defence, Herzog claims he was nothing but sensitive to the wishes of the local people. Their leaders, he says, supported him in the use of both their land and the people themselves as extras.

The real Fitzcarraldo, we are informed by CIMRA, was a powerful rubber magnate whose dream was to build a road from jungle to sea by which he could cheaply export rubber to Europe. Through the unstinting use of a private army he was able to subdue local opposition and ultimately accomplish his ambition.

In the movie version Jagger was set to take the role of a rebellious indian opposite Jason Robards in the lead role. But Robards, already ailing, was another early quitter as heat, piled upon deadly tension, made him fear for his life. His replacement was the lesser known but hardier Klaus Kinski.

According to Our Man who has actually viewed the finished product, Herzog was not attempting to unmask a neo-colonialist, as CIMRA suggest, but offering another slice of his "standard nutty fare" that owes more to mysticism than politics.



Werner Herzog: hopping mad.

Herzog's Fitzcarraldo, he reveals, is concerned not so much with rubber — if at all — but with bringing grand Italian opera to the steaming continent, an ambition that first requires white man and red man to haul a paddle boat through jungle to the open river. This is achieved by the use of logs and strong twine.

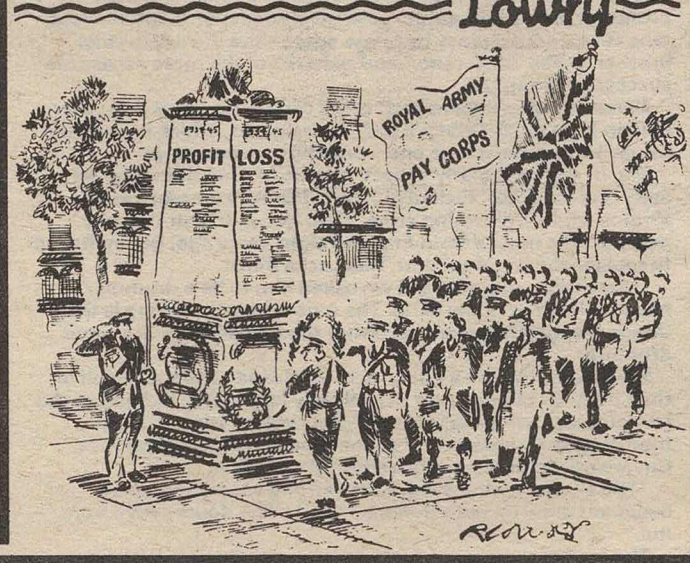
The plot sounds only slightly less odd than Herzog's earlier jungle romp — *Aguirre, Wrath Of God* — in which a Spanish conquistador sails up another South American river with (ultimately) a raft full of monkeys in search of El Dorado.

CIMRA, meanwhile, remain adamant that whatever nuances Herzog intended, the effect of *Fitzcarraldo* on the Machiguenga and Aguaruna peoples has been devastating.

They say they will do all in their power to discourage British distributors from importing the film, and if that fails, they intend to inform the public through leaflets and possibly barracking in the theatres themselves "precisely how this film has been made".

No doubt Kinski, Jagger, Robards, Herzog and a couple others would be interested to know the answer to that one.

— ANDREW TYLER



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QUEST FOR

They are known by the names Dik, Guggi, Gavin Friday, Strongman and Dave-Id. One male, their drummer, is called Mary. And they are said to come from an imaginary land called Lypton Village.

The Virgin Prunes by Paul Du Noyer

"THE FIRST THING people had against us in Dublin was sexually, because of the band's image. I think the first press we ever got was 'The Virgin Prunes — Ireland's First Transvestite Band'. And our second ever gig we played with The Clash, and Guggi our singer was in drag, and my trousers ripped, and I'd no underpants on. I was going around in me bollocks. And this is supporting The Clash in '78, so the whole of Dublin saw me!"

There's an easy way to go about most things, and there's a hard way. Cursed, or blessed, with some stubborn streak of Irish awkwardness, The Virgin Prunes opt always for the hard.

They've been around for four years now: bored some people, entranced a few, and confused a whole lot more. They've made a string of one-off appearances, some of which you'd fairly call spectacular disasters, and released a string of records, none of which got them on *Top Of The Pops* nor anywhere remotely near it. Most of what they do defies description, somewhere between the uncompromising and the incomprehensible.

A typical Prunes performance or record — not that there's any such thing as a typical Prunes performance or record — can test your tolerance level like nothing else. Conventions get upturned: venues spew out shell-shocked spectators, muttering about *The Romans In Britain* crossed with Wild Man Fischer crossed with *Quest For Fire* crossed with alternate bouts of shock and excruciating tedium.

Tasteful sleeves disguise slabs of self-indulgent noise: some of it a soothing, wordless drone, some of it in stabs of animal savagery, words that *nearly* mean what they seem to be saying, but don't quite, and tape-loop doodle and all-pupose wailing and gnashing of teeth. It's very rarely danced to.

And yet there are sparks and moments in it all, and sometimes a funny, lingering fall-out that has you thinking it's not all foolishness, and the newer Prune-tunes make me think that more and more. The hard way is a slow way, but it might still take them all the way.

The Virgin Prunes are sitting around a table in a pub in Dublin city. They're friendly and they're open — like the pub — and trying to explain themselves. But in the end, they say, with sincere apology, there isn't much they *can* explain. They've tried before, but nothing satisfactory ever came out of it. So we'll stick to safer ground. I'll tell you what's straightforward about the Prunes. And for the rest, we'll beat around the bush, and maybe catch a couple of the leaves that fall . . .

PRUNES IN CUSTODY: THE STORY SO FAR

1980

7" EP: Twenty Tens (I've Been Smoking All Night/Revenge/The Children Are Crying ..... *(Baby/Rough Trade)*

1981

7" EP: In The Greylight/War/Moments And Mine (Despite Straight Lines) *(Rough Trade)*

One track, Red Nettles, on *NME*/Rough Trade cassette compilation, 'C81'.

A New Form Of Beauty 1 (7"): Sandpaper Lullabye/Sleep/Fantasy Dreams *(Rough Trade)*

A New Form Of Beauty 2 (10"): Come To Daddy/Sweet Home Under White Clouds/Sad World ..... *(Rough Trade)*

A New Form Of Beauty 3 (12"): Beast (Seven Bastard Suck)/The Slow Children (Abbagall/Brain Damage/No Birds To Fly) ..... *(Rough Trade)*

A New Form Of Beauty 4 (cassette): Extracts from performance/exhibition held in Dublin 8/11/81 ..... *(Rough Tapes)*

One track, Third Secret, on Cherry Red compilation LP 'Perspectives And Distortions'.

1982

Pagan Love Song/Dave-Id Is Dead (7" & 12") ..... *(Rough Trade)*

GAVIN FRIDAY, unemployed, one of the Prunes' three vocalists, takes on the mantle of reluctant spokesman. Other things he wears include ecclesiastical cassocks, party frocks and Doctor Marten's well-known boots. Dressed this way, you don't need to live in a conservative town like Dublin in order to stand out. Or to have a hard time of it. But Dublin suits him, he says, and all the Prunes, and they'll live happily there awhile yet.

Along with friend Guggi — currently under a grown-out blond Mohican topping — Gavin's at the forefront of the group's onstage outrages. Naked save for warpaint and loincloths, they're apt to squat aimlessly, smearing themselves in mud and ashes, while the audience wonders. Third singer is a boy called Dave—Id, with an appraoch to notes that's, at best unpredictable, but sometimes weirdly touching.

Drummer is an English male with the name of Mary. Bassist is Strongman, brother to Guggi. Guitar and other sounds come courtesy of one Dik: with the placid countenance of a beatnik professor, he's a computer - science graduate of Trinity College who runs a consultancy business spare-time. He's also elder brother to The Edge, renowned guitarist of the more accessible / successful group U2.

Mostly they've known each other closely for years and years, hailing from north Dublin's Ballymun district, which is poor and tough and a place it's no one's ambition to move *into*.

Dik, of more scholarly aspect, attained Prune-dom after an early line-up of U2 "fucked him out" (Gavin's words) into the Virgins' eight welcoming arms. Then Mary, of Irish Catholic parents who moved from England eight years ago, got invited in to replace the last drummer, Haa Lacka Bintti.

"Mary was a guitarist but we asked him to be a drummer, because he fit in to the band. The most important thing is that things are right between us, rather than whether he's a 'good' drummer."

Six-strong, they're a funny, self - enclosed little society all of their own. Or rather a part of a slightly larger one, baffling to the raw outsider, which takes in a select circle of friends. Those friends have included U2, a connection I don't ask about but Gavin anticipates such a question all the same.

"The U2 connections were very strong at an early stage because I grew up with Bono, he lived a few doors down from me."

The friends duly formed into two bands, sharing early gigs such as the Prunes' 1980 UK debut at the Acklam Hall. Together, they invented a private universe for themselves, called Lypton Village, all initiates speaking "a second language".

"As kids, we used to be bored, we usen't to go out much. Bono went out and formed U2, and what they were expressing was totally different to what we were expressing, so when The Virgin Prunes formed, although there was a closeness, it was in friendship rather than attitudes and ideas . . . Like the names: Bono's name, Guggi gave him that name, and my name, and Davey's, they're all names from Lypton Village, and The Edge. It goes back ten years. But as the two bands developed we came to our own identities.

"People have always brought comparisons between the bands, musically. But we've never really gone together on musical terms. If I see Bono, I wouldn't talk to him about music really. I'd talk about other things. We hate it when people bring it up, cos they say, Hey, you're in The Virgin Prunes. Well tell us all about U2. We get that a lot, so we hate U2 connections! It just gets a pain in the arse in this country.

"But there is a weird understanding between us. When we were younger one of our biggest pastimes was, Guggi and Bono were very quick with words, and they used to play a game, say, they'd see a group of people standing in a shop doorway, and one would say a word, like 'gungeon', and Bono'd have to go, It's . . . *him* — just from something in the face, the expression.

"All these names — Guggi, Bono, and me, Gavin Friday — they were just because of the personality. Before the band was even formed I was called Gavin Friday. And when he came in (indicates drummer) 'Mary' was given to him. Lots of names — Strongman, Scott became Dave-Id. It's not names that are 'cool': most of us reject our names when we get given them, like when Guggi got his name off Bono he didn't like it at all. But we have a feeling that we have to accept our names whether we like them or not.

"And I remember once, Bono was going through some way-out trip in his head, wanted to be cool, and he kept on calling himself Paul Vox, and we said, Don't be stupid, Bono's a really good name — Bono Vox. And eventually, what's natural you just have to accept. Mary really rejects his name because he thinks it's a girl's name, but it's so much in him that we're just keeping it there, and now he's beginning to accept it.

"The name Virgin Prunes is from when we were younger, we called certain people Virgin Prunes. If we saw people who were freaks, as in people who are — not *COOL* and different — but people who are called ugly, but we saw in them a character that was very strong. And we'd call them Virgin Prunes, people who are usually ignored. Like the fat person who's a bit slow, we'd go up to them and talk to them.

"And Davey, the other vocalist, before we even knew him we'd call him a Virgin Prune, cos when he was younger he suffered from meningitis when he was six, and he was very sick, in a coma for a year. And after that it affected him in a way that he was physically distorted and couldn't go back to school. And we used to think the guy was a total space-head, but after a while we got to know him and understand him, and knew that the guy wasn't deranged at all — it was just our perception of him because he walks and talks differently, we had him classed as a weirdo.

"He became a friend. When we first started as a band people accused us of using him, because he was different, and when we performed live they thought he was simple or something."

APART FROM the Prunes' (very commendable) attitude of finding time for life's outsiders, and delving for the worth that's hidden in the unlikeliest places, they do have this 'thing' about sexual stereotyping, and the subverting destruction of same. They're none of them gay, nor interested in transvestism in the glamorous, effeminate way. They don't *cross* gender - barriers so much as *crunch* them. The story (told above) of their Clash - support demonstrates the perils of this particular line.

"So that was the thing, that people said we were queers! And not only are they queers, they hang around with spastics. It was as if we were just using things for shock purposes. Then, a lot of people got to know us and drop our name in Dublin. And then we did nothing for six months. We sort of kept away from the whole Dublin scene. We never had anything to do with other bands, and because of that people built up a thing of saying, D'you think you're superior to everyone?"

Add to that one more of their clique-ish in-names, calling themselves The Beautiful People, and it's easy to appreciate how the Prunes have upset a good many of their compatriots. Gavin, for his part, feels no mind to do a PR job for 'the Dublin scene' either.

"It's really depressing. The whole band scene here puts you on downers. The latest trend now is funk, or people trying to be U2. By the time it gets from London, from Liverpool, to here, it's all mixed up. I've never felt a part of this thing. As regards rock music, I don't think this country's made for it."

I'm sure that'll endear him to *Hot Press*. On the other hand, the Prunes have a growing interest in ancient Celtic traditional music, something that coincides with the feeling of primitivism on their 'Pagan Love Song' single.

"We were recording in Dundalk, up near the border. And we went into this pub for a drink, and it was the first time I'd really experienced it in that setting. In the country — it was all sawdust on the floor — we just saw people singing in the traditional way, and it affected me. You were totally taken in. You just see men and women, and their sons and daughters, and they're all singing. And it's that element, it's more the feeling than the actual songs — a rawness about it.

"It's like, Go on Mick, get up there now and Mick goes, Aah no, I won't, till eventually he gets up, and he's brilliant. And it just hit me like a ton of bricks, the whole feeling, just from going into that little pub for a drink. On the new album we're doing there's one side which we're trying to put to this kind of feeling, in the way we sing it."

THE ALBUM Gavin mentions will be the Prunes' first, to be made over the weeks to come. Their label Rough Trade, though gentle in their treatment of this puzzling group, are doubtless hoping the LP will confirm the VPs' ever-swelling popularity. Indeed, although Gavin denies it was deliberate, the 'Pagan Love Song' 45 is widely hailed as the most commercial product so far — and "commercial" has never been a word that's followed the Prunes around before. And it's true that as a tight, structured *song*, 'Pagan' contrasts with most of their other stuff: often defiantly formless, sloppy and meandering.

The bulk of The Virgin Prunes' catalogue to date consists of a seven-part project, 'A New Form Of Beauty'. Parts 1-3 were records, 4 was a live cassette and 5 was a performance staged in Dublin last year. Part 6 will be a video, for release soon-ish pending a deal between Rough Trade and Factory. And Part 7 wi be your very own Prune book, to include pictures (singer Guggi i a skilled artist, handling several of their record sleeves) and lyrics, stories and poems.

The intention is that you treat each Part as a separate statement, but on completion, the entire series might make a coherent whole. The project title refers to the group's way of seeing value where others would be more inclined to turn off or throw up. (The video, particularly, makes great play of cramming together some gruesome images with other, more conventionally pretty sights eg decapitations then chocolate-bo children.)

Some artistically-minded admirers like to call the Prunes "dada-ist", after that jarring/playful art movement which preceded surrealism early this century.

Gavin, though, isn't so sure: "I can relate to some dada things. But what we do, we don't call it art, *we've* never called it dada. I don't know what art is."

The more theoretical Dik puts it this way: "Dada was an expression of an idea. But we don't do that, we express our personalities."

Even if interviews are not their favourite medium, the Prunes take self-expression to be central to what they're about. (Detached observations and comment on social specifics are things they'll generally avoid.) Their sincerity is, to me, achingly apparent. But can't it be taxing on the audience's patience? At one Dublin show — a performance-cum-exhibition of various Prune-like artefacts — the group took the entirely pragmatic step of locking the audience in the hall, forcing them to spend an hour on the exhibition before the 'gig' commenced.

Equally crucial to them, in the live context, is stressing the "now-ness" of the event: making things happen, not regurgitating recorded work or part rehearsals.

Gavin: "When you go on stage, people expect everything to be worked out and calculated. But I always think that, live, you should try and bring in something that isn't just part of something else . . . I don't wanna just go up in front of people and go through a song, I wanna *know* that people are there, and let loose. And I don't think it's boring either . . ."

Much gets said nowadays about breaking down the barriers of audience/performer. The Prunes apply this idea in startling and practical ways, for instance by sneaking in behind the crowd.

VIRGIN PRUNES

Four prunes (left to right): Dik, Guggi, Mary and Gavin. Photo Ursula Steiger.

"You can tap someone on the back and they'll go, Fuck off, and they turn around and, Oh Jeezus, it's the lead singer! And then you go up on stage and just *sit* there, and people look at that and they go, What a load of . . . Where the fuck are those cats at? What does that *mean?* They're lifting a table, what does it mean?"

But, er, what *does* it mean?

"Well, it means everything and it means nothing, to us. We don't wanna just go on and do our trip. I've seen bands play, I've seen the way it's so cold and calculated. We can't go up and work out our performances in detail. We just say 'Look, there's a table, there's a chair' and we talk to each other on stage and relate to each other. And it's a good feeling more than anything else. If we ever tried to *rehearse* something like that we'd blow it completely."

And do you think this is getting through to people?

"I don't care if people don't clap, or if they giggle, or if they go, This is crap. But once they go home they can think, *Why* did they do that? People might hate us, or like us, but I think that when we play live we still get to them. It's there, and we've touched them, and that's what's important, whether it's positive or negative."

The Virgin Prunes confess they've got a taste for confrontation: obstinate and perverse, they always prefer taking support-slots where the crowd promises to be hostile, Bauhaus and Theatre Of Hate being two instances. It usually seems to work. The group seem to have a fear of getting too acceptable, and if they do build up a nice Prunes following, then, they say they'll just look for a whole new audience to worry.

"Like, one thing we really intend for the band to do is to record a single and go into a totally different market, do something like 'The Land Of Make Believe'. The Prunes are about going into totally different areas." (You might be surprised: some things they've done, like 'Sandpaper Lullabye', show how the band *can* knock off a straight good tune when they want.)

SO WHAT ELSE would you like to know about The Virgin Prunes?

What are they on?

Nothing. They're very anti-drug, barring tobacco and alcohol. Once they went to stay with their friend Mark Smith of The Fall. Smith, exasperated, called their attitudes to their career "childish". The Prunes decided to prove to Mark just what "childish" is, and that night they snuck into his bathroom and laid waste to a crop of something-or-other that the Fall-man had growing there. Relations have been strained since then.

Aren't they six silly Catholic boys, over-reacting against their upbringing?

No. Only two of them come from Catholic homes, and religion is no particular bugbear of theirs. Two are Church Of Ireland (ex, that is) and brothers Guggi and Strongman come from a small protestant sect called The Plymouth Bretheren.

What do they do for laughs?

One gets into a wheelchair, another takes him into one of the O'Connell Street cafes where "punk-rockers" are banned. The invalid points and jabbers pathetically, and cafe staff agonise over whether they can decently ban him. It never fails. Sometimes the wretched cripple might push his luck by offering tuppence in payment for his hearty meal, stretching sympathies to the limit.

What are The Virgin Prunes trying to achieve?

"If anyone comes up and says, What are you trying to achieve? we don't hit them with theories or anything like that. If people think it's shit, they think it's shit.

"That's the thing: we never shove anything down people's throats. We're never gonna try and make people like us. No one has the right to make people think their way. It's your mind. We're just expressing what we are. There's six of us, and we're just doing what *we* feel. And if our emotions touch yours . . ."

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CLEVER TREVOR!

"Producers being heroes — it's a disgrace!" — Rat Scabies

TREVOR HORN was worried that this interview was going to appear in some kind of technical section, accompanied by a photograph of him sat at a mixing desk.

"Paul, all of that is just so boring. It's all very well reading about some guy saying he prefers to mike a bass drum *this* way, but that stuff is irrelevant to making a single — not the day to day reality of it, but to the magic of it. The technical aspect is irrelevant. It's like talking to a Durex manufacturer in a sex magazine. It's hopeless!"

Don't fret, Mr. Horn. I had in mind writing about you as some kind of hero. I mean, why not!?

The hero's eyes, enlarged a dozen times by two magnifying glasses harnesses into the shape of a pair of chunky spectacles, stare into me and make my own eyes buggle.

"I tell you who I got offered last night," he says. "The Ramones!"

I groan. "Who are they?" he cracks.

I laugh. "No, really, who are they?" He's not joking. "I know the *name* . . . aren't they sort of like The Knack?"

I explain the slowing Ramones situation, and advise our hero to miss the boat.

"I'm getting offers from everywhere. This is of dubious merit."

Trevor Horn is *the producer of '82;* as Rushent was to '81; as Andy Hill or David Cunningham could be to '83. He turned Dollar into gold; realised ABC's dream, with shiny class and bullet-proof glass; saved Spandau Ballet from turning into The Skids. He's too busy to work with Linx — "I really regret that" — and right now he's visiting daft corners of the world with Malcolm McClaren, preparing 'Folk Dances Of The World'.

"I find that he has a way of looking at things that is similar to mine as regards its *perversity.* This project is such a good idea. I don't know if it will work, we're both taking a bit of a fling on it. I thought it would be good to get away from the conventional thing and jump in at the deep end, and see what happens.

"I've spent a year in the studio making records that have all got guitars and drums on them and in the end you're saying, now what can we do now with the drums? The McLaren LP, well, he wants to get kids dancing to folk music, very basic music, music from the Americas. He wants to see them square dancing. Dances where you actually have to learn something, where people are actually dancing together . . . *doing* something.

"I think I got the job because I was the only person who understood what he was talking about . . . B. A. Robertson wanted to do it! McLaren's designed clothes for it, he wants to get people to do something completely different. To do a square dance in a disco . . . why not?"

"Me I go from one extreme to another."* ('The Look Of Love') *"That's about you as well, Mr. Horn." — Martin Fry

TREVOR HORN is enjoying himself, and why not?

A year ago he was as unfashionable as Lonnie Donnegan: now he could probably even save Bob Geldof. He'd had two spastic hits with an hilariously serious bubblegum group, spent a year nodding his head for bread with Yes, and was preparing to launch his kind of Dollar into an uncaring world. From Buggles to McLaren; from Yes to ABC.

"I'm doing the same as I've always done except now I'm probably doing it a bit better."

What is it that he's doing? Making things up! And what things . . .

(What is a producer? A kind of storyteller, a kind of lover: a bucket in a clear blue sky, if it's Trevor Horn.)

I'd interviewed Trevor Horn when he was in Buggles: he squeezed through the interview like a buggled rat.

"I was trying so hard to be hip, trying so hard to be impressive . . . me and Downsey were paranoid about appearing to be something that we *were.* We wanted to be hip, which is the naffest thing to want to be."

I called him a dustbin man: he's forgiven me, even if his wife maybe hasn't. He does, though, look more like a dustbin man than a hero and a mystic — this is his disguise, In the studio, off comes the unlikely glasses, out comes bright green cape, and he flies . . . The mild if buoyant 33 year old family man becomes a creature in touch with divine, defiant unknown forces!

"Calm down, Paul, calm down."

You don't fool me, Mr. Horn.

"Yes I do."

That's true.

What is *a producer?* He is a cream donut, a strange landscape, an informed interference and if it's Trevor Horn, a grand canyon. A Producer? If he's produced 'Hand Held In Black And White', 'Mirror Mirror', 'Poison Arrow', 'The Look Of Love' and 'The Lexicon Of Love' then he's a hero.

And if it's Trevor Horn he takes hold of what he wants to produce and says not *why?* but *Why Not?*

***"Why I entered the music business I did it because I wanted my life to be an adventure."* — Trevor Horn.**

HEY, Mr. Horn, it's been a strange 12 months for you . . .

Twelve months ago everyone was acting like I was some kind of disease.

Whichever way you look at it I got kicked out of Yes and I was really cheesed off about that cos I'd thought the whole idea of someone like me joining Yes was quite an exciting idea . . . the idea of someone new being involved as opposed to old, and whether or not you liked Buggles they certainly weren't part of the old wave.

I thought it was a good idea — but the reality! It turned out to be completely opposite to the dream I imagined. I was a Yes fan for years. The idea of joining what you think is your sort of group is irresistible. I mean, there was a point in my life when I actually sat and watched Yes on TV and I looked at Jon Anderson and I thought, My God I'd love to be him . . . And it happened to me, I went through it, and I tell you it was just so daft.

It's completely daft to want to be Jon Anderson.

Hahahahaha, well, yeah . . it is — terribly daft, especially now I realise that I just *don't* want to be him.

But look, you say it's daft, but at the time I wanted to be Jon Anderson I was playing in some awful Top 40 band up in the Midlands, y'know? seven nights a week for £50 playing

OVER

BY PAUL MORLEY

TREVOR HORN IS A ROARING SUCCESS. HE WAS BUGGLES, PLAYED WITH YES, GAVE DOLLAR THEIR HITS AND HAS NOW PRODUCED ABC AND THEIR DEBUT LP, 'THE LEXICON OF LOVE'. AIN'T HE A GENIUS?

PIX PETER ANDERSON

HORN

BLOWIN' ON

everything that got into the charts. I was absolutely nowhere.

That was about '73, '74, and Yes were really good, they were fresh and new during those first years, whatever happened to them afterwards. And I know what happened to them now because I saw it first hand, the way the art takes second place and the whole thing becomes a great big dinosaur that needs to be shovelled hundreds of thousands of dollars just to keep going.

Was it easy to believe that you had taken over from Anderson, that you were getting under the skin of this particular dinosaur?

Naah . . maybe it would have helped if I could have distanced myself, seen it all with a certain irony. But I just couldn't believe how they'd allowed time schedules and money and business to completely supersede anything artistic. Even The Buggles, as silly as it may have seemed to you, were far more with following through what you wanted to do than Yes.

Yes really was totally to do with supporting the wife the kids and the big house, making sure this unreal bubble didn't burst . . . and you just gotta keep that money, those quarter-million dollar advances, coming in from the record companies, so you've got to do The Album, you've got to do The Tour. There's no time to think.

Me and Geoff Downes joined in June and by August we were doing Madison Square Garden in front of 20-odd thousand people. It was insanity.

How did it alter your attitude towards music, as a collection of details, as an energy . . . It must have been a profound experience?

It was that. I mean, when I was standing ready to go on at Madison Square Garden I thought to myself I'll never get so hung up about getting my voice onto a record ever again, I'll never get hung up over a mix, I'll never get worried about things like that because nothing could be as horrific as *this*.

But working with Yes seems the total contradiction to what you did next — designing Dollar. Some people, and this is probably just a hangover from '70s prejudice, would say that if it's Yes then it must be majestic and if it's Dollar it must be sickly and fluffy.

Oh sure, but you see that's exactly the kind of distinction that is nonsense to me.

When Dollar first asked me to do the record that was the first thing I thought. I thought why should Dollar always make those crappy MOR records, why can't we do something good for once? I mean, why not? And if there's one thing I learnt from being with Yes is that there are absolutely no rules to anything.

Before Yes I suppose I was a bit conservative and straight, but after being with them for a year and probably being stoned the whole year cos I was so freaked out by it all, I realised that you can do absolutely anything on a record. I used to think you had to adhere to like daft rules, but that's stupid. I mean, I never saw a great difference between working with Yes and working with Dollar — it's all music and the quality of that music doesn't relate to some manufactured context, but to some very vague basics. Perhaps one of those basics is just that it's horrible to give people the same thing all the time.

I CAN IMAGINE the things that you're fighting for when you make a single — floating around those vague and obviously very pure basics — but what are you actually fighting against?

The first thing you're fighting against is what you can actually cut onto plastic from a tape — there's only so much. I'd love to cut an earthquake into the middle of a record it it was possible. It's not possible, Paul. There's a limit to what you can actually get onto plastic and after that, well, you're fighting those things you can only be vague about, things like banality.

My first thing when I'm going to make a single is to say what *is* this — this will probably seem daft — I say *what* is this about, what are you trying to *do*, what are you trying to *say*, y'know, what is the basic *core* of the record . . . and do you *know*?

In the case of ABC I never really knew what they were trying to put across with 'Poison Arrow'. They tried to tell me a few times and I just kind of trusted them, because they really seemed to know what they wanted. I thought, well I'll give them what they want.

They said they wanted a record of great quality, a record of complete professionalism, and so I said OK! And then I eventually twigged as to what they wanted, or what I thought they were trying to do . . . to make a disco record but one that actually said something, did something, built to a climax, and they were only using the disco format in much the same way as Bob Dylan used a guitar on 'Times Are A-Changin'.

Maybe we should talk about Trevor Horn's drive for quality within an absurd context *almost* for the sake of it : go for broke for the sheer hell of it, invent as much as fingers and thumbs and the four walls will allow. The sheer hell of it ...

Isn't that what pop music is all about?

That's a tiny bit ambiguous.

You know what I mean.

Who wouldn't?

Yeah, the drive for *quality* ... I have my *own* definition. I love the idea of making records with a superb sound quality and great engineering quality and then putting something perverse over the top, just for the hell of it.

There can be no particular reason for doing it ... then again the drum roll in 'Poison Arrow' was there for a particular reason, I know exactly what I was trying to put across ... the idea of a girl saying something to a boy and his heart goes BOOM!! Like that, the way your heart drops into your stomach when someone says something like look, you're fired. And you get filled with horror.

I wanted to portray like that kind of catastrophe ... and that was the great thing about ABC actually, cos when I said they should do that Martin said yes but when we do it in video someone should just raise an eyebrow ... it should all be inside them, not outside ...

ABC are great because they really understand, they'll take the obvious and add the vital final twist ... I'm fond of the unexpected twist too ... like the whole of the end of Dollar's 'Give Me Back My Heart' just developed out of something the keyboard player played in the studio and we developed a whole scenario with me singing a bit of fake Yes at the end just cos somehow it sounded like that was what was needed ... and I thought also it might upset a few people to hear a complete Jon Anderson rip-off in a Dollar song ...

Dollar's 'Mirror Mirror' is one of the weirdest things I can think of ... at least as weird as Rimbaud ceasing writing in his teens or Susan Sontag's writings on camp ... are you familiar with Sontag?

No, not at all ...

Maybe it's for the best. But do you consider 'Mirror Mirror' to be weird?

Yes I do! because it seems to be something that it isn't ... on one level it's something, on another it's not what you first thought. I always thought of it as being rather perverse when I did it, cos I thought it was like a classic MOR record with a Kraftwerk rhythm. That's an obvious description, but it's that kind of perverse matching.

I think over the years people have been making records that are perverse but also horribly ugly. What's the point of making a perverse but ugly record? *No-one will listen to it!* But give people something they can't ignore because of the professionalism of some of its parts, and then when you've got their attention phase them a bit by doing something odd in that context. I like people to blink.

Like the whole ABC album: four guys from Sheffield making a record and there's a 30-piece orchestra on there ... it's pretty perverse, rather odd, and the point that it's finished to the high standard of a slick American album as far as the sound and precision I've given it, that's delightful ...

It says a lot about you, Mr Horn, that you can appreciate these sort of things.

But that's what it's all about!

I know what you're saying. It's pretty delightful that everything that's coming your way this year — ABC, McLaren, Spandau, Morley interview — has happened because you collaborated with Dollar. Did you envisage people noticing what you were getting up to? I mean, I did, and Martin did, but there are a lot of cool-ed dull-ed snobbies about.

Dollar came along and they said we want you to make us a really good record, we loved 'Video Killed The Radio Star', you make us a record and we'll be no trouble.

So I write 'Hand Held In Black And White' and 'Mirror Mirror' one Tuesday with Bruce Woolley ... *Vince Hill meets Kraftwerk* ... but I wasn't being silly ... I thought the best thing about Dollar was that whatever I was trying to do from a personal point of view with them I think the whole point of a pop record is that however much you or I might theorise about it, if it doesn't sell, if it doesn't appeal to people who don't know you and who don't know me then it's a waste of time ... and with Dollar you already have in a way your route through to people.

Dollar—part of the Trevor Horn hit process. Pic Simon Fowler.

WELL, it's a great feeling just on the straightforward level that you spend half your lifetime in a bunker underneath the East End and it's great to hear it on the radio and see it in the charts ... that is a form of applause really. It's the only genuine feedback you get. It proves that you're not mad when you're in the studio and you know that you've made something that is realy good . . . and believe me I feel I know when I've done something really good.

Most of the records I've made there's been a point where I've been jumping about because I've been so pleased with it. But to have the hit isn't that be all and end all ... then again I had one horrible week when 'Mirror Mirror' struck at 41 and I panicked and I actually sat down and thought well I'm wrong, it's not going to work, I'll have to re-think, I'll have to adjust everything. And I thought about it for a week and I just couldn't work out what was wrong ... and then it shot up the next week and everything was alright! Hahahahahaha ...

There are some visitors from far away planets who have it that 'The Look Of Love' was a weak song successful simply due to production elevation.

Oh, it wasn't weak at all.' That is stupid. I've got a cassette of them playing it and it's a great song. That's just getting into daft arguments about whether someone thinks a song is strong or weak and that's a matter of personal opinion ...

Quicksand!

Too true. I think if people talk about going too far with 'Look Of Love' they're talking about it being *too* good!

It seems like there are those who have a reluctance to admit there can 'still' be great pop.

And the joke of it is that it *hasn't* all been done before because I think we're coming into a phase where we're starting again ... people are coming to terms with the studio and applying the new technology to a natural way of making music, cutting out the bullshit, going the other way from making everying sound the same, very even, very unsurprising ...

Because everything is so competitive these days the records have got to be better.

I mean, I know that Simple Minds sat down specifically to write a single because they were fed up with not selling records and they made a beautiful record. The Associates as well. And these groups can still get better. I think The Human League were instrumental in this new realisation that your music has to sell for it to have some real worth, at least on the levels of communication. Think about the difference between 'Reproduction' and 'Dare'...

Doesn't this say a lot about the need for the producer?

Well, that's difficult ... I always think the people he produces should be much more interesting that the producer himself. I wonder how relevant the producer is to the kid in Huddersfield. I don't think they would go and buy a record just because I produced it.

But Rushent invented the common sense for the League.

Well, yes and no. Any producer who claims it's all him is a liar.

But can't the producer put it into focus: the difference between 'Tears' and 'Poison Arrow' ... c'mon, Mr Horn, I'm massaging you ...

But that's what ABC wanted. It all came from them. I *helped* them. And everything that happened for the League initially started with them using skills Rushent had.

It's a team. One doesn't work without the other. I would never have been able to make Dollar records without Dollar because in a way Dollar were the perfect group for me to invent this fantasy world. In that way Dollar were the perfect Buggles. When it was Buggles it was always me having to go onto the TV and act the star without the guitar plugged in, and seeing the whole joke and naffness of it and not be comfortable, whereas Dollar can work through that medium and really sell themselves.

WHAT QUALITIES do you have as a producer. Mr Horn?

I don't know the answer to *that* question ... well, I think it's important that I was an artist, that I understand how performers think ...

You seem to convey important enthusiasm to the musicians: there is a purpose in all this, we will make The Whole single, the Holy Single ... it's quite religious.

It's important to make it clear to the artist that you're making a hit single. Y'know, this is going to be great!

What's the point of making a record if it's not going to be number one?

Exactly. We're going to be great and everybody's going to love this record. Just wait till everyone hears this! That sort of attitude can rub off on the people, they start to believe it too. We're going to make history.

But I'm very finicky, very fussy, I know how important certain things are. On one level you have to be really professional and know what you can get away with and what you can do from the point of view of whether the factory are going to send back the record. You should try and be crazy with a kind of reference point somewhere.

On one side you're really shouting at and encouraging the singer, you're being stupid, and then on another side you're re-mixing the record like four times to try and get every inch right ... there mustn't be one second of the single that I don't know what's going on and why it's going on.

Let's leave these technicalities, Mr. Horn.

Let's Paul.

Let's move on to discussing those dusty cool cats who have decided that a certain type of music has moral or poetic superiority over another...

Are we talking about you and Iron Maiden?

No, Mr. Horn, I was right there — that wasn't cool, that was class. I'm thinking of a group of people, who think that they can save people ... I don't know what they think they're giving us, immortality or the ability to decipher 'Finnegan's Wake' or awesome sex, but they refuse to accept that those private ecstasies can exist through all musics providing that music began it's life inside those vague basics we were talking about before.

Well, we're talking about musical snobbery, people not listening to a kind of music because they consider that it's not clever ... I understand that because I went through a phase of being a jazz-rocker, unless it was jazz-rock, unless it was difficult to play, I thought it was shit.

And then you saw the light.

Something like that. In actual fact people who believe that it is simple and banal to make great pop singles should actually go and try it. The truth of the matter is that people like John Coltrane *are* John Coltrane, and they don't theorise about it, and the people who are trying to be John Coltrane sneer at other people who are doing what they do well — and they can never be John Coltrane because they will always be stuck in the middle.

There is no constructive reason to sneer at pop records. These people should go and try and make a good one, see how far they get.

To make a single that involves extremes and that is still accessible is a lot more difficult than it looks. It's very difficult to be a great musician, but it's just as different in its own way to produce or make the great pop single. These people who aspire to musical greatness but sneer at everyone else. Well! You have to be open-minded!

Quicksand!

Not true. Y'know, Paul, writing about music must drive you up the wall sometimes. I mean, how much can you say?

I can say an awful lot, Mr. Horn.

Yeah, *you* can say a lot ...

I feel that it's responsiveness. We both share it. A passion for the little moments, the odd turnings, the surprising details ... the perverse meetings. They'll always be around and around ... keep us going around ...

Oh yes ... there can be an infinite number of new categories. Every record of merit deserves it's own category, if you like. With a lot of music there are far more cliches than with pop, because in a way pop can be anything you want it to be as long as it retains a particular appeal.

With pop music there are no rules. You can put a bit of trad jazz into the middle of a single, slice in some modern jazz, you can do anything you want. You needn't wear a straightjacket. I just love recording sound, y'know, I just love making records. I just think pop records are exciting! I suppose I'm just trying to make the ultimate record with everything that I do ... I mean, why not? WHY NOT!!

I know what you're saying, Mr. Horn.

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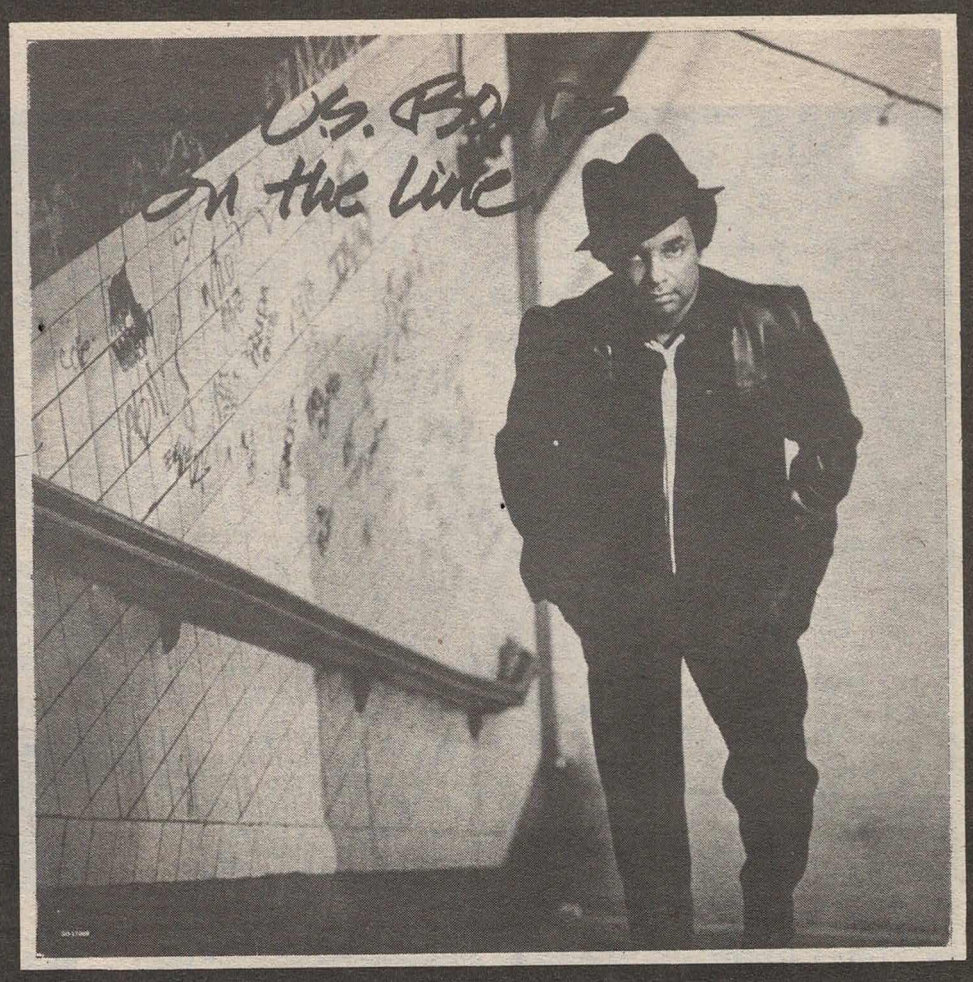

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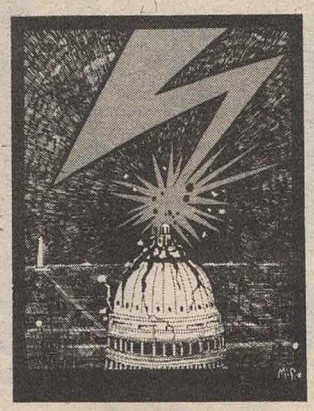
SINGLES

REVIEWED BY RICHARD COOK

UNCONTESTED SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BRAINS: I Luv Jah/Sailin' On/Big Take Over (Alternative Tentacles 12")
It has to be said: this is a post-punk music of such unspeakable strength and massive wrath it dispenses with the kindergarten yowlings of 'our' groups (huh!) at a single blow. Bad Brains burn out of The Rat Cage, NYC with a manifesto that itemises an individual hook-up to the urban palsy articulated with devastating skill. 'I Luv I Jah' is reggae from a true dungeon, all manner of dub resonance deployed beside a wondrously rich vocal from H.R. and Earl Hudson's exemplary sticksmanship; the other three flip the coin to unveil a launch-pad to the very centre of rock's broken soul.

These Rastafarians have discipline and tenacity to spare: hear the stroke-of-genius ending to the lurid blitzhead violence of 'Sailin' On' — hear how squalid recording is turned to towering advantage, shooting every track through with an unfathomably dangerous darkness — hear Dr Know's eighty-nine (at least) rewrites of the idiot primer of punk guitar. This is as close as it's going to get . . . and closer yet.



WORTHIES

GANG OF FOUR
Call Me Up (EMI)
One of those rare records (single or otherwise) that conceals ingenuity behind a simple clenched fist. Having gradually filtered off their affiliations to the poesy of funk tension, Gang Of Four are forced to admit their taproots in guitar grunge and challenged to make something of it. 'Call Me Up' has a glorious consonance at its heart, enshrining their greatest march motif, and is still brought to its knees by a superbly ugly guitar line that has to have the last word. It's so obvious — and so brilliantly thought through. A rock pulse starts again.

M: Danube (Stiff)
The long overdue return of a man who ought to be cleaning up with the charts tuned to their current wavelength. A folk tune of (I am reliably informed) Czech origin is pinched and preened into a perky sort of jig - synetics simulate organics and a cross-spread of noise and voice tackle will snag you somewhere, line and sinker. Robin Scott has a tricky talent for scrambling dumbness into intelligent substance; this sounds as yellow as its vinyl repository and the selfish stupidity of Dollar and Fizz is still somehow sidestepped.

ALLEZ ALLEZ: African Queen (Pour La Grace) (Kamera)
An exercise in sustained hypnosis that should steam up windows across the metropolis. The way an ever-darkening beat is made to prowl through swampy precincts is engrossing enough; add to that Sara's utterly deadpan voice beside the baritone boom of the group chant and the whole ferry 'cross the Zambezi ambience comes home. On the borderline between a peculiar humour and something far less funny.

FEHLFARBEN: Supersound Maxi EP (Welt-Rekord 12" — available through EMI)
Token Germans (cue Chris Bohn tearing hair out in exasperation) on four plangent and swinging explorations of the inner perimeter of the white funk compound. A skintight production and a host of unexpected interpolations grant a thousand-faced character to '14 Days' and 'Fire On Board', both over six minutes and each leaving you wanting more. 'Uuh Cherie' winds itself up like a tightening noose and holds a great sax part while 'A Year (It Goes Ahead)' has them bolting towards hysteria without succumbing to the final drop. Excellent!

GRANNIES TAKE A TRIP

MOOD SIX: Hanging Around (EMI)
Somewhat belated, gentleman? 'Hanging Around' is conceived as a spinning, kaleidoscope dream (naturally) with a whirling tunnel of voices and guitars and synthesizers, breaking the sky with a mighty Gog Magog vibe of unearthly ... The thing about original psychedelia was they had so little to work with. Records that these guys must cherish like 'Interstellar Overdrive' or The Human Instinct's unhallowed masterpiece 'A Day In My Mind's Mind' had to be rattled out on tinpot instruments and recorded in studios no better than today's average funkbox. If there was anything produced to expand the mind it had to be torn from imaginations, not coddled by technology. Nowadays anyone with a synth and 32 track facilities can string together a passable example of this sort of rainbow sherbet. And that's 'Hanging Around'. M6 can't gripe about the 'new psychedelia' tag which this sleeve is going to millstone them with. We're told that Simon Smith "is often mistaken for Simon Dee" and Tony Conway is "alternatively known to the in crowd as Zieman Barzell or even the Maharishi". Well, light my joss sticks!

NICE GUYS MUFF IT

PIGBAG: The Big Bean (Y)
Even though it's me talking, I have to say this isn't very good, exciting or enriching. A calypso beat driven temperately daft by a horn chart of the sort Roland Alphonso used to trot out without thinking. A step backwards. Here's my plan for the Pigbag advance. A two-drum line-up without all those distracting bongoes and pans, David Murray in as producer and a series of live 45s with the hardest tracks on the A side. Now gogogo.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: Night People (Epic)
Already said, but this is so in response that the sting at the end of JCC's portfolio of North London partygoers goes unnoticed. On the reverse is the far superior 'Face Behind The Scream' where Coop's laconic ongoing tussle with snakehip pop locomotion snaps into focus. Consult 'Zip Style Method' before a great subversive is domiciled to the foothills of convention.

RANDY CRAWFORD: Look Who's Lonely Now (WEA)
PATRICE RUSHEN: I Was Tired Of Being Alone
DIONNE WARWICK: I don't Care What People Say (Arista)
Three on a match. Dionne's is the saddest, the complete assimilation of an angel of the mourning inside a trifling rockypop construction of a kind that comes free with the burgers in the Record Plant canteen. Patrice used to be quite a witty fusion player and now resorts to a funk that seems to be successful enough to let her pay for Dionne's burgers, if she is desired. In fact, quite enlivening. Having dismissed Randy's LP last week I now find this track from it not unpalatable. The mark of a great voice is the impression of significance on banality: she almost brings this one her way.

RY COODER: Which Came First (WEA)
The eternal question reconsidered by an epic industrialist. In another lifetime Cooder might have been a woodcarver or village sage. Like Rundgren, Verlaine and Byrne there's something interesting about him which inculcates even a routine album-track-as-single like this. Not having heard 'The Slide Area' I was a mite surprised at how broody and ill-tempered this sounds — an unlikely selection. I'd be as pleased to find this on a jukebox as 'I Want Candy' anyway.

GHOSTS OF DANCE: Ghosts Of DANCE (Plastic Canvas)
A pipping ride through the hinterland of youthful adventure. A bojangly thrumming of electric strings. A singer of artless, wheeling charm. A second melody afraid to speak louder than a whisper. Interlock and here is this modestly appealing entry — with a cover design straight out of Melies for all you nickellodeon auteurs.

PATO AND ROGER: Pato And Roger (Ago Talk) (Go-Feet)
Unfussy, endemically cheerful talkover from two cool entertainers, while a familiar team Beat around in the background. Doesn't seem to be much more to say. It's disappointing that a group which seemed to be so in control of a fabulously tough dance music that drew different tensions from pop and reggae are now meandering on so unsuccessfully. This is a mere distraction from The Beat's dilemma, which the exceedingly strange 'Save It For Later' also postponed.

FAMILY FODDER: The Big Dig (Fresh)
Some people have to keep on making records because they just can't help themselves, and FF are somewhere amongst them. This teasing little dance through a tune by Erik Satie (not exactly of *Gymnopedie* status, mind) threatens implosion at least twice and is interrupted by voices of unknown origin, finally fading out when it gets tired. The joke's on you if you buy it but laughter always brightens the day.

NEW BEATLES SINGLE DISAPP . . . (sorry, I'm dreaming)

THE JAM: Just Who Is The Five O'Clock Hero? (Polydor)
Ostensibly a German import but probably obtainable everywhere. Surely this is one of the weakest tracks on 'The Gift', just another segment from Paul Weller's Scenes From A Rainy Lifetime? Hack rock construction with an imagined stab at internal diversification, missing the one hitherto constant pleasure in Jam singles, an abandonment to the exhilaration of the crowd: *"The mob is always right"* (Irving Berlin). I suppose the *aficionado* will need the details on the other tracks: 'The Great Depression' is more workaday Weller, but Edwin Starr's 'War' (12" only) is something else. Though it seems almost too obvious a choice (where is the raved-over rampage through 'Move On Up'?) and the leader's vocal is uncharacteristically hesitant the sound is fascinatingly judged — Buckler and the horns dominate a stop-go layout of simmering resentment. No group can be better placed to deliver a proper collection in this genre and I say it's time Weller collared the opportunity.

EYELESS IN GAZA: Kodak Ghosts Run Amok (Cherry Red)
Everyone I know hates this group on the basis of their admittedly awful first LP, overlooking the often compelling contrasts of pale beauty and livid distortion in the subsequent 'Caught In Flux'. This reissue of an early single can prompt reappraisal: the Dwight Fryes of homebrew electropop tinker at a thematic snippet stripped to a braid of naked wires. Martyn Bates vocalises like a man resigned to the crypt. Spooked.

KISSING THE PINK: Mr Blunt (Magnet)
Nothing more than flag-waving, even if it is well accomplished. The entire is carried on the tumultuous drum sound which Killing Joke searched for endlessly - here it's employed to kiss life (pink or otherwise) into a montage of flailing voices and disfigured horns that bespeak a great deal of noise over very little flesh.

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS: Just A Memory (Cuba Libre)
Covering Costello must seem tempting if fraught with risk: great material, but how do you do better? (And anyone even thinking about the 'Imperial Bedroom' collection will assuredly finish with cinders for digits). 'Just A Memory' is a slighter work and is given a certain clumsy grace by this unlikely group. An oblique conclusion offers a taut reply to the song's intristic bafflement.

ROBERT KING: Paperheart (Pre)
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE: Switchback (Polydor)
You might not have noticed, but a new mainstream has been forged out of a disparate clutch of pop imaginists. Take Numan, League, Echo and Teardrop as the starting points and the spawn of the alliance grows huge. Most of the records are justifiably swallowed by indifference — I've picked these two, neither of which seems likely to be heard very much, as slight outsiders. MFP's song is a mildly acrid slice of overwrought rhythm with an agreeable glassiness at its core; ex-Scar King has even less to work with on a song of footling inconsequence but a very smart production by Robert Balmire draws an ebb tide of vibrancy across this rock-away! beach. Nothing remarkable, you understand, even if this drift of affairs is pleasant enough.

THE GO-BETWEENS: Hammer The Hammer (Rough Trade)
Miscreant pop music attempting to disgrace its fealty to any number of sources. It seems to stumble when a stride is called for an winds up notating needless obscurities. vacancy trussed up as abstraction is not the stuff of success, in any sense.

GARY U.S. BONDS: Soul Deep (EMI)
An enormous amount of bull elephant sweating and straining in this 3:18. GUSB (wow!) goes *"Mah lurv izza rivuh runnin"* like a man about to burst Hulk-like from his weedy togs and his nephews Brooce and Miami Steve go *"Sole deeppp"* in answering grunt. Impetuous types might claim this as the axis of the wrong universe of US rock — not so. This clumping workout (lineage: The Box Tops, who were some smart pop group) is actually a far cry from the true American mainline. I remain fascinated by the transatlantic rock identity and have much more to say — but for now . . .

BURNING SPEAR: She's Mine (Radic)
As I was saying about great voices. 'She's Mine' is no more than a jerrybuilt shelter for Winston's monogamic insistence and all you really hear are the shadows and inflections of that mighty instrument. Although he's reduced to laughter himself by the end, the glow remains. I prefer Spear lifting the crust of melancholy even though something this warm melts the industry of most of this week's plethora of stylists.

THE APOLLINAIRES: The Feeling's Gone (2-Tone)
A mess from start to finish. Dammers' production tries to channel the weaknesses (and they are manifold-swallow vocals, an empty shell of a song) into something more than just a cavalry gallop and ends up with all the wrong parts sticking out. Sometimes elbow grease is not enough.

SOME TITLES . . . .

THE SHARPEES: Back To Zero (Moonlight)
RUTS D.C.: Whatever We Do (Bohemia)
CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH: Wasted On The Way (Atlantic)
Haven't these people ever heard of tempting fate? The Sharpees lose out on both their name and that of their record: Carrot cake rock. The lyric of 'Whatever We Do' is a shrug of resignation and The Ruts' former tendency to bawl has been planed down into plain off-white reggae. I gather their LP has been mistitled 'Rhythm Collision' in preference to 'Aghast In The Machine'. I must confess that the third of the above lived up to its appellation en route to the turntable.

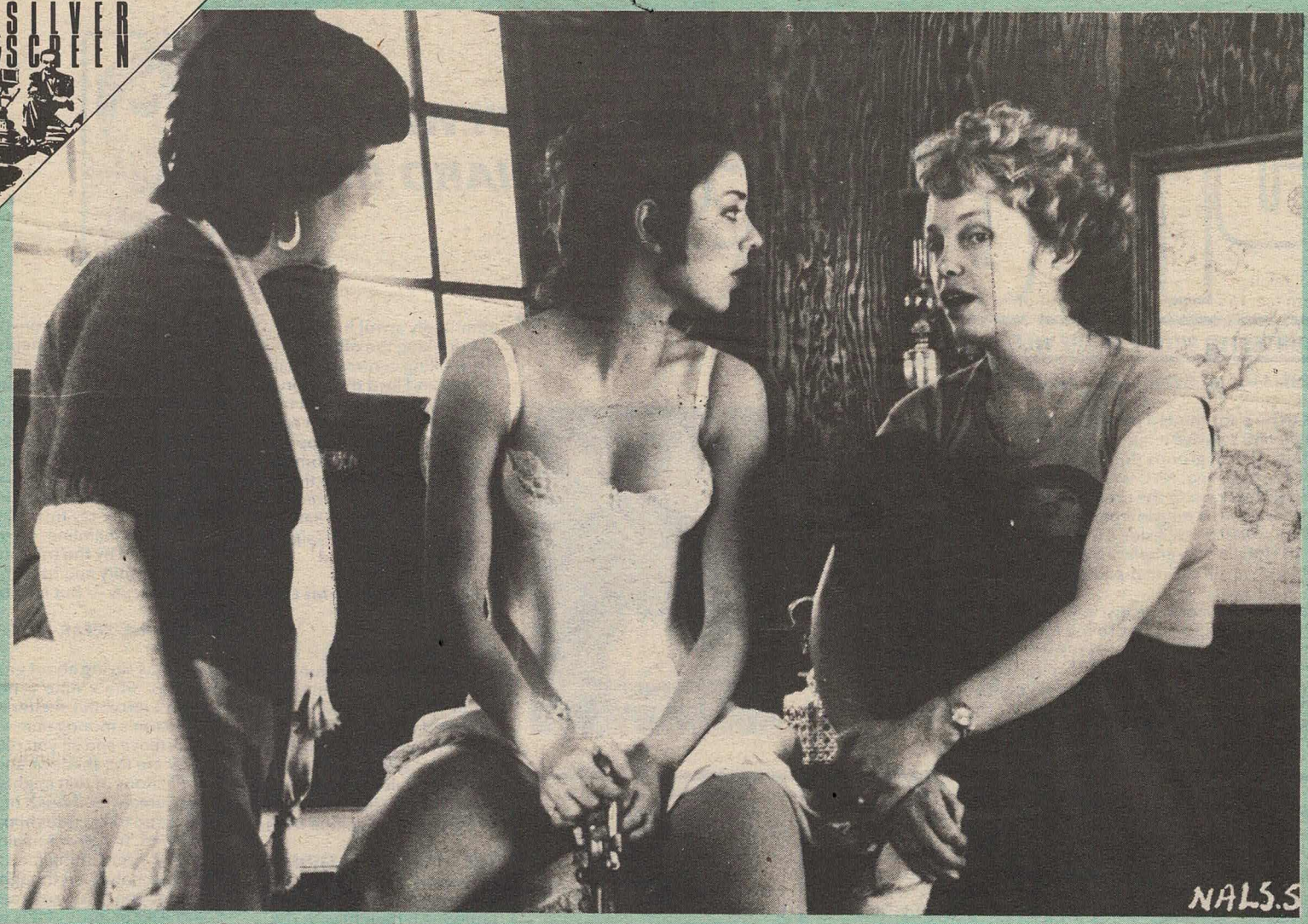
A GREAT FINISH

PEGGY LEE: Black Coffee (MCA)
Actually this isn't the top side (the pallid 'I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard' is) but this — this is a thesis on citizen solitude delivered by a real craftswoman. Lee's voice emerges stained by too many Marlboros while sultry enough to make pistachios run all over town — and the only thing to do is swill out the dregs while that trumpeter 'cross the street can't stop braying from his tenement window: *"I'm moonin' all the mornin', mourning half the night/And in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight."* From 'The Best Of Peggy Lee', which this certainly is.

AT NEEDLEPOINT: TEN TO SING YOU SOFTLY OF THE BLUES

That Old Feeling ..... **Chet Baker (Vogue)**
The Lord Is Listening To Ya, Hallelujah! ..... **Carla Bley (Watt)**
A Man Out Of Time ..... **Elvis Costello (F-Beat)**
I Saw My Lady Weep (Dowland) **Consort Of Musicke (L'Oiseau-Lyre)**
Remembering The Rain ..... **Bill Evans (WEA)**
I'm A Fool To Want You ..... **Frank Sinatra (Capitol)**
Days On The Mountain ..... **Tom Verlaine (Virgin)**
Metamorphosis ..... **Arthur Blythe (India Navigation)**
She Gets So Hungry At Night ..... **Mark Springer (Virgin)**
Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye ..... **Sonny Rollins (Milestone)**

SILVER SCREEN



Linda Lee Tracy (centre) consults her agent after director Bonnie Sherr Klein (right) badgers her to go full frontal in her new skinflick.

Not A Love Story

Directed by Bonnie Sherr Klein (Contemporary)

SUBTITLED a "film about pornography", this documentary by Canadian director Bonnie Sherr Klein is fairly straight (i.e. lots of arrows) feminist attack on the phallo-accentuated fortress of hetero-male slanted porno activities and/or passivity. Klein and a deserting stripper, Linda Lee Tracey, undertake an odyssey which encompasses and confronts the extremes of this hardcore life — from corner shop centrefolds (now on the biology textbook level) to filmed fellatio with a revolver.

I suppose we take it as some sort of 'given' that pornographic representation is not particularly pleasant — nor aesthetically seductive — for the civilized eye to contemplate. But unlike *erotic* art it is not designed *for* contemplation, only for the arousal and disposal of 'animal' lusts. (The word pornography originally designated writing about prostitution; something *salacious).* In recent

Charles And Lucie

Directed by Nelly Kaplan
Starring Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garcin (Avon)

A ROAD movie doesn't have to mean Dennis Hopper, pedal steels from tinny AM speakers and sagebrush skylines. It can as easily be about an unlucky middle-aged couple traversing southern France with a compass sense just this side of haywire and a knack for encounters with the eccentric jetsam of the provincial backroads; and so it is with Nelly Kaplan's *Charles And Lucie.*

Kaplan's something of an oddball even among French directors (we love 'em) and if not exactly a *volte face,* the whimsical capriciousness of these misadventures seems disarmingly gentle after a film like the grievously misnomered *Nea: A Young Emanuelle.*

Charles is an 'antiques' dealer too naive to be rascally; he gets round his wife Lucie by feigning ulcer attacks and knowing when to coo sweet nothings to the ex-cabaret singer. Hoodwinked by con-men into selling up Lucie's few treasures for a fake inheritance they find themselves with a stolen car (soon reappropriated) and on the run from the police.

The director's intention is to demonstrate a reawakening: fugitive love revived in the course of flight. Freed from domestic drudgery Charles and Lucie begin to enjoy themselves, hijacking an empty bus, attempting a song for their supper. By the time of the inevitable change in fortunes they've stockpiled enough alarums to grant them an altered take on the zeitgeist of their time of life. Kaplan herself appears as Nostradama, a wandering astrologist.

Modest as the stooping little towns the film ambles between, the glow at the centre of *Charles And Lucie* spreads like a slow smile: two unaffected performances are shaded against waving fields, road chippings and boneshaker trucks and landscapes quiescent in the softest of sunlight.

An unhurried, kind and very French film; perhaps, a demure rarity.

Richard Cook

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ASSOCIATE PRODUCER — MARSHALL LUPO · EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS — GENE QUINTANO AND BRUD TALBOT
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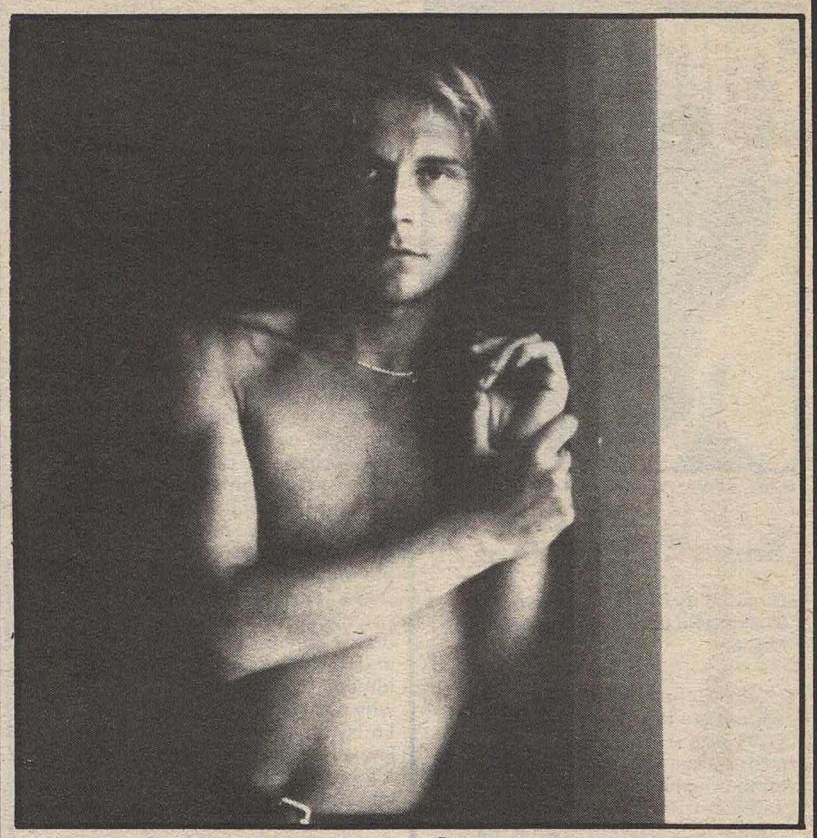


"Go on 'Enry, splash it all over."

Porn-again star James Mitchell in 'Laura'.

years, it has been decided that pornography — as it got more explicit, more violently focused — is morally 'bad'; the Right (Festival of Light) and the Left (Feminism) are agreed, with regards to this one.

Not A Love Story starts out usefully, establishing the scale of pornography as one of our major growth industries (using facts and statistics bound to alert/amuse, eg: "There are four times as many porno bookshops and peepshows in N. America as there are McDonalds Restaurants." You're not so big, mac.) *Not A Love Story*, as its title implies, veers off course when it tries to provide reasons *why* porn is inherently evil, and how its main crime is the packaging, punishment and general degradation of women. As with many such 'crusading' studies, it's hindered rather than helped by its insistent interrogation of one subject; better that the explicit distortion of porn be considered alongside the submerged repression of a Barbara Cartland/Mills & Boon worldview.

Is pornography so wildly different from other capitalist derangements of desire? Isn't its primary function — like all profitable perversions from fast food to the fast turnover of fads — the exploitation for gain of both producer and consumer? The crime of this half of our century — whether you take your cue from a 'liberated' sex manual or a shrink-wrapped wank mag — is *not* having a sex life (or a good enough one), *not* having an orgasm (or a good enough one), etc, etc.

This is not to rule out or diminish the insulting 'truth' of how women are placed in the porn marketplace — although as *Not A Love Story* illustrates, the sad, insatiable, male consumer is no less a depersonalized unit — but a non-aligned, non-specific analysis would be infinitely more persuasive and (de)constructive; the mechanisms of porn permeate our lives through many other media, making sure *"all desires teeter and fall victim to the great fear of not having one's needs satisfied."* (Deleuze & Guattari).

The footage fulfils its function, although Klein's camera could be accused of crass lapses into voyeuristic emphasis. Things get dangerously close to a distraught kind of farce, when *Not A Love Story* tries to (w)rap everything into a series of interviews with predominantly wet American feminists (only Kate Millet on the value of the *erotic* is much use.). What is hinted at as an alternative is a "healthy" sexuality cleansed of conflict — an undeniably conservative, dim Utopian wish.

The Disneyland of amorphous good-vibes union is presumably epitomised by the closing shots of a now-LIBerated Linda Lee (the stripper), weeping joyfully over a piece of awful self-confessional prose she's written, embracing the sea sun and sand with seaweed in her hair and a beatific earth-daughter smile on her face. I'd rather go blind.

Go and see *Not A Love Story* if you feel like getting depressed. As an alternative, let me suggest Stephen Heath's *The Sexual Fix* (MacMillan paperback £4.95) which deals with the underlying problems in a far wider and more unsettling context. No pictures to look at, though.

Ian Penman

Laura

Directed by David Hamilton
Starring Dawn Dunlap, James Mitchell and Maud Adams
(Bordeaux International)

DAVID HAMILTON's predilection is for a hazily draped phantasm full of budding teeny-girl nymphs *(sic)*. This is a photograph he has taken with tireless devotion, and channelled-flannelled? — into Art tome/coffee table book production (Art, as in "the art of being correctly positioned between the After Eights and the hi-tech sculpture"), and into a kind of movie-making (a kind that doesn't, in fact, move).

His image reservoir is, shall we say, shallow — and what is there is stagnant. The film medium was defiled once previously, in *Bilitis* (which, as everybody can see, sounds like a disease) and *Laura* follows a similar pattern.

One thing's for sure — the Three Coins In The Come Booth brigade will be gravely disappointed if they go along expecting a paedophiliac's feast, the surface of the adolescent's incendiary flesh out-turned; this is all done in the best possible taste.

We are sashayed through a Martini ad world of meaningless caresses, graceful untainted bourgeois bodies. Hamilton rubs himself with all possible pseudo-Art symbolic gooey message aids: lapping waves, Impressionistically-lit interiors, the body always just under gauze, bathed in fronds of swaying, muted pastoral compliment.

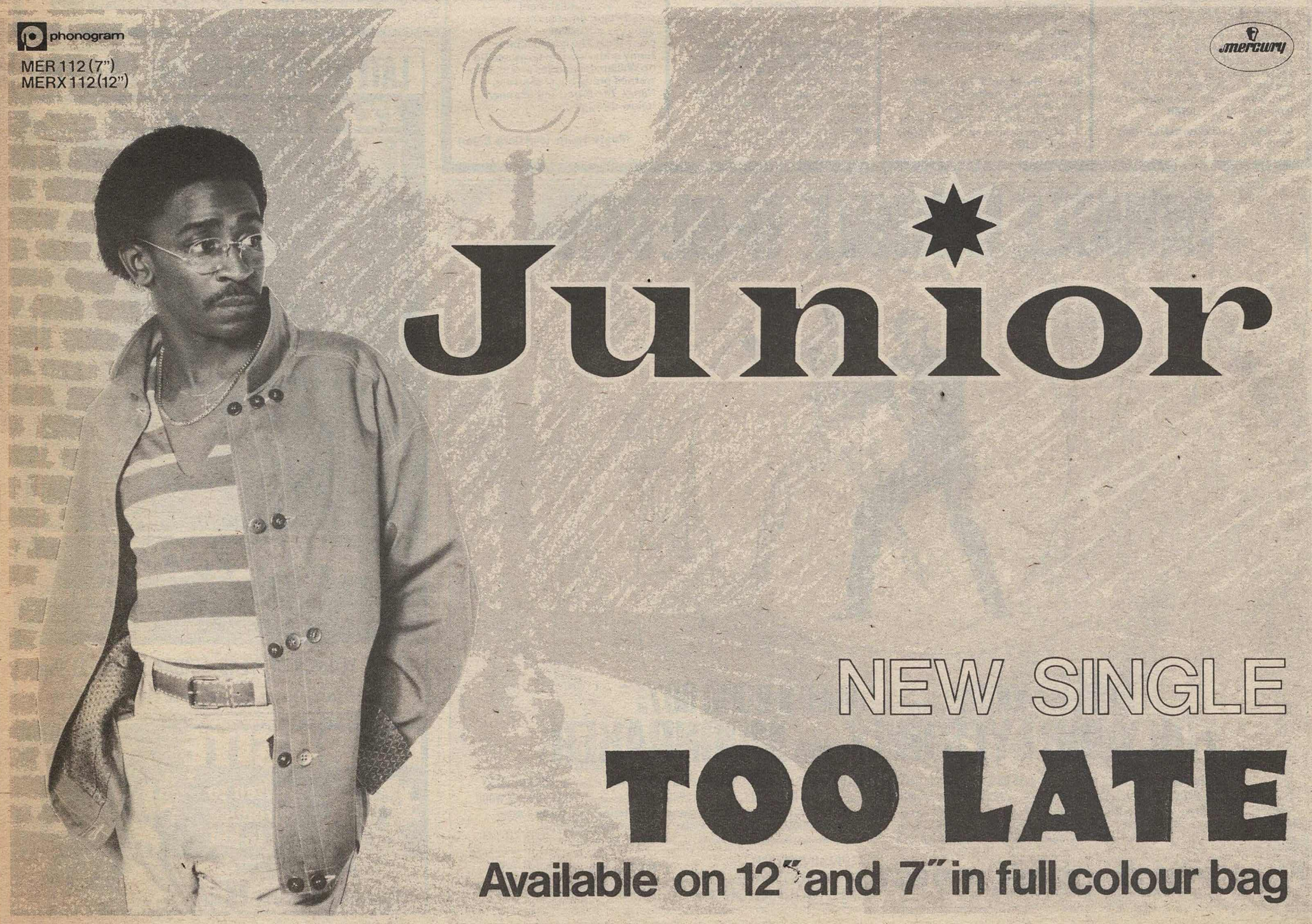
The idea seems to be that of a sex without either (c)rude sweaty detail or the violent delineation of *thought*. It is a sex as gently eased out of its lair as a Cadbury's flake from its wrapper — sorry, sorry, sorry! too phallic — as cute as a bunny wabbit, about as unsettling as a seltzer.

The 'film' is really just a series of photographs hemmed together with a makeshift plot — scenes last between a manner of seconds to a few minutes, static, mostly wordless and soundless. (What dialogue intrudes is no more than the dehumanizing burr of cliche; the banal reiteration of "in love" as if love were a frothy jacuzzi one could either just plop into or languidly smooth out of.).

In some senses it is pernicious — but in many senses so softly self-referential it could give nobody any 'bad' ideas. The object most degraded is not the female body, but the film medium itself (used as Hamilton's masturbatory sex-object). Hamilton is a soggy old voyeur, his work a hybrid erotica which thinks itself 'respectable' by supposedly restoring the 'humanity' to horny bodies; it has nothing else on its mind, but endlessly delays the climax: a vortex of frustrated genuflection.

An art of dehydrated surface — the bastard even has the gall to attempt a brief Nic Roeg style overlayering — a pornography of gentility rather than genitalia.

Ian Penman



Richard Pryor heeds the call-up.

Some Kind Of Hero

Directed by Michael Pressman
Starring Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder

THERE'S A numb, hypnotic deadness to the opening Vietnam POW camp scenes in *Some Kind Of Hero* that seems quite stylish till the action transfers Back Home, and the deadness transfers with it.

Some Kind Of Hero is what the Germans, I believe, refer to as the comedy of *schadenfreude* — of laughing at the man who's kicked when down. What this means in practice is that returning Viet POW Eddie Keller (Pryor) finds his back pay held up through suspicion and red tape *(muffled titter),* learns that his wife's got a daughter . . . but he's not the father *(hearty chuckle),* finds that his wife — and the Other Man — have lost his life's savings *(full-throated laughter),* and , to cap it all, learns that his mama's a vegetable in an old folks' home *(mighty guffaw),* and that if he can't come up with plenty cash for unpaid bills, she's on the street *(damp seats, laryngitis).*

Well, you can see the kind of fun in store for Eddie when he sets out on a series of inept bank heists and muggings, so I'll not bore you with the details. Instead, let's consider the presence of Richard Pryor in this pre-frozen turkey.

It's easy to see why other people — director and producer — wanted Pryor for the lead: his self-deprecation and perpetually pained expression enable him to blend the tragic and the comic to precise degrees — bitter, but not so bitter folks walk out halfway through. What *is* a mystery is why Prior, reputedly one of the world's highest-paid comedians (and certainly one of the funniest — check the original *Live In Concert),* should want to be associated with such an obvious stiff of a script in the first place. He *knows* it's a lemon, and spends the entire film in acute discomfort, glazed over with apathy and resignation as if dissociating himself from the whole debacle. So why agree to do it? Lousy agent? Lousy taste? Money problems? I know he's had one hell of a hospital bill recently, but this really is whoring it.

Talking of which, Margot Kidder puts in an appearance as a high-class hooker with a heart of gold.

Not a lot more to add, really.

Andy Gill

Margot Kidder loves a man in uniform.

Hog Wild

Directed by Les Rose
Starring Patti D'Arbanville, Michael Biehn and Tony Rosato (Bordeaux)

ANOTHER OF those high jinks-on-campus pictures that have grown into beloved moneyspinners in the American market, *Hog Wild* — actually of Canadian origin — shapes up as a ragged mix of *Animal House, Breaking Away* and *The Wild One* which unfortunately misses most of the grace, pace and all-out madness of those three (match the movie and the epithet, cinebores!)

Actually it's not too bad. No great acumen is required to assist in cheering on blond smoothie Tim (Michael Biehn) and his troupe of chinless saps as they take on local biker outfit The Rustlers who terrorise the rest of the high school. It happens, wouldn't ya know, that Tim is set to fall for Angie, the bikette tethered to Rustler leader Bull ("They're real close — she tells him when his nose is running").

Although it runs out of steam before long — cut to about 80 minutes it could summon a fair clip — I found a few sniggers escaping the familiar cut of things: nothing like a tubful of fingerpop corn to get a laugh.

Tim's barmy dad gets all the best lines, an unpredictable lunatic who's convinced his boy only needs a crash course in participatory sport to succeed — "It'll be a test of your intestinal fortitude, son!"

I'm afraid a much bigger film will be calling the shots on this sort of action this summer — and for my thesis on the idiotic delights of *Grease 2,* keep your Screen Silver . . .

Richard Cook

Partners

Directed by James Burrows
Starring Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt (UIP)

HAVING ALREADY reeled off one comedy *(So Tough)* that dwelt on a sexist premise — that jeans with a see-through seat on female bodies are a hilarious outrage — Ryan O'Neal now has another shot at the other side of tracks: that mixing a gay cop with a macho one is a guaranteed hoot.

Humourless bastard, I hear you say. True — but here I have legitimate ground: it's not funny in the first place.

O'Neal is the bicep-ridden Benson, homicide veteran; John Hurt is Kerwin, the closet gay clerical man booted into active duty. To their mutual disgust they're ordered to set up home in the local gay community and try and flush out a murderer with a taste for male models; and from thereon in it's wince and mince in about equal measure.

As a whodunnit the plot's not so much lame as in need of a complete life support system, flouncing between suspects and unearthing an arbitrary killer at the last moment. The laffs, such as they are, are what matter: O'Neal turning pained grimaces into sickly smiles as he's forced to mingle with "those goddamn faggots", the shyly demure Hurt ironing his partner's underwear and fixing elaborate dinners, inevitably falling for the muscleman.

Ryan and Hurt under covers.

Mildly curious is the way a basically sympathetic script by Francis *(La Cage Aux Folles)* Verber fluctuates between faggoty sneering and moments of genuine tenderness, as when a boyfriend of one of the victims confesses his love to the unlikely team. There's a few thoughtful asides elsewhere too: a disgruntled touched-up Benson muttering "Now I know how a *woman* feels when a guy touches her ass . . ."

But O'Neal seems too much of a nice boy to carry off Benson's mule-skinned outlook — the way he's drawn to the mousey Kerwin is a shade too obvious. Hurt works hard at underplaying his man and looks too good for a picture slothfully short on directional pace.

The worst waste, though, is of Kenneth McMillan as their chief — surely one of the great fat men of current American cinema deserves better than this parroty role.

Richard Cook

IN THE CAN

Britannia Hospital (Lindsay Anderson). This is what happens when an intellectual film-maker with no discernible sense of humour offers up a Mel Brooksian vision of a terminally ill society going down the toilet: no one laughs (except the French — huh!) and the intellectual film-maker thinks his audience is stupid. *Blazing Saddles* and *History Of The World* are now showing at a cinema near you. **(EMI)**

Missing (Costa Gavras). Lauded political thriller that comes complete with the Cannes festival's Palme D'Or, striking central performances from Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, and a commitment that shines out of every frame. What's missing, I'm afraid, is dramatic tension; not so much *Z* as zzzzzz . . . **(UIP)**

Once Upon A Time In The West (Sergio Leone). Don't miss the chance to see Leone's 1968 masterpiece, a superbly orchestrated Western that breathed fresh life into a moribund genre. And you'll never look at Henry Fonda in the same way again. **(UIP)**

Shoot The Moon (Alan Parker). Schematic domestic-hell drama, with abrasive (ie irritating) performances from Albert Finney and Diane Keaton as the unhappy couple. **(UIP)**

Star Wars (George Lucas)/The Empire Strikes Back (Irvin Kershner). Or *Preppies In Space Parts One* And *Two.* Just who is saving the universe and for what? If Mark Hamill's riding on a ticket of milk'n'cookies for all, I think serious questions should be asked at the House of Time Lords whether it's worth the bother. And anyway aren't these run-up repeats to Part Three a little bit early? **(20th Century Fox)**

Stereo/Crimes Of The Future (David Cronenberg). Canadian David Cronenberg is one of the most imaginative — not to mention disturbing — minds in popular cinema. His themes of biological mutation and the special effects his backroom boys employ to support them have fed films as different as Ridley Scott's *Alien* and Zulawski's hysterical *Possession,* both of which cheaply thrilled before being quickly forgotten. Cronenberg's work, however, lingers on. *Stereo* and *Crimes Of The Future* opening a retrospective season on July 7th at London's ICA are two early pseudo documentaries, the first about a telepathic institute and the second takes you through The House Of Skin — an establishment researching diseases brought about by the use of cosmetics! The commentary, funny and wicked in turns, would do William Burroughs proud. Be warned pretty boys! *(Shivers, Rabid, The Brood* and *Scanners* follow through July.)

Monty Smith (and Chris Bohn)

ON THE BOX

Silver Screen would like to apologise to viewers for the non-appearance of On The Box. This is due to a technical fault in the British Rail transport system and the fact that Monty Smith lives in some far-flung corner of the commuter belt. Also to the fact that Ian Penman had his jacket-pinched at some dodgy London club *(What's this got to do with anything? — Ed.)*

But we do know you shouldn't miss Rod Steiger in *W. C. Fields And Me* on BBC2 Sunday.

DOUBLE DOUBLE-O-SEVEN.

ALBERT R. BROCCOLI presents
ROGER MOORE as IAN FLEMING'S JAMES BOND 007 IN
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A AND MOONRAKER A

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Produced by ALBERT R. BROCCOLI Directed by JOHN GLEN Screenplay by RICHARD MAIBAUM AND MICHAEL G. WILSON Executive Producer MICHAEL G. WILSON Music by BILL CONTI Production Designer PETER LAMONT Associate Producer TOM PEVSNER PANAVISION TECHNICOLOR Title Song Performed by Sheena Easton
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Music by JOHN BARRY Lyrics by HAL DAVID Production Designed by KEN ADAM Executive Producer MICHAEL G. WILSON
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CLINT EASTWOOD

FIREFOX AA

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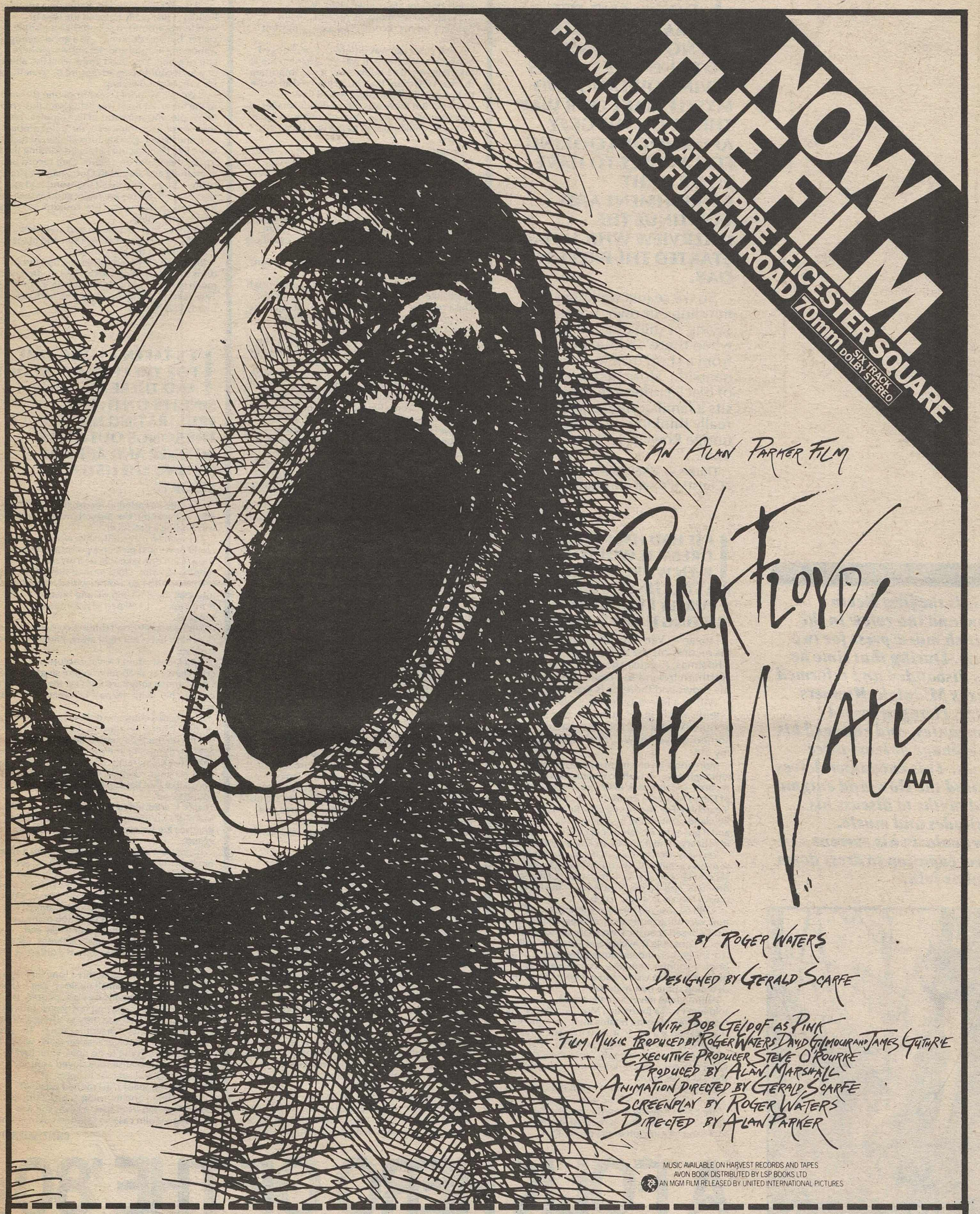
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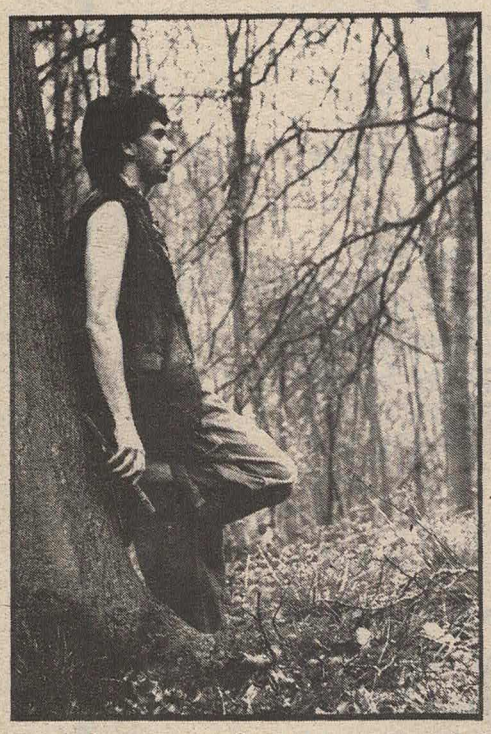
A FOLK HERO OF THE '80s

THE KEVIN ROWLAND

INTERVIEW: GAVIN MARTIN PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

This is the first Kevin Rowland interview in the British music press for two years. During that time he has disbanded and reformed Dexys Midnight Runners twice, changed record companies, and changed his own image at least three times. This encounter delves behind the Rowland enigma and myths to discuss his attitudes and music, particularly his current preoccupation to dress down soul as folk.



THE RAIN POURS DOWN AND THE TRAFFIC PILES UP ALONG LONDON'S NOTTING HILL GATE AS KEVIN ROWLAND AND MYSELF MAKE OUR WAY THROUGH THE GREY AFTERNOON LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HAVE SOME LIGHT REFRESHMENT AND CONTINUE THE INTERVIEW WHICH HAD STARTED THE PREVIOUS DAY.

So we're just walking along minding our own, not really saying or thinking too much when there's a loud banging from a shop front on my nearside. Hunched over a cup of black coffee at a window seat sits a familiar figure. Without really thinking I automatically nudge Rowland, "Look there's Van ..."

Thinks — VAN!!? What am I saying? "Christ! It's Van Morrison."

IF IT HAD HAPPENED IN A DREAM IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WEIRD BUT AS IT IS, I'M STILL FINDING WHAT WAS A PURELY BY CHANCE MEETING HARD TO BELIEVE.

I mean — Van Morrison; I haven't had his records off the turntable since Christmas, I've just spent my holidays in Northern Ireland so I could see three of his shows and there he is just sitting there.

Within a few minutes he's talking away, openly and in good humour. Just talking about his work and this and that like someone I've known, albeit vaguely, all my life.

Morrison's involvement with Rowland — although never actually consummated on records — dates back to before the recording of Dexys Midnight Runners' debut LP 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. Rowland wanted him to produce the record and it got as far as Van coming to see the group in rehearsals, making his apologies and leaving.

Recently, Rowland again made contact and sent him a demo of two tracks from Dexys' second LP 'Too Rye Ay'; they were 'Celtic Soul Brothers' and 'Jackie Wilson Says', the latter one of Morrison's own songs.

'Celtics' aroused the man's interest, and he's now very attracted to the freshness of the new string-based acoustic Dexys format, so much so that it's possible Rowland and Morrison will work together. Indeed during the course of our brief encounter, tentative arrangements were made for Van to visit a studio where Dexys are demoing some new material.

Although he never actually asked, I never told him I was a journalist. Morrison doesn't do interviews unless he retains the copyright on the finished article, so it's fair to assume he's suspicious of writers' motives. And I must admit that I still have doubts about whether or not it was ethically correct to start the article the way I just have.

But, hell! Van Morrison! I couldn't believe it.

As well as making music — live or on record — that blows nearly everything else around far far away, Rowland has in the past shared Morrison's suspicion of the press. The conversation he has with me is his first official interview (with the dreaded British music press at any rate) for almost two years. Why?

"Simply to promote my records. I want publicity for my records," he says calmly but bluntly.

"Two years ago was different. I've changed quite a bit since then. It was important to me at that time not to do interviews; it was important to what I did then. It's a good job I did all those things or I think the music would have suffered. But there was lots of disadvantages as well (laughs), because they sort of got an open hand and could present us the way they wanted.

"I don't think of it as a big deal, the fact that I'm doing this interview now isn't important. Any one who thinks that is kidding themselves; it's fuck all really."

From the raw punch and incision of their first single 'Dance Stance' to the lusty celebration of their latest single 'Come On Eileen', Rowland's Dexys Midnight Runners have seldom made anything less than GREAT music and, regardless of the frowns, the essays, the image-associations and character assasinations, *that's* what really matters.

There's a passion and force that runs through music like 'I'm Only Looking' and 'Let's Make This Precious' which stabs and pounds and lifts you up the way music, truly life affirming music, should, but seldom does.

Following the release of 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' around Christmas 1981, the first lot of Dexys did a runner, Rowland released 'Keep It (Part 2)' — his favourite Dexys single — and put a new group together. 'Plan B' — a furious gale of positivity and determination — one part 'Come Round Here (I'm The One That You Need)', one part 'Lean On Me' and five parts sheer resolution and inspiration — was unleashed but failed to chart because EMI Records withdrew support when the new group walked out of the label the same week it was released. The success 'Plan B' should have had went to the inferior 'Show Me': the group's debut for Phonogram and their first hit in a year.

In many circles, Dexys became scorned, and it was easy for even the most diehard fan to scratch his head and wonder just what the hell they were up to.

They could seem pompous, even ridiculous at times. Not because the qualities that they, and particularly Rowland, based their faith in were irksome; far from it: at a time when most modern music was simply pissing about, things like *dedication* and *craftsmanship* were more than welcome. But they were qualities to be worked with, not talked about.

The vindication came in November when the group presented the astonishing Projected Passion Revue over three nights at London's Old Vic Theatre; a show which according to Dexys aficionado Adam Ant, should have been seen "in every town in the country."

The PPR was a rivetting evening of entertainment, it was structured in a traditional showbiz (as opposed to 'rock') style but with a content that was at times frighteningly dynamic. Perhaps its only remote precedent was almost 20 years previously with James Brown And The Famous Flames' revues at New York's Appollo Theatre. But really there are no comparisons to the near cinematic force and phenomenom ranging from frustration to tenderness, from lust to passionate resolve.

DEXYS ARE JUST ABOUT TO RELEASE THE NEW LP 'TOO RYE AY' WHICH FEATURES THE EMERALD EXPRESS FIDDLERS AND A BODY OF SONGS WRITTEN OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS.

Surprisingly, considering the group's separatist approach, the LP is produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley — who also produce Madness — but then that's because "they were the only ones who said they'd do it." Personally I'll be surprised to hear a better LP all year (apart from the one released by that small man with the Belfast accent that I met on a rainy day in Notting Hill)...

Kevin Rowland is now 28, he didn't start making music (with his brother's C&W group) until he was 21. Born in Harrow he left home at 17, travelling extensively and working in such places as Clacton, Glasgow, Aviemore and Liverpool.

"It wasn't like a student going on a summer holiday, I just really enjoyed the idea of wandering around. It sounds like a terrible cliche, but you don't half get a good feeling just wandering around and not knowing where you're going. You don't know what lies ahead of you, it could be an adventure or something, it's a really good feeling.

"Like in Liverpool I went from one extreme to the other. At first I was living with this group of people who were sort of like hippies. Well, they weren't anything else, dirty and dropping acid and listening to Hendrix all day. Actually, I quite like Hendrix but I enjoyed winding them up. So they'd put on a Status Quo record or something and say, Yeah Quo, man they're really, y'know. And I'd sit there and nod and say yeah, but Kenny are really good as well and that freaked them out. They couldn't see it was all the same thing.

"Anyway that came to an end and a few months later I was wearing a suit and managing a shoe shop in the city centre."

Right now Rowland is wearing dungarees, drinking tea, smiling a lot and he'd admit he's much easier to get on with than he's ever been. Two years is a long time so we've both got plenty to talk about.

IT'S TAKEN A LONG TIME FOR THE LP TO COME OUT AND THERE ARE FOUR SINGLES ON IT. IS IT FRUSTRATING NOT TO GET THE SONGS OUT A LOT SOONER AND ARE YOU SELLING THE LISTENER SHORT?

We fully intended to record the record this time last year but the biggest problem we had was finding a producer.

I'm such an incredibly slow writer anyway, I could never just pick up a guitar and write a song. Each one takes about a month or two months to write. I have one of these little recorders and I go around with it, taping ideas into it all the time and writing ideas in a little notebook ... it's all part of a continuous process.

But I certainly don't think they're instant and they have to be out right away, I never get that feeling.

And I must admit I have absolutely no conscience at all about bringing singles off LPs. I think those songs are right for that LP, they all go together, with the past two years and what's gone on.

The record company didn't want to put 'Liars' on the LP because it makes it over 46 minutes. But it's on there because it fits in. We spent ages on things like the running order and the space between tracks. It's important when the mood changes that it changes in the right way, things like that have to be really right for it to sound good.

The LP is credited to Kevin Rowland and Dexys Midnight Runners, going by recent publicity pictures Big Jimmy and Brian have left the group.

It's more a question of working with a small nucleus of people, and it has been for some time. Jimmy and Brian will probably work with us again, but it will be more on a session basis as it will be with most of the people we work with. I think the idea of groups is almost old fashioned now. There's been too many of them. They all just go the same way and become really shallow useless things. I just think it would be better to find a different way of working.

We should have done this a long time ago, it's better to have a small nucleus, and not have to worry about organising eight people. It's a burden financially paying out wages and it's unfair to them because they're sitting around half the year while I'm writing songs. They've never even tried to get session work, which is what they are going to do now. Their loyalty has amazed me, because they stayed around without any real success to speak of.

How did you meet The Emerald Express?

I saw Helen one morning at a bus stop just down the road from where I live, she was carrying a violin case so I started talking to her.

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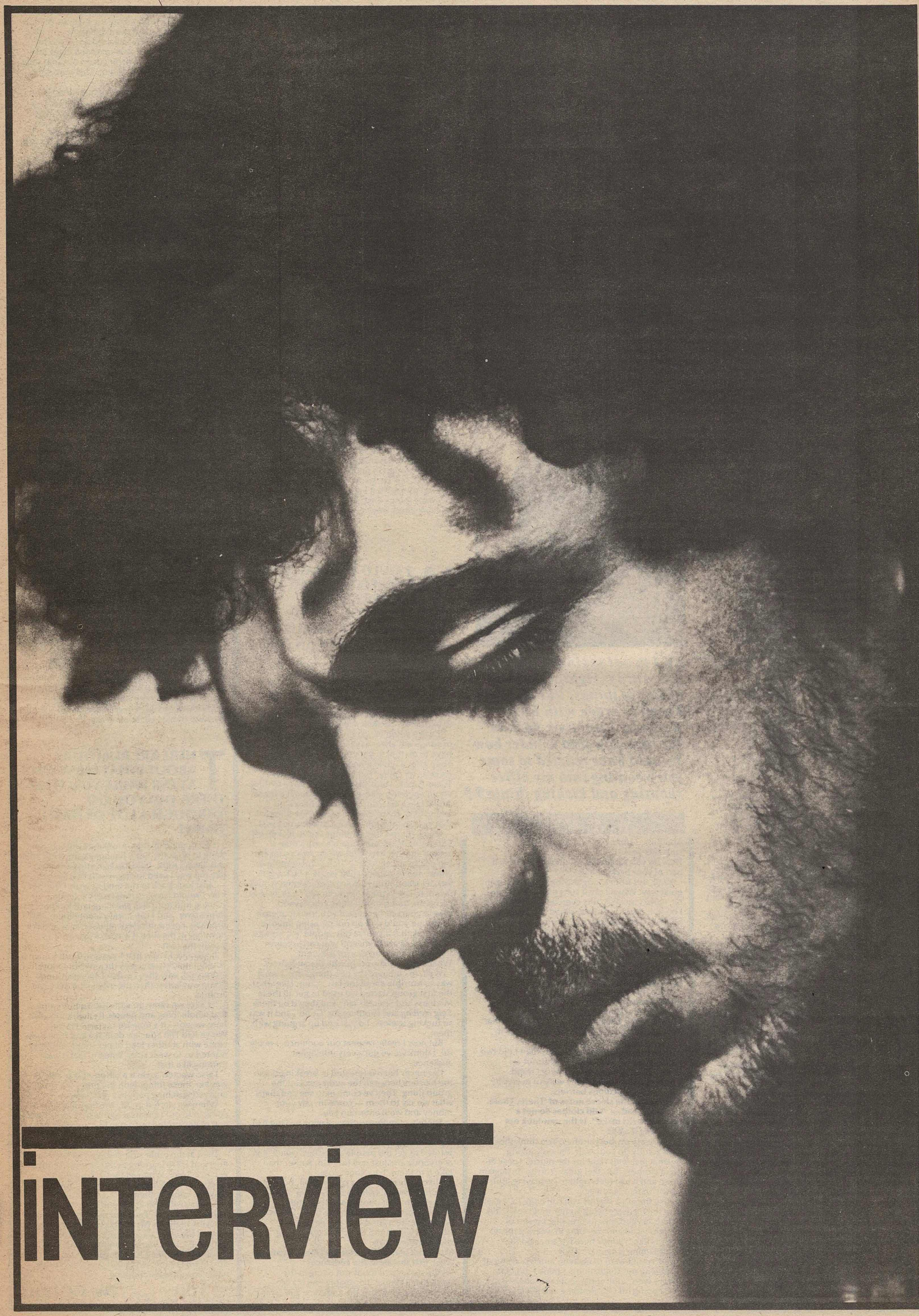


INTERVIEW

ROWLAND

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

I'd wanted to use strings as far back as the last group but it never really worked out. Anyway she and Steve came down to rehearsals and started playing, as simple as that. Her background is basically music college.

What inspired the three Projected Passion Revues at the Old Vic last year?

Well, there's lots of reasons. I can't just say one thing that gave me the idea. There was The Intense Emotion Revue which we did with the original line-up in 1980. Y'know, those six weeks of hell on the road, just going round playing everywhere.

Oh, like a tour?

Yeah, fuck, well what else was it? That gave me some of the ideas because I was so fed up — I really wanted to put on a good show. I was getting ideas but on the road they just get scrambled and I thought fucken hell, this just isn't working y'know. Going round those Tiffany's places, it was no good at all. It was just arguing all the time. I was driving the audience away at that point totally.

If you're playing Tiffany's or the Lyceum or places like that, the audience are paying in and getting shoved around by bouncers and you can't get a drink at the bar or anything. Then you get thrown into your seats, if there are any. You just get treated like a prick. Who wants to go to those places anyway?

It's a really horrible atmosphere as well; before you go into those places they already have their own atmosphere set and there's nothing you can do to change it. I think if there was a group with a strong personality, they wouldn't have any chance of putting it over because they already have the horrible personality of the place fixed before you go in.

Also I do want to put on good shows, really good shows. Not bullshit but something really good.

WHEN I INTERVIEWED YOU TWO YEARS AGO YOU TALKED OF CHANGING THE FACE OF ROCK MUSIC. HARDLY DUE TO DEXYS BUT THE MODE (AN APT WORD) OF THE MUSIC HAS CHANGED. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT NOW?

What's changed about it? I think it's worse than its ever been. It's just shit, y'know. People say we've got the best going now and everything's great and this country — ooooh ain't it fantastic, the way everything here moves so quickly? I think it moves incredibly fucken slowly. They say we're years ahead in England, there's always something happening and then six months later ... there's something else.

And it's just shit. I mean that synthesiser thing has been done to death. It's time somebody put up something different. That's all you get on the radio; I just don't like it — It's incredibly fucken boring.

You read the music press, well I try to, I buy one every week, usually the *NME*, and I leaf through it and I try to read it but when I get halfway through an article I just have to put it down. The way musicians go on about their music makes me sick.

And the way it's written! You just get the same thing over and over and over again and you get the idea that the writer doesn't actually believe what they are writing. And when you go to see the group or you hear them and you wait for this great swirling sound or whatever to overtake you and sweep you off your feet, then you know it's insincere. Too many people are just writing about nothing, I suppose.

I'm just fed up with the people coming up to me and telling me the likes of ABC are a good group.

Martin Fry's got some good ideas.

They might be a good comedy group or something, maybe they should develop that angle of it, I dunno.

Do you spend a lot of time thinking about your group?

Nah, not that much, no more than anything else. I've got other things more important to me.

Dexys Midnight Runners have gone through three different 'looks', how have they all come about?

I thought it was really funny at the time because the media and lots of people sort of looked at us as Yorkshire Miners or navvies or something. When in fact what it was, was not so much *The Deer Hunter* as *Mean Streets*. It was a very spiffy look, very Italian with the little 'taches and ... (clicks fingers) ... that hot sweaty thing that surrounded the music at that time, I felt it was a very smoky image.

And the next one, I thought it looked great but where the hell did it come from?

Again I think it was just right for the music. It had a physical look about it as well with the boxing boots and those sort of trousers. There was also a religious feel to some of the music, so the hoods looked a bit sort of monastic. And the ponytails had that sort of discipline that came over with it.

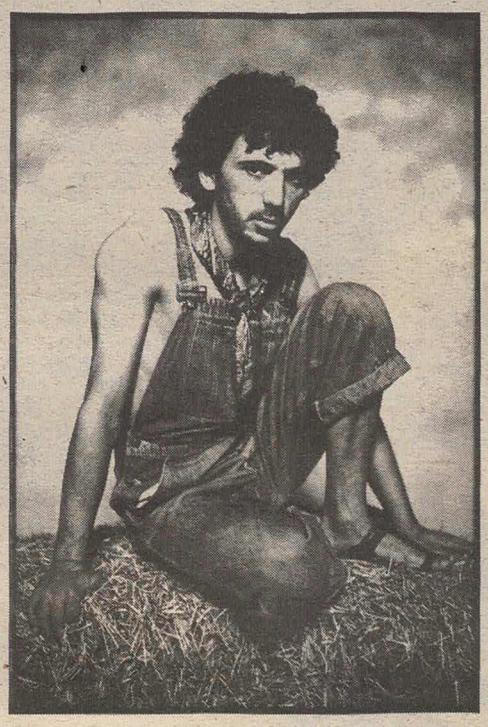
You placed a lot of emphasis on the physical aspect of the group last year. Was it similar to using dexedrine when the group began, that same sort of alertness and clearheaded feeling?

(Laughs) Yeah, it was actually, though I think it's better to do it without any y'know. But it was very important last year, running and all that. It definitely helped the spirit of the group. The togetherness of running along together just gets you involved. It gets that fighting spirit going.

We used to come into the rehearsal rooms in Birmingham still sweating from running, and there was all these other groups there and it just put us a million miles away from them, You realise you have absolutely nothing in common with them. It isolated us a bit more, which is what we wanted at that point.

Is it important for you to live the lifestyle outside the group?

Yeah, though we all falter sometimes. That's the only problem, we're all only human (laughs). But yeah, it is very important because I'm not just interested in one thing, I'm interested in things that go right across the board, everything should project something. Everything from the clothes to the music should all tie in. And that look did suit last year, those Projected Passion Revues and everything.



"I'm not saying what I did was always right. I did loads of stupid things, like the way I used to argue with EMI Records. I just look back to the time now and wonder how I would have reacted to some prick coming into my office shouting and kicking things"

And this ... (indicates semi-gypsy garb) ... suits this year.

How do you explain this Celtic business. Is it part of your background?

Well, it is from a long way back but not in any great way. When I say it suits this year I mean us, I don't mean it suits everybody else though I hope it does. I've always liked songs like 'Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms'; my mum used to sing it when I was a kid and she'd had a drink or something. And I must admit I quite like the idea of being opposite to what's going on at the time. I think it's a good place to be and what we're doing is very opposite to what's going on.

I also feel it's a natural thing for us now to go totally acoustic, no electrical instruments whatsoever. I don't like to use words like puritan music because I've gone on about that already. But these are the instruments for it, y'know — a *pure* sound.

I feel a lot more confident now than I did two years ago, about my music and about everything. I almost know where I stand whereas before I was really wary of everyone, drawing up ridiculous barriers.

I remember the sleeve notes of 'There, There My Dear' read — "Old clothes do not a tortured artist make". Is the new look not slumming it a bit?

These are my best clothes, You think they look scruffy do you? Nah, I'm only joking. Again it just feels right for the music. These are great clothes, they feel great. You go onstage in these and it just feels right to be playing 'Burn It Down' in that new way.

Also there's a slightly comical edge to these, with the trousers being baggy, and I really like that. Everybody else is dressing up sort of straight laced and we come in wearing these and it's like, y'know here we are, a bit of hoedowning is even possible.

But I don't want to make to much play out of this being our Celtic thing. I think I did that before with 'soul' and people say, oh they're just ripping off Otis Redding and get it totally fucken wrong. I don't really think this is a Celtic thing now, it's just us.

You've always had a strategy for the group?

Yeah, but things have had to be changed, I think we've made a lot of mistakes and a lot of things could have been done better.

The plan for this year was to release 'Celtics', have a hit with it and quickly follow it up with 'Eileen', but the first part of the plan didn't work. I hope 'Eileen' is a hit, I really want our records in the chart otherwise it's a waste of time. I wouldn't keep doing this forever, I'd find another way of making a living.

Y'see I fucken know our records are good, I don't need encouragement or reassurance. I know that they are better than the other stuff that is around and I want everyone to know it, not just a small clique of people.

Do you think people have to come round to your way of thinking?

I don't, y'see. I know what you're saying, but I think we're really commercial and very accessible, I really do. Now more than ever, though I never really accepted the criticism that Dexys Midnight Runners were a bunch of gloomy twats who made really depressing music. I think a lot of what we've done has been really strong and uplifting.

Y'see, I never had to sit down and think — this group's going to be commerial or it's not going to be commercial, I never thought that. Because the music I like is good tunes and words that get something over.

What sort of music do you listen to?

"I don't listen to much music. Nina Simone a little bit, Ray Charles vaguely — the predictable ones really, I suppose. Van Morrison . . . Van Morrison more than anyone.

What did you think of James Brown in Birmingham earlier this year?

There was some moments there, I enjoyed it but some of it was too noisy. But when he was on his knees singing 'Prisoner Of Love' and they were all at the side egging him on, I thought that was really great because it was getting through to people.

People say that to us, they tell me that I overdo things, that I go over the top and overplay things onstage. I don't fucken care because that's how it is, that's how I want it to be.

WOULD YOU SAY AS A PERFORMER YOUR INTEREST IS IN HUMAN BEINGS — HOW MUCH THEY CAN BE HURT, HOW MUCH THEY CAN FEEL ELATED?

That's an academic way of putting it. I dunno about analysing it in that way. I just know that it feels right to put over feelings. I don't like to use the word emotion, but that sort of expression is important. And taking it to extremes, because I feel those extremes.

It's like when we go onstage, the first couple of songs are always faked a bit. I think you have to do that to get yourself really going. Then after a while it becomes absolutely real. As soon as I play 'Tell Me When My Light Turns Green' I look up and I don't have to think about anything else. I just know that it's there. And it takes off from there and there's no faking in it. There may be certain set things that you go through, but it just becomes real.

I think there's lots of things we've nicked off entertainers, because there's more than a casual approach to what we do. We've taken the whole show and the idea of presenting a show, and I suppose I just judge it by myself. I say, if I was sitting in the audience what would I want to see in there? How would I feel if I saw someone doing that? I think you have to please yourself because if you tried to please everyone you'd end up not pleasing anyone. I just think that if you've got people in a theatre the chances are there and you can present them with something a bit different.

What's your relationship with the audience?

Well, to compare the two things that's what was so horrible about the last group. Like when the first group started we used to get all these Madness and Specials fans and they'd be there *Seig Heiling* and shouting for 'Geno', and it was so fucking useless, I'd just end up arguing with them.

But now I really respect our audience, I really do. I think we've got a very intelligent audience.

I've never been interested in breaking down the barriers between the audience and the group thing. They've come in to see and that's what we say to them — come in, pay your money and we'll entertain you.

There's a tendency when playing in a big hall for a group to play to the first 200 kids and we've always tried not to do that. We've always wanted to get the people at the back swell, get everybody and just pull them in. Rather than take it to them, have them come in.

I like to think of it as a celebration, but a bit inspiring as well. I like to move them, really move them. Grip them, really grip them — they should come out feeling quite tired. Like when you go to see a good film you get really involved with it and you come out feeling drained afterwards.

You don't play a character onstage, do you think that threatens the audience?

Again, it's hard to say not being in the audience. I think I'd probably find it a bit threatening if I was in the audience and I think that's good. For one thing it's a whole lot more honest. I can't stand the shit people talk about the likes of Ziggy Stardust. (Mock reverential tones) You know, Bowie invented Ziggy and then Ziggy nearly took him over, became so big that he couldn't control him. That makes me sick.

I think that it's good to frighten people to take them up then really knock them and take them down softly and get them everyway you can.

Do you think Dexys are misunderstood?

Yeah, definitely. Like when I say that it's not any great thing — like we're really misunderstood you pricks. I'm not saying that, it's just a fact — we are misunderstood.

Like they think it's bullshit, that I'm telling lies. Y'know, what's all this projected bollocks? I think a lot of it's anger, but I don't really blame people for getting that impression. But I do like the things that go with the music, the whole idea of a group and their music is a bit boring, you have to have something built around it.

And those essays in the music press, did they help you get understood.

Probably not. I'm not going to justify it. That was what seemed right at the time and I enjoyed it the way that people reacted to it all. But we wouldn't do the same thing now. I had plans at the time to do a lot more, but the group split up and that put a spanner in the works.

Why did the first group split up?

I think I was asking them to perform impossible feats, I wanted the pinnacles of achievement. It was a stupid situation because I'd feel frustrated if they didn't come up with what I wanted, and they'd feel stupid if they couldn't get there. Before I think the problem was we'd kick out in a lot of different directions and people would just get the force of one thing. I think now the ideas and the music are more concise and more clearly stated.

Right through the group you seem to have based it on ideas and attitudes which mark what I'd take to be your own lifestyle or world view.

Yeah, but differently now because that's one of the reasons the first group split up, because I'd based it around my lifestyle and I'd already been living in it before I met the group.

I was really hated around Birmingham and I used to revel in it. F'rinstance take your friends The Au Pairs. Well, I used to write on their posters, things that would get them really annoyed like, Jane's got big tits or I fucked Lesley last night signed Kevin Rowland.

And they'd come along and go, that's just what I'd expect. I was just playing up to their stereotype of me. I don't think I'm a hardnut at all, but they think I'm a working class thickie, so I was only too happy to play up the image for them. I just used to think of the most disgusting things I could to get them really annoyed.

Because those people they just can't see, they go on about The British Movement and the National Front and how everyone who joins it is evil, but they just can't see for one second why anybody would want to join something like that because they're so far removed.

THERE ARE RUMOURS ABOUT WHAT WENT ON AT EMI WHILE YOU WERE THERE. DID YOU GO THROUGH A LOT OF HARD TIMES?

I don't mind all that. Anything I did was the thing to do at the time. I'm not saying what I did was always right. I did loads of stupid things like the way I used to argue with EMI Records.

I just look back to the time now and wonder how I would have reacted to some prick coming into my office shouting and kicking things over, and I can't really blame them. I'd probably have a different attitude if I was there now, but at the time it was fucking pandemonium.

It was like I knew that I was good and I couldn't understand why they weren't more interested, why they couldn't see what I was doing was better than the other stuff they had around.

"Y'see, we came up with The Specials and that whole thing and people thought, Oh yeah here we go — it's time for the soul revival. We've had The Specials doin ska and here they come with another load of old songs, and they wanted us to wear suits, when in fact it was nothing like that.

I also wanted to do it a different way and, it was like those things with the press — I really enjoyed watching people's reactions.

When we started in '79, The Specials would come in to our rehearsal rooms in Birmingham and really wanted us to sign for our label, but I didn't like the idea at all, I just told them to fuck off.

Then at the other side of town you had The Beat and UB40 learning as fast as they could to get on 2-Tone. When all these groups came through, I think it might even have looked as if we were copying them.

Anyway with EMI at the end we just really wanted to get out. Paul, our manager, stayed up every night for two weeks looking through a copy of the contract until he came across an option that they literally forgot to take up. If it wasn't for him we'd have never got out of it . . . But, I don't know, we pulled a few stunts that had made us real unpopular.

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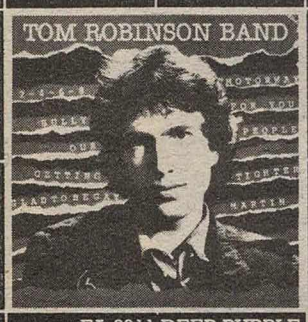

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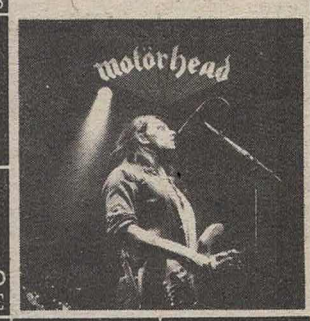

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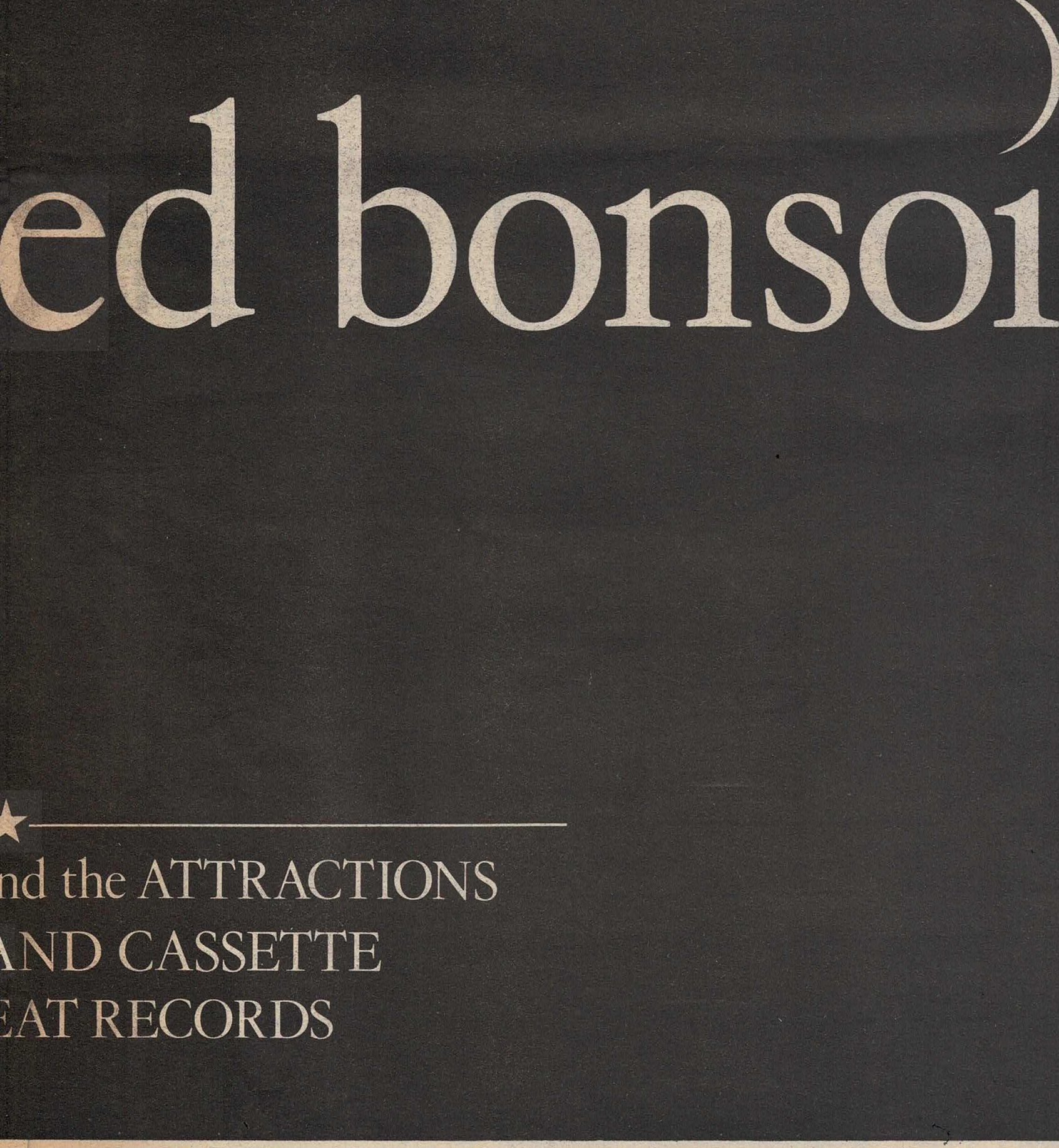

nd the ATTRACTIONS
AND CASSETTE
EAT RECORDS

WHAT'S UP

BY
CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
PHOTOS
ANTON CORBIJN

The Black Uhuru dilemma — they're hard, but is their militancy also a weakness?

Michael, Duckie & Puma

"IT SEEMS TO be incontrovertible that someone said that he was the way, the truth and the life. And in that capacity he promised that whenever two or three people were gathered together in the name of the Way, the Truth and the Life, there 'I' am in the midst.

"Even if we do not know the way or cannot believe that there is a way, even if we don't know the truth or don't believe that there is *the* truth . . . if in the name of these matters we still come together, then 'I', which is not the hallucinations we have inside each of our sacks of skin, *is* in our midst.

"That seems to me a most profound proposition.

"Dare I believe it? Dare I not?

This book (*The Facts Of Life*) is haunted by the question: What is the correct way to live? When I put this question, through an interpreter, to a reputed saint in Kashmir, said to be over 100 years old (he looked like an ancient bird), the instant answer, through the interpreter, was:

" 'Let your heart be like the sun, Shine alike on everyone.'

"Whence did he derive this knowledge? Or was it mere opinion?"—R.D. Laing

"I and I was granted to drink from the fountain of life
I God will make I hold tight
I and I knee will not wobble . . .
There is a way that seemeth right to man
But in Jah Jah sight it wrong . . ."

—Michael Rose

EYE MARKET

EVEN THE WHORES in the cars are staring. A few streets down from the Place De L'Opera, just around the corner from the Olympia, Black Uhuru are striding through a Parisian early evening, cutting an effortless swathe through air like silk laden with the indefinable and unique odour of the centre of Paris: a scent of fresh coffee, baking, a touch of brandy and the sour edge of piss.

Step it up *proud* nuh. Up ahead goes Michael Rose, sulky and withdrawn in his grey track suit, locks tucked up in his cap, thoughts tucked up . . . could be anywhere. Getting dragged out before showtime to have his picture taken was not on *his* agenda. Puma Jones sets her own pace, checking the elegant clothes in the windows; she is, if not the last word in chic, certainly one of the next-to-last, but Duckie Simpson is the one whose carriage and presence alert passers-by to the fact that something unusual is going on.

Duckie Simpson founded Black Uhuru. Onstage, he is the least conspicuous member of the group, off to one side carefully stepping in place, joining Puma Jones in those high pure sore-throat harmonies backing and framing Rose's exhortations. But here in this street — or anywhere — his personal authority is unquestioned.

Tall and rawboned, bearded and imperious, he swaggers along in his tall hat and welding goggles, a man confident that he is himself more formidable than anything which could block his path or anyone who might say him nay.

As they pose for Anton Corbijn's camera, the entire street focuses in on them. There is half-suppressed nervous laughter from a family climbing into their car, and Simpson (breaking off from attempting to crack Corbijn's lens with a ferociously dread stare — dramatically whips off his hat. His locks slowly unfurl in the evening breeze: they are not neat braids that fall smoothly to the shoulder, but a defiant growth like swamp roots or antlers.

Dread flash 'im locks an' a weak heart drop, as the saying goes.

On the way back to the concert hall, a young woman detaches herself from the crowd. She is locksed, wears a red, green and back tam and her eyes are shining. She comes over to Simpson, falls into step.

"Good . . ol' . . . Ducks', drawls Michael Rose sardonically. "Blood . . . *claat!*" But by the time the convoy reaches the Olympia and heads backstage, it is Rose who is holding her hand.

Outside the Olympia, Black Uhuru's congregation assemble. Everywhere, giant images stare down from above endless rows of movie houses: even the West End of London is sadly underprivileged cinema-wise compared

DUCKS?

to this part of Paris. The cafe provides a perfect vantage-point to observe the crowds milling about and then filing in: they are almost exactly what a Black Uhuru audience would be like anywhere in Britain, which is to say one part hip and forward white youth to two parts blacks, half of who — at least — are Dread. The faces of three decades' worth of French stars encircle the foyer bar: the beer goes down and the smoke comes around.

The hall itself is packed solid: it enfolds you in red velvet heat and darkness, sweat and smoke and bodies and talk. The band appear onstage as if deposited there by the power of a single thought, lick into the rhythm of 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner' and suddenly the music is *inside you*. You have not *heard* it, it has not come forth and *surrounded* you: it is as if you have breathed it in.

There is much talk of 'rhythm' and 'dancing' around: they are long-standing, well-established buzzwords. I have, in my life, heard a lot of rhythm, but the beat that his particular ensemble lay down is like nothing else you can name, the hardest sound I have ever heard musicians produce on a stage.

Check these men: Sly Dunbar is behind the drums, his mournful countenance set in an expression of fierce concentration, peering out over his translucent red, green and gold tom-toms while he generates that flickering hi-hat pulse with one hand and lays down the crispest, most definite, most *unanswerable* two-and-four in the world on the snare with the other.

He has Robbie Shakespeare there with him on one of those slimline headless Steinberger basses. Head down, fingers working overtime, Shakespeare lives up to his name: his bass *shakes* the hall like some impending earthquake, like the subterranean pulse of an entire planet. If you saw Uhuru at Wembley with the Stones, you got some idea of what's going on, but the PA system hasn't been *made* yet that can let everybody in a stadium that size hear Robbie Shakespeare's bass the way it's supposed to sound. When linked up with Sly's drumming, it's supposed to evoke an irresistible natural force, to create a description of the force of creation itself — in other words, Rastafari.

On top of that, you get direction and embroidery from percussionist Sky Juice, guitarist Daryl Thompson — a tall New York dread with a baddest-brother-on-the-block style — and Bubbler on the keys. And then there's Uhuru: Puma Jones in the middle twisting and chanting, the majesterial presence of Duckie Simpson in place on the periphery and Michael Rose singing, stepping and invoking over his half of the stage.

The Black Uhuru experience is dazzling, militant as all hell and — as you might say — *hard*.

It is every sense of the word: hard as in tough, hard as in difficult, hard as in ungiving. It is the kind of hard that equates softness with weakness: it is all power and tension, all statement. They don't let up for an instant, even in the less militant tunes like 'Sinsemilla' or 'Sponji Reggae': the mood is confrontational and the word is straight Rastafari.

After a particularly electro-convulsive burst of rhythmic daring from Sly and Robbie, the man from Island Records gets sufficiently into the spirit of the thing to voice a long shout of "Mmmmmmurdah!", which, after all, was exactly what happened — in a strictly non-metaphorical sense — when Black Uhuru played the Rainbow last July.

"Murder" is a reggae buzzword these last few months, disquietingly enough: it means that something or someone is really *serious* ... because murder is the most serious thing there is. Isn't it?

And Black Uhuru are a serious business. Put it this way: they are not noted for their levity.

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

THE HOLIDAY INN in the Place de la Republique is — praise Jah — far more like a French hotel than it is like a Holiday Inn. It says 'Holiday Inn' on the marquee and on the towels and on the bills and in a few other places, but it isn't *really* part of the ubiquitous chain of prefab bolt-holes.

In the foyer: excitement! Sky Juice the percussion player has been the victim of a little Parisian skank. The waiter who brought him his breakfast changed him cash for it at double the customary rate and then stuck the item onto his bill as per normal. The normally ebullient 'Juice is raving:

"Cho 'im t'ief me money man! Mek me see 'im now! Raasclaat *T'ief* man!"

Denise Mills, Uhuru's manager, is not particularly sympathetic. Tall, blonde and devastatingly matter-of-fact, she might seem to be an incongruous occupant of her particular role seeing as how she is (a) female (b) white and (c) an employee, albeit a senior one, of Island Records. Standing by the desk going over the bills, she tells Sky Juice in briskly callous tones that he's had it, but miraculously the guilty waiter is produced, Sky Juice's 80 francs reappear and all is declared quits. It's a fair cop, but the hotel doesn't seem to feel that the waiter has in any way stepped out of line. He tried on a legitimate skank, got caught and that was that.

On the coach, the company settles in for the drive. Curtains are drawn to keep the French countryside and the stares of the curious where they belong (outside), and the smoke of the herb where *it* belongs (inside). Noone talks much, and the order of the day appears to be to get as charged as possible and watch videos: the Kampuchea concerts and an extraordinarily violent Vietnam movie, *The Boys In Company C*.

Daryl Thompson rags Denise Mills about the foul and filthy eating habits of the British with special reference to that vile concoction the steak and kidney pie ("You mean you people actually *eat* that shit?"), and Puma Jones shows off an ornamented biro that she has bought as a souvenir of Paris. Some of the crew doze in the bunks at the back of the coach, and Sly Dunbar keeps a lonely vigil in a back seat, abstaining from the herb ("It just slows me up, makes me want to go to sleep") and tapping out variations to the rhythms that crop up on the video, The Clash and Matumbi seemingly meeting with the most approval.

It is a common fallacy that hanging out with Jamaican performers is a sure way of getting ganja'ed out into the middle distance. This is not, in fact, the case. It is not until your presence has been accepted to some degree that any herb will be offered, and it was quite a few hours into the journey that Puma Jones passed me the back end of the spliff that she'd been smoking. The strength and purity and general *ital* nature of this spliff was such, though, that instead of promoting the likelihood of a conversational breakthrough, it rendered me incapable of any coherent speech or coordinated action until we were off the coach and onto the boat heading for Albion.

Slowly and purposefully, the party headed for the restaurant, where it speedily became apparent that the relationship between the band and the waiters was not going to be a cordial one.

The Uhuru party order the cream of tomator soup, but Duckie Simpson, eyes blazing, demands that it be made *without cream*. The waiter replies, more than a little superciliously, that cream-of-tomato is "just an expression, *sir*" and that no actual cream was included in the finished product. Simpson and Rose therefore consented, albeit suspiciously, to consume the soup.

But worse! When it arrives — after protracted delays — is is stone raasclaat cold. Both sides rest on their dignity. The waiter civilly agrees that it *is* cold, gives the tableful of Rastas a filthy gaze and returns very rapidly indeed with fresh bowls of piping hot soup. The game continues throughout the meal. Guess who's coming to dinner? Natty dreadlocks.

IS BLACK Uhuru achieving what you want to achieve?

Not yet ... not at its fullest," Michael Rose allows. "This is not about success, this is about free the people mind. The youth them got no idea of what they got to deal with. Them live with certain t'ings — Babylon system — and them can't stand it no more. So when them listen to reggae music, reggae music free them mentality, open them mind. It take so much of a control over them that even you yourself will ask why. The rhythm *niiiice*, yet the reality that going across, them can't see within it. We travel, because you are limited, and when you travel you get more experience, you get more *open* ..."

Are the people who're coming to see you receiving what you want to communicate to them or are they just enjoying the show?

"Bot'. Them enjoy themselves an' yet they would like to know what's going on, what the lyric is saying."

What do you want to give to people who come to see you?

"I want to give them the knowledge of what have to be heard: there is *fire* this time. Jah seh 'im shall return as a conquering lion. He was before as a lamb to slaughtah — seen? — so in this time . . . the conquering lion. The youth must know themselves. There is too much fightin' an' war . . . them thing so *unnecessary*. You can't do much . . . but once you retoon to the 'eart, there is enough food there to feed everybody, but as long as you 'ave first class and second class barrier, there will always be war.

"What purpose you think you are living for?" Rose challenges suddenly.

"You can tell me!" His voice rises tauntingly.

I live to do my work and to do what I want without creating pain or suffering others, to make sure than noone suffers because of me. That a good enough purpose for you?

Continues page 51

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PIGBAG... The Big Bean

Y 25 *(Double A Side Single)*

PULSALLAMA... Ungawa Part 2/The Devil Lives In My Husband's Body

Y 22 *(Single)*

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LPs

ALPHABET SUPER!

The Furious Fry

Illustration: Ian Wright

ABC

The Lexicon Of Love (Neutron)

"THE ULTIMATE ambition? To write a perfect pop single."

Well, they all say that, don't they? When Martin Fry delivered that hoary old boast to Paul Morley in the 1980 Christmas issue of NME, months before ABC even had a distribution deal for Neutron Records, the natural cynic's response was: "Come back in five years and show us what you've done — if anything."

So it's scarcely credible that just 18 months later, ABC should follow two unimpeachably perfect singles with one of the greatest albums ever made. 'The Lexicon Of Love' will be played to the point of nausea by everyone who buys it and then filed away mentally along with those rare precious records that leave you breathless at their audacity and applauding the virtuosity with which they pull it off.

In fact, the whole conception of 'Lexicon Of Love' is virtually unique in British music. The way producer Trevor Horn and the group themselves approach their task, as if writing the dictionary of pop from scratch, finds a certain echo in the flexibility Quincy Jones, Rod Temperton and Michael Jackson brought to 'Off The Wall', but really *nobody* makes records like this. Imagine a miraculous blend of 'Dusty Springfield's Greatest Hits' and 'Dusty In Memphis' and maybe you're starting to get there . . .

The irony of these ravings, as my *NME* colleagues will be quick to point out, is that I used to detest ABC, with an abhorrence usually reserved for Spandau Ballet. The release last summer of 'Tears Are Not Enough' put them firmly in the 'New Funk' club — membership of which, for journalists at least, apparently involved the sublimation of any critical detachment beneath a blanket of wet waffle about 'dance-floor propensities' and 'the pop process'. And 'Tears' — which was adopted as the sort of empty slogan 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' became the previous year (and for the same people!) — was par for the 'new funk' course: a limp, self-admiring performance, sung with about as much 'funk' as Prince Andrew during an Exocet missile attack.

But as it turns out, 'Tears Are Not Enough' was just a slight stumble on ABC's ascent to supremacy — and one which they've righted by reworking the song for the album, in the same way Dexys rerecorded 'Dance Stance' (now another of those accursed cliches) as the glorious 'Burn It Down' on 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'.

As for the singing, it remains a weakness — but it's a tribute to Martin Fry's vision and application that he has overcome the fact that he's not a great natural singer with a marvellous deployment of force and subtlety.

The triumph of 'Lexicon Of Love', in fact, lies in the way Fry's vocal technique — every phrase weighed separately, and seamlessly integrated into the song as a whole — is reflected in the overall approach. With a 30-piece orchestra on hand as well as the band themselves plus horn section, synthesizer, and additional vocalist, two bass and a lady harpist, I compute that there are 2,635,457,901 different options for how any given line can be performed — and ABC use most of them.

Just to enumerate some of the more unlikely elements, the opening song 'Show Me', which probably originated around a fairly straightforward disco guitar riff, now incorporates castanets, chimes, synthesizer aping plucked violin strings, and a fabulous orchestral prelude that Scott Walker at his most majestic wouldn't have sniffed at. And it all fits!

Of course, the danger in this all-devouring approach is loss of personality — and David Palmer, Stephen Singleton and Mark White, fine players all, submit willingly to the role of sidemen, at least in performing terms. But 'Lexicon Of Love' has identity to spare in its clarity of vision and its immaculate polish . . . and in its songs.

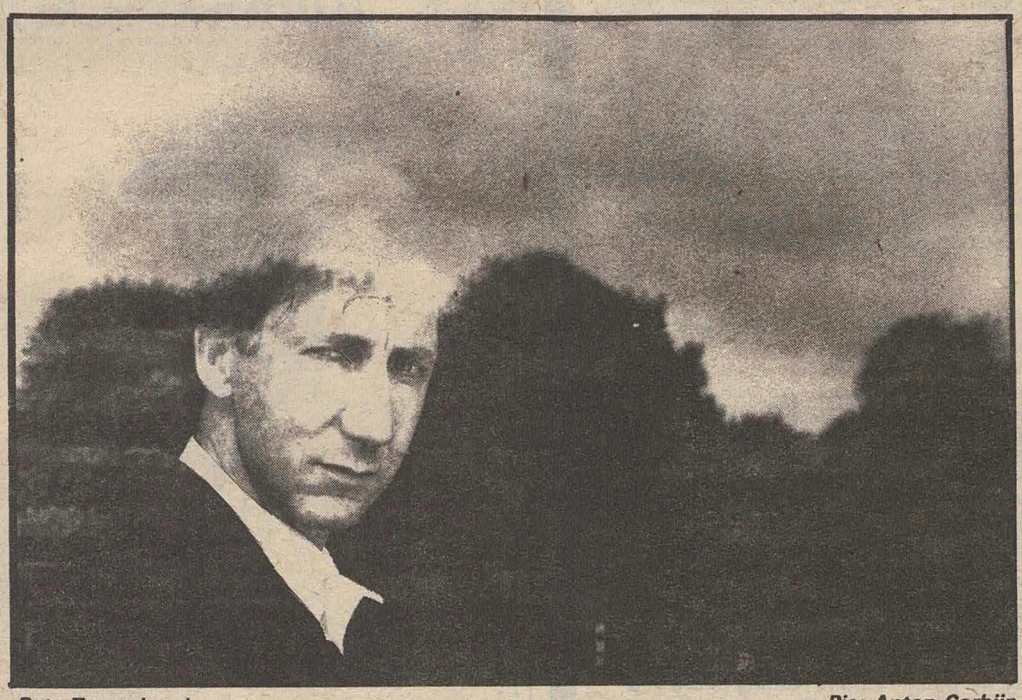
In the same way that ABC have applied themselves with unstinting objectivity to the *sound* of pop — as Morley observes elsewhere in this issue, Trevor Horn's attitude is *"why not?"*, why *not* use every instrument, every style available in one glorious definitive amalgam? — so have ABC looked at the pop song and decided to tackle it head-on in the search for perfection. And the essence of pop, they rightly decide, is romance: that shall be their one concern.

Yet the very concept of perfection and objectivity *ought* to contradict that essential romance. That it doesn't is, again, tribute to Martin Fry's extreme commitment: like other great romantic songwriters, whether Smokey Robinson or this year's name-to-drop Cole Porter, Fry understands the value of a newly-coined cliche, and his songs often consist of little else.

When you can write a song like 'Valentine's Day' — which opens with the poignancy of *"When the postman don't call on Valentine's day"*, goes on to spit venom with verses like *"With your hard-on parade and your heart on parole, I hope you find a sucker to buy that mink stole . . . school for*

PETE TOWNSHEND

All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes (Atco)



Pete Townshend *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

TIME AND THE RIVER

HERE IS Pete Townshend: born again. And again, and again, and again, and again...

"Chinese Eyes' is this year's second best rock album (there have only been two 'best rock albums' this year, the other being of a more combative variety), and the record which serves as the vehicle for the most intense and impassioned attempt to communicate that I've heard for a very long time. For all its wordiness, its trad-Townshend sound, its frequent moments of bathos and its return to perennial authorial themes, it remains an astonishing record: painful, awkward, eloquent and boundlessly courageous.

I should state an interest at this point: I have had enormous admiration for Pete Townshend throughout my teens and all of my adult(?) life. Through good records and bad ones, even when I swore that I would never again subject myself to the obscene travesty of The Who impotently thrashing through their greatest hits, I've checked for Pete Townshend as the most committed and concerned rock artist of his generation, as the only one to have simultaneously created a legend while hysterically demanding that everybody not only acknowledge that he saw through it but demonstrate that they *also* saw through it, who publicly castigated himself for crimes to which he was the only witness, who . . .

This album arrives in the wake of what was possibly the worst Who album ever, and demonstrates in a light as positive as 'Face Dances' was negative the difference between Townshend - writing - as - Townshend and Townshend - writing - for - The - Who. 'Face Dances' was Townshend - writing - as - Townshend - for - The - Who, and it was horrendous. This is totally Pete's street: it is impossible to imagine Roger Daltrey singing any of these tunes, and as for the recitations . . . forget it! Complete with a couple of poems set into an oblique essay-story which comments upon and illuminates the lyrics, it certainly isn't the work of a man who is afraid to seem self-conscious. 'Chinese Eyes' contains more raw, unprocessed *self* than anything I've heard since Patti Smith's 'Horses' and it has a very similar intention: to depict the artist experiencing and attempting to understand every aspect of his (or her) existence.

So here we find our nervous, quivering protaganist stumbling through a welter of relationships, questioning his work and his reasons for doing it, waiting for the bomb, savaging complacency and ennui, undergoing the terrors that create both tribalism and nationalism and — in the album's single most towering moment — creating a stunningly beautiful metaphor for the central governing fact of human existence: that we are all (part of) God, and that none of us, no matter how wretched or evil or fucked up, can be denied this participation in the divine.

The song in question is called 'The Sea Refuses No River', and Peter Hope-Evans' raw, achingly lovely mouth-harp sets off Townshend's exploration and development of his theme: *"Now he's like a stream in flood/swollen by the storm/he doesn't care if he sheds his blood/he wants to be reborn/For the sea refuses no river/whether stinking and rank/or red from the tank/or pure as a spring . . ."*

Do you find that embarrassing? If you do, fuck you. Go and read something else. I can't think of anybody else in popular music capable of writing that, and damn few capable of singing it, either.

After 'The Sea', virtually everything else is anti-climatic, but 'Exquisitely Bored' is a razor-clawed parody of The Eagles, complete with horrible sickly harmonies and shudder-perect West Coast guitars, while 'Communicate' features a particularly Townshendian adaptation of poor old Adam's fake-Burundi drumming, a tongue-twisting chorus and Townshend exhorting (himself): *"Communicate, communicate/By satellite and solidstate/communicate, communicate/never, never hesitate."* He's insisting that words be used to break barriers, unfreeze glaciers, dissolve misconceptions . . . pretty much the way he's used them here.

Probably the nearest that the album gets to standard Who-type Rack'n Rowl is the splendidly titled 'Stardom In Acton', and the nearest to Who-type concerns is 'Uniforms' where Pete, under the guise of taking another look at Teenage Fashion, examines the drive to join the herd: *"We are marching as to war/we won't obscure no more/But we're really fighting for our uniform."* 'Uniforms' is also the album's wittiest song; large chunks of it just plead to be quoted. Try *"I am frightened, you are frightened/shall we get our trousers tightened/Where in Brighton is the norm/for enlightened uniform?"*

Elsewhere, he adapts the traditional 'Girl From The North Country' into 'North Country Girl' and gives it a chilling anti-nuke punch line, though the impact of the piece is somewhat muffled by the overly heavy instrumentation.

The album's sequencing seems exceptionally off: it begins with the unfortunately lumpy and ungainly 'Stop Hurting People', where a confessional poem is set to an incongruously bouncy backing track and salvaged by a rather lovely chorus, and then hits you with the previously lauded 'Sea Refuses No River', which in turn kills the pleasant, affectionate whimsy of 'Face Dances Part Two' stone dead. The tune should fare much better as a single, or rather it would if Townshend hadn't set it in 5/4, which should please dancers no end. (The only two hit singles I can think of in 5/4 were Dave Brubeck's 'Take Five' and Jethro Tull's 'Living In The Past', so maybe lightning will strike thrice and Pete'll do okay with this one).

For them that cares about these things, Townshend's accomplices on the album include Virginia (Ravishing Beauty) Astley on piano, Tony Butler on bass and Mark Brzezchi and Simon Phillips playing drums, with Chris Thomas and Bill Price at the desk. The important stuff is this, though: Pete Townshend, in his seventeenth year as a recording artist, has compounded all his faults and all his virtues into one record on the largest possible scale, made no concessions either to big-time stadium rock nor to what's supposedly 'relevant' in contemporary beat, risked making a complete fool of himself (again) and provided at least one of the year's most inspiring recorded moments.

Best of all, he's finally forgiven himself for all these terrible crimes and climbed down off his cross. Welcome back to the world, Peter . . . and don't get fooled again.

Charles Shaar Murray

Elvis Costello — *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

COSTELLO'S CONFESSIONAL

ELVIS COSTELLO

Imperial Bedroom (F-Beat)

ONE THING Elvis Costello has never learnt is good manners. *I don't want to go to Chelsea! I don't want to be a goody-goody!* And here he goes again: *I don't want to talk about it any more! I don't want to fight!* Maybe this time he means it.

'Imperial Bedroom' presents fifteen songs in a way that throws out enormous complexities. We're accustomed by now to having to assimilate Costello's records over long periods. The way 'Get Happy!!' and 'Trust' came out as slowly penetrating indices to an anti-visionary diagnosis of social evil made a diminishing record like 'Armed Forces' look almost perfunctory. To that extent nothing has been introduced here to cause any jolting change. Costello's brief vacation in the confines of a Nashville sob story hasn't softened his outlook one iota.

As is immediately apparent in the opening 'Beyond Belief', a study in tensions coursing through a brittle structure like an arctic wind. *"Keep your finder on important issues with crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues/I'm just the oily slick on the windup world of the nervous tick ..."* It's easy to quote this time because the lyrics are printed on the inner sleeve: an unpunctuated spray of words blanketed across like some emotionless Reuters despatch, Except, of course, they enunciate stories of revenge, cruelty, waste and weakness — the bones of everyday tragedy picked over and over until the purge is complete and you just don't feel it any more.

At this stage in his progression Costello does seem cleansed. If the obsessive little misanthrope of 'My Aim Is True' has been displaced by a cooler commentator, he remains fixated on the impotence and deceit that infests the one-to-one universe. 'Imperial Bedroom' only relents where — on the genuinely affecting 'Almost Blue', which is not in any way a country song — it pauses at what seems a personal sadness. Otherwise, even when dealing in the first person, a distance is maintained that acts as an airlock on breakdown.

That might be no more than a standard pop artifice — but there's an irony here which Costello must surely relish. His initial associaton with the vanguard of 1977 was forged primarily through that compulsively personal stance — the nakedness of self — and the key strand in contemporary pop is if anything even more concerned with the romantic confessional (Fry, Kerr, Shelley etc, etc). Yet Costello is a million miles from that. The only resource of an extremely private and still responsible man is to speak from a defence constructed from ambiguities, and therein exists the fantastic web of layers and shafts and reasonances. If the acid remarks seem untouchably cold then it may be that their heat is twice-removed. Ice can burn too.

Like all his records, 'Imperial Bedroom' shows a fascination with paradox. The aforementioned 'Almost Blue' is followed by '...And In Every Home' which is a completely detached vignette of another life, adorned by a wildly eccentric orchestration from Steve Nieve. If there is any subjective departure it is here and in the formally precise dissection of tragic suspicion in 'A Long Honeymoon' (replete with cafe society accordion), episodes from another life told this time by an avowed outsider. Costello even permits Chris Difford to compose some of the words for 'Boy With A Problem'.

And needless to say there's a forest of quotable lines, echoes and reflections and glimmers of uncertainty — there's no need to pick them apart and it would devalue the crux of the record: the way sound has been refashioned.

This is pop music organised to an incredible sophistication. However it has been achieved — presumably the enlistment of Geoff Emerick as producer plays a considerable part in what is basically a logical advance on 'Trust', a massive leap though it may be — it sets out parameters of sound that seem to alter within the inner ear: which means that Costello has finally achieved a synthesis of words and music that correlates to the duplicity of each. As an alternative interpretation reverberates out of a lyric, so the music comes to perform a parallel role.

How is it done? Costello has often been charged with creative plagiarism, breaking down other songs and rebuilding them to his own ends; the whole of 'Get Happy!!' was recognised as a Stax/Motwown chart turned inside out. In 'Imperial Bedroom', though, it's as if he's viewed the whole of rock music's bloated history and systematised an entirely different set of coordinates that still, amazingly, operate inside a recognisable — indeed, *classic* — pop medium. In the construction of the tunes the spirit of pop survives; in their delivery it is virtually exorcised. Guitars are relegated to mere colouration — the predominant melodic shape is drawn from Nieve's keyboards. Voices change inside the contours of a song, cellmates of different temperament: hear 'Kid About It' or the endlessly detailed 'Shabby Doll' for how they coexist. Rhythm, which Pete Thomas was dismembering as long ago as 'No Action', is taken out of itself.

Yet every track leads its double life as a flawless pop song. Costello has a long memory: his Shabby Doll could easily be Buddy Knox's Party Doll in modern dress. At times he seems to be teasing — 'Tears Before Bedtime' has a vocal part that mocks doo-wop tradition, and 'Pidgin English' uproots a series of rock'n'roll icons, with a closing murmur of *"P.S. I Love You"* as the coda. In the truly sublime 'A Man Out Of Time', though, he summons a breathtaking recollection from the heartland of pop. The chorus here is one of the greatest moments in music this year.

Like the whole record. This is pop music that challenges the undertaking. This is miles ahead.

Richard Cook

scandal — guess who's enrolled!", and climaxes with the show-stopping double-punch of *"If you gave me a pound for all the moments I missed, and I got dancing lessons for all the lips I shoulda kissed, I'd be a millionaire / I'd be a Fred Astaire"* — then you know there's no love song you can't write. No wonder Elvis Costello, recognising a fellow word-conjurer, invited Fry onto *Roundtable* last month.

If there is a weak link on 'Lexicon Of Love', it's the last track (barring the brief orchestral reprise of 'Look Of Love (Part Four)' from the 12-inch exercise in self-analysis), '4 Ever 2 Gether', a compendium of genuine cliches which struggles to rise above its hackneyed opening line: *"You can't tell me how to run my life"*. It's an uncharacteristically lightweight entry which smacks of either a late addition or an old number they hoped would get by with a reservice.

No doubt the presence of all their three singles (or four, even, if the touching formal ballad 'All Of My Heart' turns out to be the next, as the cover sticker suggests) will also get a few moans, but 'Poison Arrow' and 'The Look Of Love' are such classics you can't blame ABC for building the LP around them — or for rerecording 'Tears Are Not Enough', an excellent song which they were disappointed with themselves in its first incarnation.

Aw, forget these piffling reservations. 'The Lexicon Of Love' is a major achievement, and even in competition with the current crop of great LPs like 'Non Stop Erotic Cabaret', 'Sulk', 'Westworld' and 'Imperial Bedroom', it puts ABC in a league of their own.

These days, it seems everyone Paul interviews wants to meet Martin Fry. I still suspect it's just because Fry owes them all money, but what the hell . . . Can I join the queue?

Phil McNeill

S U D D E N !

The sound of human MORals

THE LEAGUE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA

Love And Dance (Virgin)

LOVE'S THEME, YOUR MAGIC SPELL IS EVERYWHERE

THE SOUND: recording the explosion of a drop of milk . . . sound as evidence, as proof, as a twist in time, as the skin on love pudding, as a way of polishing the mysterious gleam of Mass Entertainment. Who dared Mr Rushent to perform way-high arithmetic on the serious doings of 'Dare'? Into the very space of love Rushent blows out and crams in and sets apart his sound: play on surprises, an interrogation of the familiar. The essential feature of sound is not its location, but that it *be*.

This sound has been; it will be again. What is *it* all for? It doesn't matter, it doesn't care. It sits at the point where truth leaks into lie, and it turns the leaking liquid into sound. 'Love Action' becomes sound action: sounds resurface, are recalled, as if the very thing that dreams are made of. 'Love And Dance'; it's sudden. Sudden!

The Sounds: Hard Times ** Love Action (I Believe In Love) **** Don't You Want Me ***** Things That Dreams Are made Of **** Do Or Die **** Seconds **** Open Your Heart ***** The Sound Of The Crowd *******

The Team: Dave Allen, Ken Ansell, Ian Burden, Jo Callis, Joanne Catherall, Philip Oakey, Susanne Sulley, Philip Adrian Wright and Mr Martin Rushent.

I'M DOING WHAT I DO FOR SOUND

'Love And Dance' seems to be sound being typical: plenty of moving parts, noises falling upwards, a way forward and backwards that is full of abrupt encounters — sudden interfaces, then emptiness.

When you have interface and emptiness, you have happenings. In the world of happenings, surfaces and events collide and grind against each other, creating new forms, much as the action of dialogue creates new insights. It's the world of all-at-onceness where things hit each other but where there are no connections. We know 'Dare' — with 'Love And Dance' there are new bumping lights and invincible insights to get to know. Perhaps 'Dare' was like life: well then, 'Love And Dance' is life-like. A tear-stained pillow turned inside out: not really a best-seller lethargically bandaged up!

We've talked for long enough time about the tart appeal of the beggars and their maids. It was easy. Entertainment is always JUST entertainment.

Mr Rushent has lubricated 'Dare' with a creamy mixture of Varese and vaseline. The Varese? "Electronics giving music a new dimension and a new freedom." The Vaseline? That's what makes it easy for you, your ear and a number of your fingers and your toes to slip inside — get right inside! — these sounds, intervals, holes, burns, cuts, stitches — to discover the hidden dimensions. It's music to live with: hear it and run a smile.

Mr Rushent has cautiously dynamited 'Dare' — leaving gasping rhythms, gaping intervals, groping shrieks, concrete bleeps, disembodied voices and cricket balls that have been used for 85 overs. That's pretty clever, and that's a pretty colour. Mr Rushent has opened the rich heart of 'Dare', opened it to penetration and *sudden* inspiration. He has not dubbed it down into scattered dust and a few glass beads: nor dance-mixed it up into an easy, even white shimmer. 'Love And Dance' is a madman's hard-ache echo of 'Dare''s protesting heart-ache: real and not-so-real tears, the gift for loving; tart music is revolved, deepened and rolled up into sudden sound, the sound of being, the sound of comfort, the sound that skims across the air-waves and round about the night, touching down at the feet of the crowd.

And The Human League just isn't a bunch up of theory and more . . . The Human League are Number One in America. I like the idea of The Human League selling hundreds of thousands of copies of their oroduct. So does Bob Last. I like the idea of The Human League knocking Asia off the number one place in the LP charts. Why? Choice and change, lust and longing . . . the sense that there are *happenings*.

The Human League — *Pic: Joe Stevens*

Simply — well, not *so* simply — 'Love And Dance' is the logical — well, not *so* logical — exclamation mark that just had to come after the revenge of 'Dare' — one of the GREAT popular music LPs. After the revenge comes the delight, the celebration: the play on the surprise. 'Love And Dance' is the sound of "an artful redefinition of the quite devious potentials and implications of middle of the road music" being prompted into limbo, the sound of "love in fairyland" being launched into wonderland.

It's 'Dare' through the looking glass. I'll keep it forever, or until the clock falls apart. And Phil still won't speak to me.

Paul Morley

LIGHTNING STRIKES

CHICAGO
Chicago 16 (Full Moon)

CHICAGO HAVE a plan and, by God, they're sticking to it. In the Chicago scheme of things, this was always going to be the LP in between 'Chicago 15' and 'Chicago 17'. And, above all their other albums, it is by far the most 'sixteenth'. At the very least it's twice the LP that 'Chicago 8' was, but even so it is only half the record that 'Chicago 32' undoubtedly will be. Still, the overall sound remains very much in the famous Chicago tradition. It goes boom. It goes bang. It is a very bad attack of the wind indeed.

Monty Smith

Stop Press: My spies in the industry inform me that, to surprise us all, the next Chicago LP will in fact be called 'Chicago 3 (Again)'.

CARRIE LUCAS
Still In Love (Solar)

THIS MUST be the wettest thing since last Friday. Carrie Lucas wades wistfully through two sides' worth of her private woes, propped up by three directors, four make-up artists, five recording studios, eight engineers, 15 background vocalists, 17 producers, and 31 musicians. If you don't believe me, take a look at the credits. And while you're there, check out the songlist: 'Sweet love', 'Rockin' For Your Love', 'Can't Do Without Your Love', 'Still In Love', and the inevitable (sigh) 'Men' . . . I'll have to agree with you there, Carrie, they are mysterious creatures. But nowhere near as strange as some Americans.

Leyla Sanai

LUTHER ALLISON
South Side Safari (Red Lightnin')

LIVE, MODERN Chicago blues played as hot as it gets; unfortunately, it's also as derivative as it gets.

Charles Shaar Murray

CHEETAH
Rock And Roll Woman (Epic)

IN WHICH the Hammond sisters, Lyndsay and Chrissie, from the land of Dennis Lillee, sing rampaging rock songs about endless nights of frenzied fornication. Not as much fun as it sounds (I refer here purely to the contents of the phonographic disc). The big leer, believe me, continues right here.

Dave Hill

A TASTE OF HONEY
Ladies Of The Eighties (Capitol)

WITH A title like this, there's a very real danger of a copy of this set surfacing in about fifty years time and being held up by some trusting auctioneer as a crucial artefact of the time. Please God, don't let that happen. I want my generation remembered for something it can be proud of!

Lloyd Bradley

PART FORM
Part Form (Part Form)

IT'S A cassette-only release, of a dozen tracks, by the group who used to rejoice (or do *something*) under the name of James Levin And The Great Big Billy Goats. The name-change, to the far less silly Part Form, suggests that they mean business — and so does their music.

Vocals are few, the overall mode is electro, but rich with interesting textures, a steady flow of ideas and a warm mood that draws you in and keeps you listening.

The album sells for £2.20 (incl. post and packaging). If you're interested, and I hope you might be, write to Part Form, c/o Flat 3, 1 Ronald Road, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 3XU.

Paul Du Noyer

MICHAEL O'SHEA
Michael O'Shea (Dome/Rough Trade)

AN IRISH busker with a mix of styles that's as potent as poitin, Michael O'Shea's music is folksy, melodic, breathtakingly improvisational — but brittle, percussive and electronic as well. Despite the subtly pervasive Irish dance feel, it tickles the ear with fanciful similarities to so many different musics that the combination's just downright unlikely. All these classically-recorded pieces (no overdubs) for amplified and electronically treated home-made zither are unique experiments in mood, colour and rhythm, and every time you listen you'll hear something new. Dyed-in-their-woollies traditionalists may well be offended by the electronic effects, but everyone else will respond to the daring and emotional strength of this hugely impressive record.

Felix Jay

VARIOUS ARTISTS
This Is Boston Not L.A. (Modern Methods)

THIS VERY aware bunch of young people want to bury that rotting carcass of mock-heroic Americana once and for all, but their alternative is one step in the wrong direction. Much to the chagrin of hardcore sheep and pseudo-radical bands, lines like *"Well Bitch yer gonna pay, gonna chase ya down, rub yer face in the ground"* are as worthy of cremation as all the 'tight-assed lame fucks' they condemn every four lines.

Leyla Sanai

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Dr Rhino And Mr Hyde (Beggars Banquet)

THE VERY essence of Californian Legend, Rhino Records, bring forth a compilation. On one side, a bunch of Rhino crazies; on the other, Rhino new-age serious popsters, and old-age underground heroes. Most of side one is dull, sub-National Lampoon or par-for-the-course Cheech And Chong, but there are two numbers from the phenomenal Temple City Kazoo Orchestra, who never fail to astonish; and grown cynics have been known to weep at that irrational poignance within the throat of Wild Man Fisher. The serious side has some lame 'new-wave', some oddball, mothball surf, some Randy California and some Arthur Lee. Like I said, legendary stuff, and fun in parts.

Dave Hill

COLLAGE
Do You Like Our Music? (Solar)

DO YOU really need to ask?

Lloyd Bradley

JEDRZEJ DMOCHOWSKI
Stallions Of My Heart (Whaam)

PURE POP perpetrators — and Jedrzej Dmochowski is such a soul — need radio airplay to function. That can't be easy to come by when your name's Jedrzej Dmochowski. Jed's other obstacle, as he cheerfully pillages '60s forms, from early Dylan to early Bolan to early Lennon, is that the '80s has now found its *own* pop form. Jed's songs, therefore, however chirpy and catchy, sound more like whimsical nostalgic exercises than serious new contenders. Some of the tunes, though, are very good, and as a mimic of Tyrannosaurus Rex, he's unparalleled.

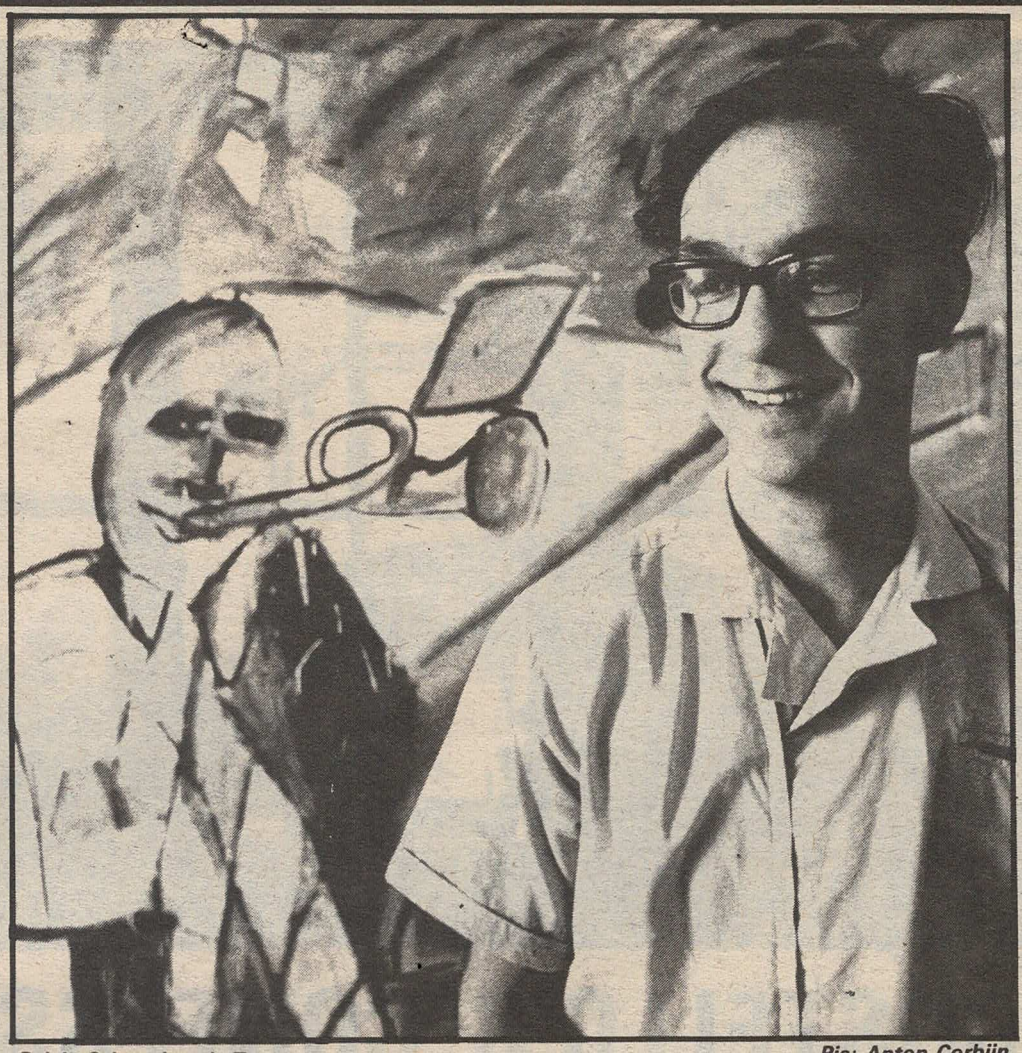
Paul Du Noyer

NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN
Confidence (Atlantic)

"CONFIDENCE IS a divine revelation of our inner assurance. There is an unseen reality within us, a divine Pilot, an inner Pilot, who moulds and shapes our lives. When we hear the message of the inner Pilot, in our outer life we feel confidence. Confidence is an outer gift from above, whereas assurance is an inner gift from above."

Or so it says on the inner sleeve, but in this case, confidence is nothing more mystic than the knowledge that he's bound to have a hit because he's nicked the bits he could understand from everybody else who has!!

Lloyd Bradley



Palais Schaunburg's Tom *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

PALAIS PRANKSTERS

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG
Palais Schaumburg (Kamera)

PERVERSE ARCHITECTS are Palais Schaumburg. They build structures from plans which, on an equivalent drawing-board, would bear little discernible difference from those of numerous other Pop players and workers — propulsive bass (upright sometimes, I think) and drum foundations, with synth and trumpet interjections for a superstructure. While not being exactly generous with their tunes, they employ tight, simple constructions, rarely drifting or shifting towards rhythmic experiment or adventure. Thus, given their many formal affinities with Pop Music, the most immediately striking thing to more or less naked ears is PS's rejection of any integral desire for beauty, and absence of decorative devices. In a (slightly scruffy) cheeky-brat sort of way they make pop music which doesn't (appear to) care too much about its appearance.

Most of the instrumental levels are roughly as loud and clear as each other, and the rare vocal echo on 'Eine Geschichte' (A Story), and even rarer echo on a snare drum is just about the only overt manipulation of the studio they (and producer David Cunningham) have allowed themselves. They take convenient, conventional song structures and, either, 1) subversively undermine formal expectations they've raised, or 2) muck about with them a bit. I like what they do but I'm not attracted by the way that they do it.

They do cut up a few rhythms, jerking from one tempo to another; applying nonsense verse which is appealing in a quirky kind of way, and throwing in some atonal piano punctuation and muted trumpet blasts.

PS's approach is variously sardonic and playful; they manage to affect an intensity which is insistent, and irritating, while operating in some fairly wide-open spaces. They leave themselves plenty of room within which to break a few things up, without ever going for a fuller sensual assault. They have a persistently cantankerous tone though. The voice — Walther Thielsch is a 'poet' not a 'singer', know what I mean? — adopts a thumbing-his-nose gesture throughout, and the drums frequently sound like thumped biscuit tins or slapped knees. Which sound to me like vaguely naturalistic devices to expose some limitations (of Pop Music Now) before going beyond . . . or stuck behind with something else.

But are Palais Schaumburg a Dada-influenced parody of Pop's pretensions? The beginnings of a new Method? A provocative re-arrangement of existing material into an intriguing new design? And would Danny Baker allow them into his home?

Mark Cordery

GAMES

THE PASSAGE
Degenerates (Cherry Red)

APART FROM anything else, The Passage are perfectionist and pertinent presenters of multi-dimensional pop crosswords, where the clues are generally cryptic, and the solutions often hidden in the questions themselves. 'Degenerates', words, music, packaging and all, is, in large part, a phonographic game comprising layers of riddles to peel back and solve. If good entertainment is defined more by mental exercise than emotional empathy, then here is a disc bearing hours of pleasure. An educational toy.

Pay attention at the back! For 'degeneracy' read the corruption, stagnation and the collapse of most forms of human relations, in particular those between The People and The Powerful, between potential lovers and 'normality', between Belief and believers. Power, sex and God (that 'G' is soon made small) recur in metaphors and symbolic combinations to form a contained and crafty critique.

Everything starts on the record's sleeve, which shows a pin-person graph, diagrammatically categorising positions for the performance of the big 'IT', filched from a pulp paperback on sexual *mores*. The clue: if you can do the one at the top on the right, you're a pretty unusual chap, which implies the message: to quantify this activity into tightly defined brackets isn't only dodgy, but is meaningless as well. Getting the picture?

The record's ten songs utilise similar ploys to put the point across, and Passage quiz-master-in-chief, the

DEAD BEAT

KING CRIMSON
Beat (EG/Polydor)

IN THE beginning Beat was ... what? An American Saturday night stretched across the whole week? Winos whinging around a fire at a railroad siding? Or bums beefing 'bout life in a roadside diner? Chronicler Jack Kerouac's sodden vision was a combination of all three; his was a naive veneration of society's nobodies, in whom he professed there to be a pulse more vital than that of

DOE-DOE STILL X-TINCT

X, l-r: John Doe, Don Bonebrake, Exene, Billy Zoom

X
Under The Big Black Sun (Elektra)

"This stage I'm on gets repossessed/
By vigilantes acting bored . . ."

('Real Child Of Hell')

X IS a southern Californian punk-style foursome who, since their debut album 'Los Angeles', have done everything within their power to show that they are DIFFERENT. Primarily because they don't sing words like *"We're going out on the street tonite / Gonna rip the place apart"* or *"Love gets you down / Stabs you in the back"*, X have contrived to *insist* on that difference — the difference and distance from hardcore / power pop / doom rock / the trashcan of LA.

Secretly they're a composite of the whole lot, and a pretty straitjacketed composite at that, but their covers and lyric sleeves are exciting and Exene Cervenka hangs out with Lydia Lunch (so they're different).

Frankly, noise-wise, X are what I must politely call dreadful. They run on a mixture of glitterjunk Cochran guitar riffs in 3:1 ratio to strained B-52's vocal runoffs, Cervenka and hubby Plain John Doe being singers of the very weediest calibre. Far from doing what his name would suggest, Billy Zoom's guitar (without doubt a black Les Paul) all but glugs on itself: not so much a chainsaw as a sawn-off single-barrelled repeater. Doe's bass is a plump dodo if ever a bass was one, and to complete the picture, drumbo D.J. Bonebrake couldn't so much as chip a loose fingernail.

X aim for downbeat ghetto elegies that gapingly lack the luminous wit and pathos of the 52's — and you *can't* dance to them. They inhabit a sunset strip stripped of light, a motel drain blocked with empty Morrisonian whisky bottles, not because they're

PASSAGE PLAY

tight-lipped and terrifying Dick Witts, goes to town on his conceptual hobby horse. Doing the PR job for Witts' pregnant prognostications is a music (performed by himself, Paul Mahoney and Andrew Wilson) which comes at you as big bold drums and a dense proliferation of synths, treated horns, pianos and doubtless many other instruments *incognito*. Amidst all this, Witts drily serenades and threatens, with Wilson's darker tones used mainly as a foil, though he does get solo moments of his own. The tunes and arrangements form a bounding, irregular modern pop, and they themselves seem to degenerate from tuneful assertion to uncomfortable slices of menace and tension by the end.

Hence, the opening 'XoYo', their last 45, waves at you cheerfully through clusters of synthetic fanfares, a bunch of crafted hooklines and a rollicking chorus. By track five, 'Born Every Minute', we're getting spiteful about the ruling classes. Track eight, 'Armour' (amour?), is an effectively sour look at the corrupted functions of sex with mix 'n' match metaphors sung by Wilson in a wavery sulk. To end, 'Empty Words' (tells a tale in itself, perhaps?) blends thin expectation with a sense of dread, and floats an oblique lyric to match.

'Degenerates' presents signposts to a city of subtle repression and lies. It's painstakingly done with a certain sly humour and plenty of scowls. There's one simple problem. It was a real struggle to enjoy.

Its density and irregularity is, I guess, the trick part of the question. The bits that mystify are probably meant to, so just as The Truth is lost in a maze of false messages, so The Passage partially ape the process themselves. I just wonder if I'd have figured this stuff if Dick Witts hadn't explained things on the phone. (And he was probably making it up). Crucially, the songs are often ungainly, and the way to their rewards, obscure. I mean, this isn't exactly a Big Fun review. The album prompts either *study* or disinterest. It doesn't exactly entice. This logic can work both ways, but ignorance of another set of rarefied ideas just rules you out of the contest at the weigh-in. But then is that our problem or theirs? I don't know. Ludo anyone?

Dave Hill

The Passage *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

the mainstream.

He described them in a blushing, eloquent, often maudlin and messy prose that made the Beat way appear the attractive proposition it is to some. Just as his spontaneous flow of words negatively came to mean anything goes, so his *On The Road* has been the blueprint for pimply Bohemianism ever since. It's understandable that adolescents might take it straight, but grown men? Really, King Crimson should know better than to want to recrate someone else's euphoria.

Chris Bohn

tormented nighthawks but because their threadbare excuses for songs are the sewage surfeit frothing over the edge of American dream rock'n'roll.

For their very occasional successes — the first album's 'Unheard Music', 'Wild Gift''s 'White Girl', and this one's 'Hungry Wolf' — you have in silence to suffer the self-same song trodden over and over again until it's turned into a suet pulp. One can imagine the Does sitting in their kitchen spewing out their non-stop marital scatologies — *"Adultery makes you give things away / . . . adultery takes a one-room vacation / Then it gets you alone / Turns it into a honeymoon scream / Then you have to change the sheets . . ."* till they've got enough and then hauling in Zoom and Bonebrake to turn them into uniform punk'n'roll.

The Does' singing of their words is so pretentious and deadpan and monotonal it actually hurts. Above all it's so oblivious to matters of cadence and harmonic pitch it's an insult to the ear.

If you want any of X stick with 'Los Angeles', the only one of their records with enough variety and musical development to engage its listener in a workable relationship. Oh, and 'White Girl' was a single.

Barney Hoskyns

REMAKE, REMODEL

MAGAZINE

After The Fact (Virgin)

SKIDS

Fanfare (Virgin)

DEVOTO AND Jobson, two of a different kind to bring a tear to someone's eye. A kind of nostalgia that tears are far too much for and yet not nearly enough. Skids, a joyous fanfare for a discovery of painless pop pleasure. Skids careering through the ecstatic valleys and sweek suburbias of a new pop (and increasingly popular) simplicity. Magazine, an illustrated journal of the joys of pop (but never popular) music. A Magazine depicting the complexities of emotion, the narrow and crooked path where joy and dread stroll hand in hand. 'Magic, Murder And The Weather', a slice of life. 'The Absolute Game', a cup of tea. The albums where it all came together and all fell down. Bands that came apart ... but mattered.

And now all there is left is for the scavengers to pick clean the memories. Bring in 'After The Fact' and 'Fanfare', the sounding of trumpets with the truth well hidden. I don't need these records and I deplore their release, but here they stand, prime examples of the Virgin philosophy of 'Flog That Horse Till It Bleeds Pound Notes'. Two more records ready and willing to be asborbed into the dank dusty compilation cellar. Who buys these records anyway? The sincerest Magazine devotees will already have compiled a personal recorded memory and at a considerably lower cost. Anyone who felt enough for The Skids bought all the singles on display here a long while ago. And how much faith do Virgin really have in the memory of these bands as far as selling records goes? Not much obviously since they have felt obliged to recruit supposed 'rock connoisseurs' to inform me (and you) that Magazine and The Skids were groups that mattered.

"I myself when writing about 'Magic, Murder And The Weather' said that Magazine went deep and were impulsive. They were for the moment and they were splendid." (Paul Morley). Magazine's moment has long since passed away, to be recalled only in darker moments of self-inspection assessing the total worth of nearly 30 years of rock music. And for the sole reason that Magazine's moment was so splendid, they deserve more than to have the likes of 'Shot By Both Sides', 'Back To Nature' and 'A Song From Under The Floorboards' standing side by side, forcing competition, comparison and contrast, on one record. Magazine were an adventure leading the way to a greater understanding of how the rock machine could be exploited without being forced or pompous or even overly complicated. Magazine pinpointed the correct use of naturalness and 'After The Fact' doesn't. There's really nothing more that needs to be said.

'Fanfare' is another ultimately distressing exercise, but for wholly contrasting reasons. A recording of ten singles, one undistinguished album track and the obligatory 'previously unreleased' tempter falls so willingly into the compilation routine that it fails to say anything about The Skids in the process. Okay, they were a great singles band ... but this isn't a single. The Skids were warm and exciting exponents of the pop thrill and this is the coldest Virgin hardsell.

Amrik Rai

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Mid-1982 Chart Points

HAIRCUT, MADNESS, SOFT CELL FIGURE IN BOTH SECTIONS

THE HALF-YEAR mark in the *NME* Chart Points Tables for 1982 shows Madness challenging Tight Fit as top singles act — and two girl singers, Barbra Streisand and Elkie Brooks, emerging as best-selling album artists of the period. As usual, the tables are compiled from *NME's* weekly Top Thirty charts — with 30 points awarded for a No. 1 position, 29 points for a No. 2 placing, and so on down to one point for a No. 30.

Leading the way as top selling singles artists of the January-June period are — 1. Tight Fit (380 points); 2 Madness (348); 3. Bucks Fizz (340); 4. Adam Ant and Fun Boy Three (both with 330); 6 Haircut 100 (315); 7. ABC (282); 8. Soft Cell (275); 9. Human League (262); and 10. Dollar (261).

● Adam's total of 330 comprises 108 points as Adam & The Ants, 59 as the Original Adam & The Ants and 163 as Adam Ant. Fun Boy Three's 330 points include 268 with Bananarama.

The three top individual singles of the half-year were 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' by Tight Fit (230 points), 'Love Plus One' by Haircut 100 (212) and 'Golden Brown' by The Stranglers (200).

The Top Ten albums so far this year are — 1. Barbara Sreisand 'Love Songs' (525 points); 2. Elkie Brooks 'Pearls' (469); 3. Haircut 100 'Pelican West' (428); 4. Human League 'Dare'; 5. Orchestral Manoeuvres 'Architecture And Morality' (327); 6. Barbara Dickson 'All For A Song' (282); 7. Soft Cell 'Non Stop Erotic Cabaret' (276); 8. Meatloaf 'Bat Out Of Hell' (256); and 9. Iron Maiden 'The Number Of The Beast' and Madness 'The Complete Madness' (both with 243).

record NEWS

Blondie single

BLONDIE have a new single issued by Chrysalis on July 9, to keep the pot a-boiling until their British tour in September. It couples 'War Child' and 'Little Caesar', both tracks lifted from their current album 'The Hunter'. The single comes in both 7" and 12" formats, as well as a picture disc.

● Belgian outfit **Allez Allez,** described as "an experimental disco-funk group", have a new single issued this week by Kamera Records (through Stage One). It's an edited remix of the title track from their album 'African Queen'.

● **Sylvia & The Sapphires** are three young black sisters from London — and Stiff, who've been shopping around for new talent, signed them up and release their debut single 'Shopping Around' on July 9.

● The fourth single on ZimZam Records, which they claim to be their best yet, is by North London group **The Swim** — 'Talking To A Shadow'/'Bending In The Red'.

● **Two Two** comprise Gus Campbell (guitar) and Bill Glancy (drums), who were both brought up in Kenya — which is why their new single 'Kwagayo', issued this week by Chiswick, is sung in Swahili and English and set to East African rhythms.

● Six-piece band **Conflict** finally have their delayed EP in the shops, selling at 80p. Titled 'The Conflict EP — The House That Man Built', it's on Crass Records.

● 'Arthur Daley ('E's Alright)', is a tribute to George Cole's wide-boy character in the TV series *Minder.* It's been recorded by East London band **The Firm,** and it's on Bark Records, marketed by Stiff.

● **The Decorators'** debut album 'Tablets' is issued by Red Flame Records this week, together with a 12-inch version of their current single 'Strange One' to which two bonus tracks have been added. From the same label comes the second single by Euro-trio **Schlaflose Nachte,** a three-track 12-incher titled 'Drum Dance And Song'. Distribution is by Rough Trade.

● **Jhalib** is a former member of Monsoon, and on July 9 Virgin release his single 'Mysteries Of The East' in both 7" and 12" formats. It comes from his album 'The Indiepop Compilasian', due out on July 23.

CLIFF RICHARD's first single of 1982 is released by EMI next Monday, titled 'The Only Way Out'. It's a foretaste of his next album 'Now You See Me, Now You Don't', which he co-produced, due out on August 23. There are no plans for him to tour the UK this year, though he will be playing a series of selected gospel concerts in late autumn.

SCORPIONS have a new single called 'Can't Live Without You' issued by Harvest on July 5. It's lifted from their most successful album to date 'Blackout', which recently went Gold in the States.

ANTHONY MOORE, formerly of Slapp Happy, releases his new single this weekend on Do It Records (through Virgin Distribution). It is 'World Service', originally recorded as the title track for his last album, but since re-recorded and remixed.

PULSALLAMA are an American ten-piece all-girl orchestra, described by Y Records as "probably the most outrageous group in the known world". Their first single, out this week, is a double A-sider coupling 'Ungawa Part 2' and 'The Devil Lives In My Husband's Body'. We're told that the girls will be appearing in the UK in September.

INNER CITY UNIT, the band led by ex-Hawkwind sideman Nik Turner, have their album 'Punkadelic' issued this weekend by Flicknife Records (through Pinnacle). It features a picture sleeve drawn by Barney Bubbles.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE's new single on Epic, out this weekend, is 'Night People'/'The Face Behind The Scream', both tracks taken from his current album 'Zip Style Method'. Both production and arrangement are credited to The Invisible Girls.

YAZOO follow their smash hit 'Only You' with a new single issued by Mute Records next Monday, coupling 'Don't Go' and 'Winter Kills'. The A-side was written by Vince Clarke, while the flip was penned by Alf who plays piano on the track. They have now finished work on their debut album, with release planned for late August.

SANTANA have a new album called 'Shango' issued by CBS on August 6. But although they've just completed a Stateside tour, there's no sign of them coming to the UK to promote it.

ELTON JOHN's newly released single 'Empty Garden' has now been made available by Rocket Records as a limited edition picture disc.

JUNIOR follows his Top Ten hit 'Mama Used To Say' with a single titled 'Too Late', issued by Mercury this weekend. It's taken from his debut album 'Ji', and is also available in extended 12-inch form.

● Hamburg-based band **Nervous Germans** — who've just acquired two new British members, Steve Carroll (ex-Praying Mantis) and Grant Stevens (ex-Soho Jets) — have their debut UK album 'Desolation Zone' issued by Rondelet Records. Their new single, a re-vamp of the Nancy Sinatra hit 'These Boots Are Made For Walking', was released recently.

● **Panorama** are a two-man Spizz splinter group comprising Pete Petrol (vocals) and Jim Solar (synthesiser and bass), and they're joined by four girls on back-up vocals for their debut single 'Dream Home'/'Revisited'. It's out this week on Kamera Records, through Stage One.

● X-Centric Noise Tapes follow their first two punk cassettes, 'Beat The Meat' and 'Hard Core Or What', with a new 25-track punk compilation tape titled 'Punk Is . . .' Cost is £2 (including p&p) from the company at 17 West End Road, Cottingham, North Humberside HU16 5PL.

● **Artery,** who received considerable acclaim for their last single 'Into The Garden', release their follow-up 'The Clown' in Mid-July on Dave Kitson's Red Flame label. Hot on its heels is a mini-album called 'Oceans', including material from the band's two John Peel sessions. And in August they're recording their debut LP for October release.

● Two new country singles out this week on MCA are 'Operator, Long Distance Please' by **Barbara Mandrell** and the title track from the **Don Williams** LP 'Listen To The Radio'. Barbara's album 'Black & White' follows in mid-July.

● Terminal Music of 28 Church Lane, Prestwich, Manchester M25 5AJ, has released three more cassettes — 'Houdini's Geister-Kabinett' by **262,** 'Sale Ange' by **Night Visitors** and **'Crosstalk A/V'.** They are priced £1.95, £1.35 and £1.25 respectively, plus p&p if ordered by mail, though they are also available at selected stockists.

Artery's MARK GOULDTHORPE

P.L.P. and OUTLAW PRESENT
Echo and the Bunnymen
SEPTEMBER
9th HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
10th LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
12th MANCHESTER APOLLO
13th BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
16th GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
18th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
20th IPSWICH GAUMONT
21st BIRMINGHAM ODEON
22nd LEICESTER DE MONTFORT
24th SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
25th LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
26th NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
27th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Ticket £3.50 except Hammersmith £4 & £3.50
Available from usual agents.

PLP & OUTLAW PRESENT
the bedrooms of britain tour
Elvis Costello And The Attractions
SEPTEMBER
11th SOUTHAMPTON GUAMONT £4.50/£4
12th OXFORD APOLLO £4.50/£4.
13th BIRMINGHAM BINGLEY HALL £4
Tickets available by post from Costello Concerts, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. enclose SAE, add 30p Booking Fee per ticket, also available from usual agents.
14th SHEFFIELD CITY HALL £4.50/£4.
16th MANCHESTER APOLLO £4.50/£4.
17th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE £4.50/£4.
18th ABERDEEN CAPITOL £4.50/£4.
20th GLASGOW TIFFANY'S £4.
21st NEWCASTLE CITY HALL £4.50/£4.
22nd SCARBOROUGH FUTURIST THEATRE £4.50/£4.
23rd DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS £4.50
24th LEICESTER DE MONTFORT £4.50/£4.
26th IPSWICH GAUMONT £4.50/£4.
27th SOUTHEND PAVILLION £4.50
28th BRIGHTON DOME £4.50/£4.
30th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION £4.
OCTOBER
1st WOLVERHAMPTON CIVIC HALL £4.
2nd LANCASTER UNIVERSITY £4.
4th BRISTOL LOCARNO £4.
5th CARDIFF TOP RANK £4.
6th LEEDS UNIVERSITY £4.50
Tickets available from usual agents

P.L.P. Present
Japan
OCTOBER
20th/21st PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
22nd BRIGHTON DOME
25th GLASGOW APOLLO
26th EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
27th/28th NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
30th/31st SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
NOVEMBER
1st LEICESTER DE MONTFORT
2nd/3rd/4th BIRMINGHAM ODEON
7th/8th LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
10th/11th/12th MANCHESTER APOLLO
14th/15th BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
17th/18th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Few tickets at £5.80 inc. booking fee available from Japan Concerts, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW enclose SAE
19th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SOLD OUT
EXTRA SHOWS
20th/21st HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tickets £6.50 and £5.50 from Odeon Box Office and usual agents subject to booking fee.

RANDY CRAWFORD challenges for the charts again with her single 'Look Who's Lonely Now', taken from her current 'Windsong' album, and issued by Warner Brothers tomorrow (Friday).

PATRICE RUSHEN has her latest single 'I Was Tired Of Being Alone' issued by Elektra this weekend, as the follow-up to her Top Ten hit 'Forget Me Not'. Elektra are also reissuing her albums 'Patrice' (1978) and 'Posh' (1980) on August 1, and on the same date release her 1979 LP 'Pizzazz" in the UK for the first time.

JOHN FOXX, who's been keeping a low profile for a year while completing work on his own East London recording studio, releases a new single on Virgin/MetalBeat on July 16 — the first product to come out of the new studio. Titles are 'Endlessly' and 'Young Man'.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH have their first new album for five years released by Atlantic this weekend, titled 'Daylight Again'. It contains 11 new self-penned songs, one of which 'Wasted On The Way' has been chosen as their new single. Art Garfunkel and Timothy B Schmit of The Eagles are among guest musicians on the set.

THE GIST is the banner under which Stuart Moxham — founder member, guitarist and main songwriter of Young Marble Giants — now records. This week sees the release of his second single on Rough Trade Records, 'Love At First Sight'/'Light Aircraft'. He's also at work on a Gist album called 'Embrace The Herd', and live dates are in the pipeline.

CAROLE KING has a single with the topical title of 'Little Prince' rushed out by Atlantic. It's not been specially recorded for the royal event, but has been shrewdly lifted by Atlantic from her debut album for the label, 'One To One'.

DEODATO, who produced the last few Kool & The Gang albums, has his own new 'Happy Hour' single released by Warner Brothers this weekend in both 7" and 12" formats. It's the title track from his new album.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE are currently taking America by storm, with their single 'Don't You Want Me' at No. 1 in the *Billboard* charts, and their album 'Dare' at No. 4 and still climbing. The single has now sold three million copies worldwide, and the LP two million.

THE BELLE STARS have a new single rushed out by Stiff Records this week, 'The Clapping Song'/'Blame'. It will also be available as a limited edition picture disc, at the same price as a regular single.

TYGERS GAIN PENETRATION

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG follow their mini-hit 'Love Potion No. 9' with a new single issued by MCA this weekend titled 'Rendezvous' — available in a choice of red, white or blue vinyl. The band have recently undergone a line-up change, with guitarist John Sykes quitting on the eve of a French tour — and ex-Penetration member Fred Purser, who stepped in at short notice, has now become a permanent Tyger. After recording a new album and appearing in the Reading Festival, the group embark on a world tour.

record NEWS

● Virgin this week release two new singles through their tie-up with Philadelphia label WMOT — 'Golden Moment'/'Video' by **Fat Larry's Band** and 'Fantasy'/'I Love You' by **Brandi Wells**. Both come in either 7" or 12".

● 'Poppy Dance' is the new single by **Placebo** issued by Aura Records this week, and lifted from their current album 'England's Trance'.

● Respected reggae artist **Jahman Levi** releases the seven-inch single 'Lend A Hand'/'Closer To You' this week, both tracks taken from this album 'Tell It To The Children'. There's also a 12-incher on which 'Closer To You' is the A-side, coupled with 'Praises In Strange Places'. They are all written, arranged and produced by Levi, and appear on his own Jahmani label.

● Secret Records have parted company from their distributor Stage One, and have signed a pressing and distribution deal with Virgin.

● Former UK Subs drummer **Steve Roberts** has his solo album 'Do You Know Who I Am?' issued this week on the Exploited Record Co label, distributed by Pinnacle. He's joined on the set by ex-Revillos guitarist Steve 'Kid' Krupa.

● PRT Records this week reissue the classic single 'Rock And Roll (I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life)' by **Kevin Johnson**. Originally written and recorded by Johnson eight years ago, it's been recorded by no less than 80 other artists around the world!

● Scandinavian band **Hanoi Rocks** have a 12-minute video, containing three songs, available at at £8.99 from Johanna UK, Top Floor, 9 Maddox Street, London W1 — make cheques and POs payable to "Beathome Ltd." Both of the band's albums are available through Stage One — or by post at £4.99 each from the same address.

● **Keni Burke** — the black American bassist, singer and writer — releases his second RCA album on July 9 titled 'Changes'. It features eight new self-penned songs.

● Teesbeat Records of 70 Roseberry View, Thornaby On Tees, Teesside, release their fourth single — 'Sucker For Your Love' by North-East outfit **Black Rose**. Also available are 'Little Mixed Up' by **The Commercial Acrobats**, 'Easy' by **Moulin Rouge** and 'The Red Pullover' by **The Gynaecologists** — priced £1 each (including p&p).

● Lead singer and founder member **Sean Purcell** has left Cuddly Toys, and releases his first 12-inch solo single this week — titled 'Goat', it's a collaboration with Vane bassist Phil Pickering, and is on their own A Real Kavoom label (through Jungle Distribution). **Cuddly Toys** themselves have already acquired a new front man, but haven't yet named him, and have also brought in new bassist Paul Raven (ex-Neon Hearts).

● Sunderland band **Red Alert** release their second EP for No Future Records this week comprising 'Take No Prisoners', 'Empires Of Crime' and 'Sellout'. From the same label comes a debut EP by Worcester band **The Samples** featuring 'Dead Hero', 'Fire Another Round' and 'Suspicion'. Distribution is through Rough Trade and Pinnacle.

● **Twelve Cubic Feet** release a ten-inch mini-album titled 'Straight Out The Fridge', lasting 20 minutes and costing £2.50. It's on Namedrop Records, with distribution through IKF, Pinnacle and Rough Trade.

● Recommended Records are making many of **Sun Ra's** vintage El Saturn private pressings available in Europe for the first time, and in substantial quantities. They include such titles as 'Disco 3000', 'Media Dreams', 'Horizon — Live In Egypt', 'Nimhadu', 'Journey Stars Beyound', 'Over The Rainbow' and 'Sound Mirror', all of them highly collectable for a decade. And there's a chance of Sun Ra bringing his 17-piece outfit to the UK later this year.

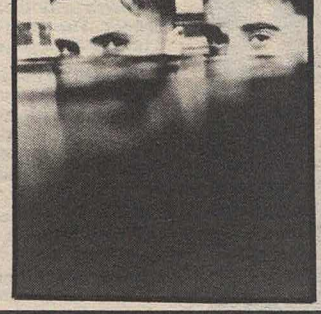
● Following their first release 'Rasta Reggae' on Top Ranking Records, **Black Slate** are bringing out a special 12-inch EP on July 9. It features 'Sticks Man', 'Robber Man In Dub', 'Piano Twist' and 'Piano Dub'.

● The new 12-incher from Lightbeat Records of Blackpool, titled 'A Drop In The Ocean', features six tracks by six different bands — **The Elite, The Velvasheens, The Frets, Divert Off Centre, The Zoo Bootique** and **Pure Pink Paraphin.**

● **Dennis Waterman**, star of the new stage musical *Windy City*, releases two songs from the show on EMI next Monday — 'Shake The City' and 'Wait Till I Get You On Your Own Tonight'. An original cast album follows in September.

● Los Angeles band **The Gun Club** have their debut album 'Fire Of Love' issued by Beggars Banquet this week, together with a single extracted from it, 'Sex Beat'/'Ghost On The Highway'. They're likely to be playing UK dates in the autumn.

DAF's FINALE IS FOR EVER

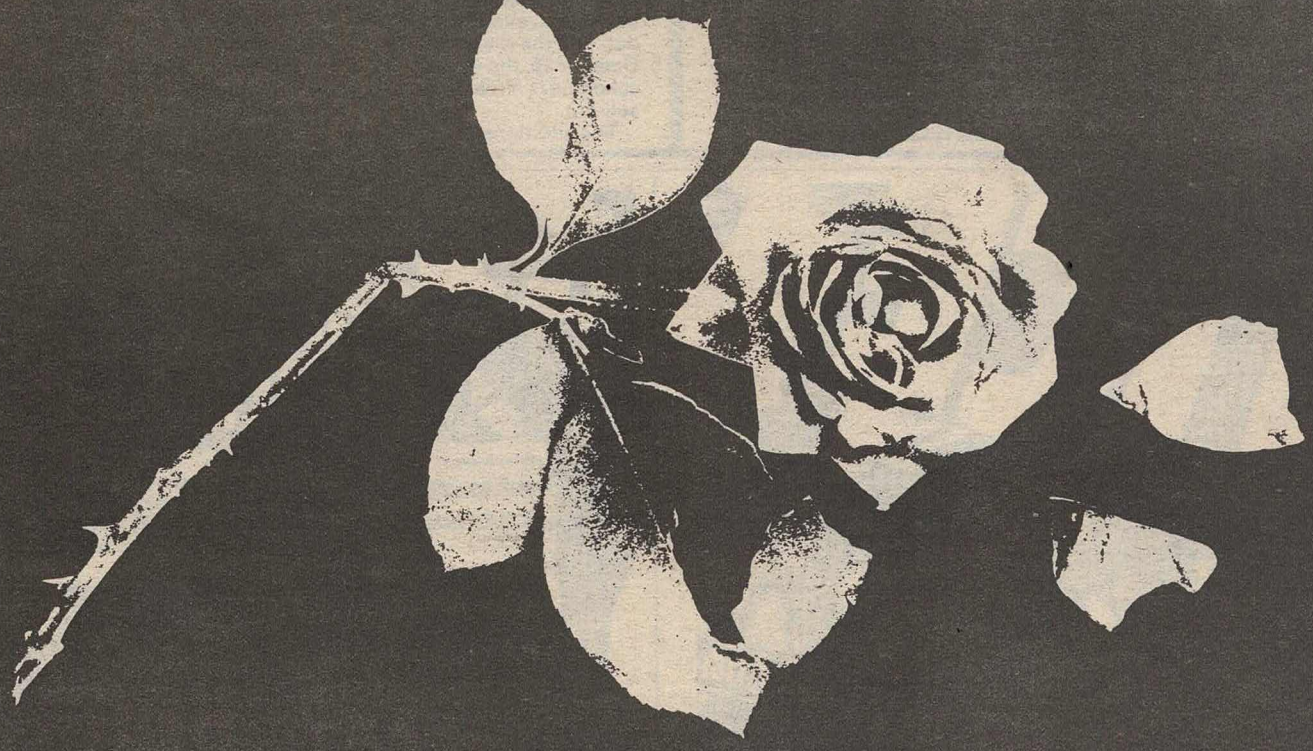


D.A.F. (or Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft to give them their proper mouthful) have now confirmed the suggestion, made earlier this year, that their next album will be their last.

This, they say, is because the full cycle of D.A.F.'s original concept will then have been achieved — and the German duo of Robert Gorl (drummer and arranger) and Gabi Delgado-Lopez (vocalist and lyricist) will then go their separate ways to pursue individual projects, which won't be revealed until they are completed in the New Year.

The final D.A.F. album 'For Ever (Fur Immer)' is planned for September release by Virgin, and it includes their response to Nicole's Eurovision winner 'A Little Bit Of Peace' — their song being 'A Little Bit Of War'. D.A.F. are also considering farewell appearances in London and New York.

The Apollinaires



New Single

The feeling's gone

CHS TT 20

Also Available in 12" CHS TT 12 20

45 RPM

2 TONE RECORDS

MARKETED BY CHRYSALIS RECORDS

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Fashion festival

PHYLLIS HYMAN takes leave of absence from her star role in the award-winning Broadway musical *Sophisticated Ladies* to fly to London, where she appears in the Duke Ellington Sacred Concert at St. Paul's Cathedral next Wednesday (7). The concert takes the form of a musical biography of the Duke, and it's narrated by Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT have had to pull out of their support role in the Bauhaus concert this Sunday (4) at London Lyceum, a show which was hastily arranged as replacement for a cancelled gig last month. They now find that they're due to be supporting Theatre Of Hate at Hammersmith Palais the same night — and as that booking was accepted first, it takes priority.

TALKING HEADS announce the line-up which they'll be bringing to London Wembley Arena for their July 12 and 13 shows there. It comprises regulars David Byrne (guitar and vocals), Tina Weymouth (bass and vocals), Jerry Harrison (keyboards and vocals) and Chris Frantz (drums) — plus Alex Weir (guitar), Ray Jones (keyboards) and Dolette McDonald (vocals).

LIAISONS DANGEREUSES, the German-based electronic trio, are playing their first UK dates to promote their debut Mute Records single 'Los Ninos Del Parque' — at Glasgow Night Moves (July 5), Manchester Hacienda Club (7) and London Victoria The Venue (13).

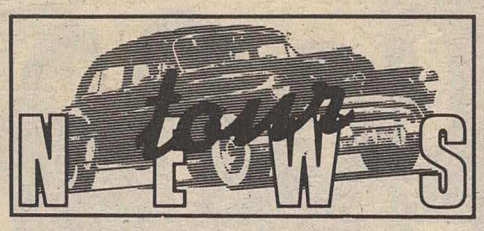
TWISTED SISTER are coming to Britain to guest in Motorhead's open-air show at the Wrexham Football Ground on Saturday, July 24. It will be the first UK appearance by the New York band, and further lives dates are being line up by Secret Records.

OK JIVE were forced to cancel their show at London Deptford Albany Empire last night (Wednesday) as their new bassist Boni Wonda, the replacement for Chopper, hasn't yet acquired a work permit. But it should be through in time for the group's appearance in the World of Music Art & Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet on July 16.

PRINCE LINCOLN & The Royal Rasses are being lined up for a British tour next month, to tie in with the July 9 release of their new album 'Ride With The Rasses' on their own God Sent label (through Body Music and Jet Star). First two confirmed dates are both in London, at Victoria The Venue (August 12) at Tottenham Broad Water Youth & Community Festival (21). This latter event also features steel bands, poets, disco, sideshows, competitions, children's entertainments and many other activities.

HAZEL O'CONNOR, Kiki Dee, Alexis Korner and Alexei Sayle are among artists appearing in a benefit concert at London Duke of York's Theatre on Sunday, July 18, presented by the National Council for Civil Liberties under the banner of "1984 Is Just Around The Corner". Ticket prices range from £5 to £50.

Royal Rasses tour



FASHION are to headline in concert during the Coventry Arts Festival next month, and they'll be the only contemporary band to perform there — the show is at the city's Belgrade Theatre on Monday, August 9. Prior to this, they have prestige dates in New York later this month, at The Ritz and The Sheraton Center Hotel.

DEMON are playing a series of July dates, to tie in with the release this weekend of their second Carrere album 'The Unexpected Guest'. They visit Birmingham Golden Eagle (tonight, Thursday), Bristol Granary (Saturday), Workington Carnegie Theatre (July 9), Birkenhead Sir James Club (14), Leek Football Club (17), Middlesbrough Cavern (23), Chesterfield Brimington Tavern (24), Retford Porterhouse (30) and Dudley J.B.'s (31). A London date is being arranged.

THE NIGHTINGALES are playing a series of dates to promote their current Cherry Red single 'Elvis, The Last Ten Days'. So far confirmed are Bath Academy of Art (tomorrow, Friday), London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Saturday), Keighley Funhouse (July 5), Cambridge Sound Cellar (10), London Zigzag Club (11) and Shrewsbury Goat Show (17).

ETTA JAMES plays her only UK dates during her current European tour at London Camden Dingwalls on Monday and Tuesday, July 19 and 20. She'll be backed by her regular touring band, and there are two performances nightly (9.15 and 11.15pm). Tickets are on sale now priced £5.

MARILLION, who play two nights at London Marquee Club this Thursday and Friday, return to the same venue on August 12 and 13. Other new bookings are at Retford Porterhouse (July 9), Manchester Gallery (12), Coventry Buster's (14), Cambridge Sound Cellar (16), Bath Moles (17) and Sheffield Limit Club (August 19).

MATCHBOX play their first major London date in over a year at Victoria The Venue on August 13, supported by Coast To Coast and Kirsty McColl, as a showcase for their new Magnet single 'Ridin' The Night'. They also have dates at Hitchin Regal (July 16) and Gillingham King Charles Hotel (31).

INCOGNITO headline at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday, and other dates lined up for them are at Margate Winter Gardens (July 5), Ilford Room At The Top (7), Nottingham Palais (8), Hastings Pier Pavilion (9), Windsor Safari Park (10), Bognor Regis Pier (14) and London Deptford Albany Empire (August 1).

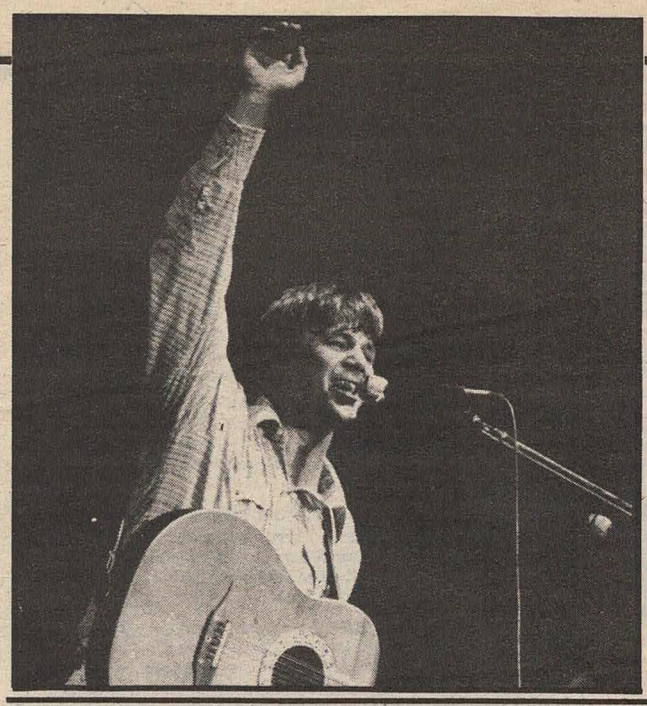
SARACEN have added more dates to their gig sheet, listed two weeks ago — at Alfreton George Hotel (July 9), London Twickenham Black Dog instead of Manchester Phoenix (13), Birmingham Golden Eagle (15), Retford Porterhouse (17), Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns (20), London Brixton Fair Deal (22) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (23).

STRAY have reunited with their original line-up of Del Bromham (lead guitar and vocals), Ritchie Cole (drums and vocals), Gary C Giles (bass) and Pete Dyer (lead vocals). They're about to start recording an album of new material, and they'll be undertaking a full UK tour when the LP is released in the autumn.

PINSKI ZOO headline the Beet Bop Club's second New Jazz Festival at London Victoria The Venue next Monday (5). Also appearing are Corp, Bass Tone Trap, Alev and the Rae James Quintet. All tickets are £2.50.

TOM TOM CLUB have acquired a new member in ex-Wailers keyboards man Tyrone Downie, and he'll be appearing with them in their Wembley Arena concerts — as support to The Talking Heads — on July 12 and 13. The Club was formed last year as a side project by Heads members Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth, and immediately scored a smash hit with the single 'Wordy Rappinghood'.

THE DYNAMITE BAND, Diz & The Doormen and The Frantics provide the live entertainment in the "Rockin' Riverboat Hop" on board the paddlesteamer *Elizabethan*, which leaves London Charing Cross Pier at 7.30pm tonight (Thursday). There's also a disco and tickets are £5.



SAXON & H'WIND FOR DONINGTON

THE BILL for this year's "Monsters Of Rock" open-air show at Castle Donington on August 21 has, with one exception, now been finalised — with Saxon, Hawkwind and Anvil joining headliners Status Quo and special guests Gillan. This differs widely from the erroneous line-up announced elsewhere last week. One well-known American band is still subject to confirmation and will be announced shortly.

Saxon will again interrupt their summer US tour to fly back for Donington, following their previous break when they return home for open-air shows at Mildenhall (July 24) and London Hackney (25). For Canadian band Anvil, it will be their first British visit, though they are expected to undertake a full UK tour in September. And both Gillan and Hawkwind will be playing extensive autumn tours, details to follow.

With tickets on sale at dozens of outlets around the country, they are also still available by post at £10 each from Wooltare Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 123, Walsall WS5 4QQ, enclosing SAE.

Hells Angels' own three-day special

HELLS ANGELS are to stage their first ever International Bike Show at London Brixton Fair Deal, for three days from September 10. It will combine a daytime exhibition of star motor-bike machinery and gear with major evening concert presentations. The exhibition will be open from 11am, with up-and-coming bands providing non-stop music — and the evening concerts, together with a massive light show, will feature three big-name headlining attractions to be announced shortly. In fact, word has it that the Angels — who are organising the whole project themselves — have lined up some top international acts.

● The Fair Deal say they don't yet have any confirmation of reggae star Freddie McGregor's alleged concert there on July 16, even though the promoters are fly-posting the gig. Commented a spokesman: "We've had nothing in writing, they've not paid us any money nor provided us with tickets to sell, and at the moment it's a case of misrepresentation."

JAPAN have added another four dates to their autumn UK tour, including two extra London concerts — the reason being that, even though they don't hit the road until October 20, the whole schedule is already close to sell-out.

The additional shows are at Liverpool Empire (November 8), Manchester Apollo (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20 and 21), with tickets on sale now at all three venues. Japan's three previous dates at Hammersmith are now fully booked, apart from a few tickets for November 17.

Miller's UK gigs — after 10 years

STEVE MILLER BAND are set for their first British tour for ten years, coinciding with the chart success of their new single 'Abracadabra'. The dates will also mark their first appearance in this country since 1975, when they played a one-off date at Knebworth as support to Pink Floyd.

They begin a major European tour this weekend, arriving in Ireland on July 13 to play the Dublin National Stadium. British dates are at Oxford Apollo (July 16), Birmingham Odeon (17), Manchester Apollo (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Liverpool Empire (20) and London Hammersmith Odeon (21).

The tour is promoted by MAM Agency in conjunction with Harvey Goldsmith, and tickets are on sale now priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Hammersmith); £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (all other venues). Dublin tickets are £6 and £5.

Miller has always adopted a policy of recording two albums together, and then touring — and he seems to have adhered to that system this year, with his newly released 'Abracadabra' (from which the hit single is taken) closely following his 'Circle of Love' LP.

Knebworth: AWB FOR FESTIVAL

CAPITAL Jazz Festival has added the Average White Band to its four-day event at Knebworth Park in Hertfordshire (July 17-18 and 24-25). AWB, who last week announced their first British tour for two years, join the bill on the opening day — Saturday, July 17 — which already incldes B.B. King and Jimmy Cliff, among others. A total of 40 acts has been confirmed for the event — most of them renowned jazz stars, but also featuring the likes of Ray Charles, The Crusaders, Spyro Gyra, Shakatak, Georgie Fame, Morrissey Mullen and The Breakfast Band.

● DRUIDSTONE Festival of Music & Drama takes place this Saturday and Sunday (3-4) on the cliffs above Druidstone Beach, St. Bride's Bay, Pembrokeshire. Artists include Trimmer & Jenkins, Bitelli's Onward Internationals, Proudlove, The Quartet, Five Guys Named Mo and Herbie Flowers (Sky) & Steve Simpson (Meal Ticket).

Cambridge: THE RUNNING ORDER FIXED

CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival (July 30-August 1) has now settled its running order, and it will be seen that most artists are making at least two appearances:

FRIDAY — Lindisfarne, Taj Mahal, Waso, Figgy Duff, Old Swan Band, Bully Wee, Stu Luckley & Bob Fox, Alex Atterson, Martin Simpson, Johnny Silvo and Mitch Greenhill & Mayne Smith.

SATURDAY — Joan Baez, Lindisfarne, Pentangle, David Bromberg Band, David Lindley, Chas & Dave, Stocktons Wing, Martin Cathy, Hank Wangford Band, Waso, Pierre Bensusan, Old Swan Band, Maxi & Mitch, Bully Wee, Shep Woolley, Stu Luckley & Bob Fox, John Spires, Alex Atterson, Martin Simpson, Johnny Silvo and Mitch Greenhill & Mayne Smith

SUNDAY — Pentangle, David Bromberg Band, David Lindley, Taj Mahal, Chas & Dave, Stocktons Wing, Martin Carthy, Hank Wangford, Vin Garbutt, Pierre Bensusan, Figgy Duff, Maxi & Mitch, Shep Woolley, John Spires, David Roche, Paul Millns, Debbie McClatchy, Johnny Silvo and Mitch Greenhill & Mayne Smith.

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Derby R.E. Cords
Leeds Virgin Records
Sheffield Virgin Records
Lincoln The Box Office
Liverpool Penny Lane Records
Manchester Piccadilly Records
Stoke on Trent Mike Lloyd Music Shops
Nottingham Select a Disc
Hull Gough & Davy
Bridlington Holiday Travel
Birmingham Cyclops Records
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South Shields Image Records
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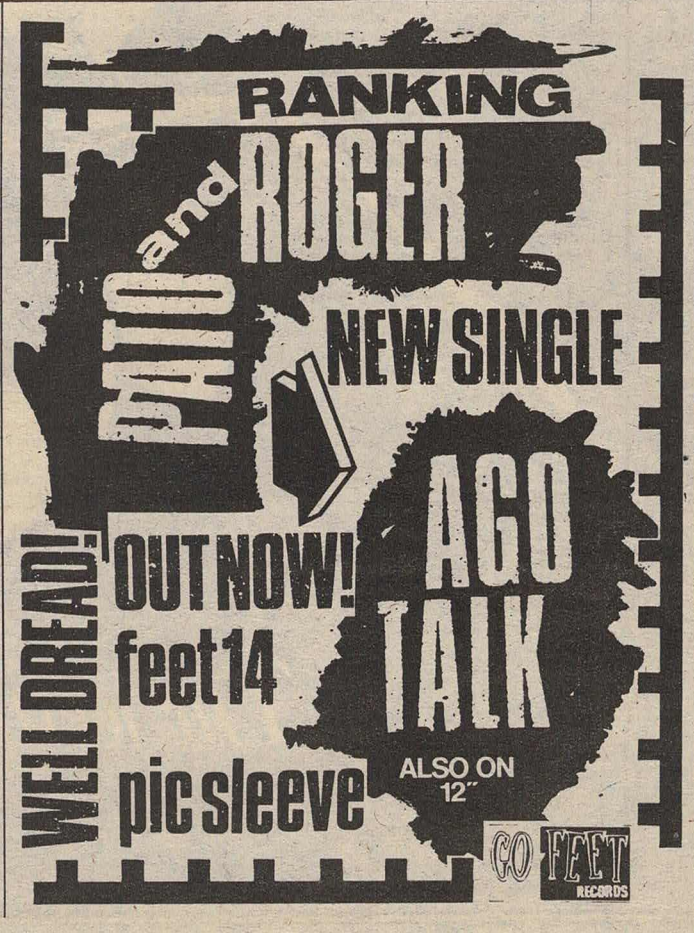

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Pete Murphy *Pic: Peter Anderson*

BAUHAUS were scheduled to headline two concerts at London's Adelphi Theatre last month, both sold out in advance. In the event, they only played one, because the theatre management cancelled the second show following "unruly and destructive" audience behaviour on the opening night. By way of compensation, Bauhaus now move a few hundred metres along The Strand to the Lyceum Ballroom, where they appear on Sunday — with little risk of any seats being ripped out

thursday 1st

Aberdeen The Crown: **Under The Influence**
Basildon Raquels: **The Swinging Laurels**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Satanic Rites**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Apocalypse Choir/Nick Toczek/Bella Donna**
Brighton New Regent: **A Blue Zoo/Play Dead**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Eaeagba/Opposite Man/Headless Horsemen/Desert Rats/Review/Screaming Dead/The System/Moral Minority/Deckchairs/Wasters**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **The Adicts/What Noise/The Destructors**
Carmarthen Boars Head Hotel: **Alfie Sims & The Yodellin' Ferrets**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Varukers**
Coventry Warwick University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Belle Stars/Buzzz/The Stargazers/Way Of The West/Carmel/Bumble & The Beez/Trimmer & Jenkins etc**
Derby Blue Note: **Blancmange**
Farnham The Maltings: **Lost Robert's Blues Band**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Brian Knight Band**
Hull College of Architecture: **The Ivory Coasters**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The Profumos**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Shattered Hope**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Precautions**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Chase/Hoi Polloi/Paper Cup Agency**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wipeout/The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Nervous Germans/This Issue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tres**
London Deptford Southern Stars: **Winter Trees**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/Fancy Goldfish**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Greenwich Brunswick Arms: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Adasstra**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Feelers/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Teaser**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Duchess**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Putney White Lion: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **The Stargazers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunkskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confey Phillips Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Victoria The Venue: **Weekend/Dislocation Dance/Drinksville Quartet**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead: **Moonlight Club: Sad Among Strangers/Vital**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Pleasure Dome/The Thin Men**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Behaviour Red**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 Le Beat Route: **The Electric Guitars**
Manchester Pips: **The Thunderboys**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Rules Of Croquet**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **The Go-Betweens**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Naughty Thoughts**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blues Session**
Poulton Le Flyde College: **Natural Scientist**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Stirling Avant Garde: **The Cheaters**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Fokker Triplane**

friday 2nd

Ash Chequers Inn: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Bath Academy of Arts: **Mood Elevators/The Nightingales**
Bath Moles Club: **The Beatroots**
Belfast Winkers Club: **The Perfect Crime**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Xpertz**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Blurt/Urban Mix**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Royal George: **Nicky Sudden/Six Hip Princes**
Blackpool J.R.'s Club: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Bolton Cotton Tree: **Night Train**
Bracknell Jazz Festival: **Jazz Afrika/Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Co/Diz & The Doormen**
Bradford Palm Cove: **The Meteors**
Brighton Dome: **Roy Orbison**
Cardiff Art College: **Dance With Disaster**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Lone Wolf**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **The Feel**
Cirencester Phoenix Centre: **The Escape**
Colchester Shrubb End Community Centre: **Dolly Mixture**
Coventry Cathedral: **I**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Electric Guitars**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Star: **Naughty Thoughts**
Darlington Raw Noise: **Chaos UK/Court Martial**
Dartford Flicks: **Second Image**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Third Light**
Durham Fowlers Yard: **The Stingrays/Herman Asteroid**
Edinburgh Buccaneer: **Nexus**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Gary & The Moondogs**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Blancmange**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Gosforth Civic Hall: **The Toy Dolls/The R&B Spitfires/21 Strangers/Cheap Sunglasses**
Hanley The Vine: **23 Jewels/If All Else Fails**
Hull Wellington Community Centre: **The Luddites/Foeticide**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **The Stacks**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Leysdown Breakers Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Liverpool The Masonic: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Warehouse: **A Certain Ratio**
London Bart's Hospital: **Bad Manners/Ilana & The Champagne Dance Orchestra**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Ian Whitmore**
Northampton Black Lion: **Where's**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Skint Video/The Three Courgettes/Attila The Stockbroker/Mr Clean**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tour De Force/Kangeroo**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **A Bigger Splash**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Exposure**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dancing Did/Key Largo**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dream Cycle 7**
London Elephant & Castle College Of Printing: **The Papers/Eye Witness**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Helicopters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Miles Over Matter/Strange Days**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Talkover/Bansai Forest**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Manufactured Romance/Nadia Kapice**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Huang Chung/Ground Zero**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **Actifed/Chaos**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Loose Talk**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Chester/Patsy Powell & The Goodtimers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Combo Passe/Macondo**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Maek/Danse Macabre**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Kinsey Quartet with Pete King**
London St. Mary's Hospital: **Admit One**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Salt**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Centre: **The Conspirators**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The 45's**
London University Union: **King Trigger**
London Victoria The Venue: **Randy California/Channel Four**
London Walthamstow Assembly Hall: **Freddie McGregor**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Skank/The Reason Why**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **I Am Alone**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Girl/Chinatown/Ore**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Divine Inspiration**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Rhythm Squad**
Manchester The Gallery: **Apocalypse Choir/Nick Toczek/The French**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **A Conversation**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Howard Jones**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **007**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Ray Eddy**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Gents**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shoeburyness The Cambridge: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Toyah**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **The Ivory Coasters/Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Windsor Arts Centre: **The Stills/The First M**
Worcester College: **The Passions**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Fokker Triplane**

saturday 3rd

Bacup Lee Mills: **The Psyclones/Monsters In The Dark/Little Brother**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Revue Bar: **Kabuki/All Stations**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Dali's Car**
Bracknell Jazz Festival: **Lester Bowie Ensemble with Fontella Bass/John Stevens Group/Keith Tippett & Louis Moholo/Sphere/Cayene/Lol Coxhill etc**
Brighton New Regent: **The Legendary Tenfoots**
Bristol St. Paul's Carnival: **Red Ice**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Okko Sirocco**
Dover (St. Margaret's) Red Lion Inn: **Paris**
Ellesmere Port RNA Club: **The Precautions**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Customs House Quay: **The Dolphins**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Warrior**
Gloucester The British Flag: **Reversed Labels**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Expandis/13 At Midnight**
Heanor Nags Head: **23 Jewels**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travelling Shoes**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Leighton Buzzard Bossard Hall: **The Survivors/The Dancing Counterparts/State Of Shock/The Absconded**
Leysdown Breakers Club: **The Nashville Teens**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls: **K. K. Khan/The Illusions**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band/The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Feelers/Airbridge**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mattandan/Sindy & The Action Men**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Nightingales/Nadsat Patio**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Brian Leake Trio**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bumble & The Beez/Airport And Dean**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunx): **The Partisans/Urban Dissidents**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The London Cowboys**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Peter Sayers Electric Music Show/Coolwater**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E-Types**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Dance/The Czechs/In Costume**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confrey Phillips Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living/Futile Hurling**
London Victoria The Venue: **Incognito**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Short Stories/The Fan Club**
London Westminster Medical School: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Dennis Brown**
Maldon Queen's Head: **V.H.F.**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Fuze**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Funkapolitan**
Manchester The Gallery: **The French**
Northampton Black Lion: **Where's Lisse?/The Syndromes/DV8**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **The Meteors/Abrasive Wheels**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Manta**
Peterborough The Cresset: **The Name/The Destructors**
Poole Arts Centre: **Toyah**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (lunchtime): **Wayland Smithy**
Retford Porterhouse: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/Studio Two**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
St. Albans City Hall: **Theatre Of Hate**
St Brides Bay (Pembrokeshire Druidstone Festival: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals/Trimmer & Jenkins/Proudlove/ The Quartet/Five Guys Named Mo etc.** (continues on Sunday)
Wavenden The Stables: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers'**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 4th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Ricky Cool & The New Cool**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Bracknell Jazz Fetival: **Elvin Jones-McCoy Tyner/Barbara Thompson's Serendipity/Bobby Wellins Septet/Mike Westbrook Band/Kathy Stobart Quintet etc.**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Toyah**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Clothcap Players/Clockhouse/Paul Thomas & David Trigwell**
Derby Markeaton Recreation Centre: **Headbolt/Rappore/Zurcher Post**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park: **Nexus**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) & Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Out To Lunch**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris** (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Onward Internationals** (lunchtime)/**Juice On The Loose** (evening)
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lone Wolf**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Masked Orchestra/Stolen Thunder/The Palookers**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G. B.Blues Co**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Crannog**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Studio Two/Perry & The Gook**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Combo Passe**
London Hackney Chat's Palace (lunchtime): **Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythm**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Under The Influence/Fresh**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Theatre Of Hate/Delta 5/Southern Death Cult**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Putney White Lion: **Ivor Biggun**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Louis Armstrong Anniversary Concert**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Vic Goddard & Subway Sect**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bauhaus/Musical Youth**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Trafalgar Sq. St. Martin's Crypt Folk Club: **Eddie Walker/Triangle**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Americans/Admit One**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Fugitive**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **African Dawn/Foot And Mouth/Felix & The Cats/Attila The Stockbroker/Roland Muldoon**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Dennis Brown**
Manchester Fagins: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Galadriel**
Southampton (Woolston) New Bridge Inn: **The Next**
South Shields Northern Club: **The Stingrays**

monday 5th

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blackpool Vinyl Drip Club: **Pure Pink Paraphin/Schmaltzy Cabaret Boys**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Toyah**
Dunstable Saracens Head: **Mortal Disguize**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

VIDEO SYNCRASY

Left: Numan dissolves into a cloud of dry ice after the shock of a good review in NME. Pic: Kevin Cummins

PAUL DU NOYER sees off another clutch of music videos

Micromusic macrovalue

VIDEO, Vini, Vici . . . No, I don't know what that means, either, but Monty says it's always a good way to kick off a video column. Especially when it's a bunch with nothing *at all* in common — like Gary Numan, Jimmy Cliff, The Jacksons, a sort-of-hits compilation, and something about a load of hippies in a field in Holland.

I think we'll dispose of the hippies first. **Stamping Ground** (Intervision, 91 minutes, £39.95) is the film of a Big Festival, man, circa 1970, attended by 350,000 Dutch "heads" and one very dodgy film crew. Pink Floyd and Santana are the headline acts, doing a few interminable numbers apiece. The rest includes some of the worst live music ever recorded: Flock, Al Stewart, It's A Beautiful Day, etc. The Byrds do 'Old Blue', Jefferson Airplane do a few, so do Canned Heat and sundry other stars of the period. Only T.Rex are worth seeing, and they only get one song (wrongly titled on the tape box) and Bolan looks bored stiff anyway. Stage action aside, it's a very Fleet Street-ish view of the event: lots of footage to prove that people were SMOKING POT, and that girls were TAKING THEIR CLOTHES OFF. Best avoided, you young'uns.

More up to date is **Picture Music** (EMI, 70 minutes, £34.95), "a compilation of contemporary hit videos". This is basically *Top Of The Pops* without Zoo and Dave Lee Travis, which is no bad thing, and much of it you've probably seen already. Twenty acts are featured, but worth special mention are Bow Wow Wow ('Louis Quatorze'), Julien Temple's hilarious slapstick Undertones promo ('It's Going To Happen') and The Stranglers in church ('Duchess'). Others include Fun Boy Three, Kim Wilde, Depeche Mode and Thomas Dolby. Like any wide selection, quality wobbles between good and bad. And I'm not sure how things like John Watts' 'Speaking A Different Language' and Our Daughters Wedding's 'Target For Life' qualify as "hits", unless it was in Singapore or somewhere.

The Jacksons In Concert (VCL, 45 minutes, £19.95) is a real disappointment. A tacky mid-'70s thing, bought off would-you-believe Mexican TV, done before a middle-aged studio audience, the show *doesn't* show Michael and his brothers at their vocal best — mostly because their non-stop dance routines seem to take the wind out of them. Atmosphere is zero, the showbiz "sincerity" quotient is high, and the great J5 songs are reduced to medley status. Worst is when Michael hauls all his family out of the audience to take their separate bows, which is more than he does for the family sweating and grinding at the microphones behind him.

The new Jimmy Cliff film is **Bongo Man** (HNP, 90 minutes, £44.95). Half documentary, half live-action, director Stefan Paul's movie follows several days in the life of Cliff, a Jamaican reggae superstar going back to his roots, as they say. It's mostly shot around Jamaica in 1980/81, when political violence was at a peak, and offers an interesting glimpse of Rasta life and leisure, pride and pleasure. Pity, though, that they have a Rastafarian narrating it all, because the dialogue is indecipherable at the best of times. And I *still* can't figure out what a "rub-a-dub stylee" is.

The music, though, is excellent: Jimmy performs his classic 'Many Rivers To Cross' and many others, including a Marley-tribute of 'No Woman No Cry', filmed at a festival in Soweto, South Africa, amid some highly emotional crowd scenes. Language barriers apart, *Bongo Man*'s only real weakness is that Cliff doesn't seem to have a strong enough personality to carry a whole study, only appearing to be *himself* when he's on stage. Still, it's a worthy successor to his 1972 appearance in *The Harder They Come*.

Lastly (but (surprisingly?) *not* leastly, there's **Gary Numan's Micromusic** (Palace, 1 hour 54 minutes, £22.50). At that length, for that price, it has to be good value for anyone of Numanoid tendencies. And though I don't find either him or his music very exciting, this *is* the best-made live video I've yet seen. Filmed at his "farewell" Wembley show last year, *Micromusic* has the built-in advantage of a massive, spectacular stage-set for its visual impact.

But full credit to director Derek Burbidge for the skill and imagination he's put into the shooting as well. In its own way, *Micromusic* ranks up with the now-proverbial Madness tape as a pace-setter, showing up most of the competition for the shoddy, over-priced dross which it is.

(NB. Prices vary. Those quoted here are from the Video Palace, Kensington High Street.)

A Freshie angle on 'Denigration'

CHRIS SIEVEY — the Manchester mastermind behind The Freshies, the band behind such modern classics as 'I'm In Love With The Girl On The Virgin Megastore Checkout Desk' — has gone solo and is getting behind video.

The first result of Sievey's newest enthusiasm is *Denigration Now*, a one-hour fantasia of home-made music and zero-budget comic interludes, all tricked out in bizarre psychedelic effects. A dedicated DIY struggler, Sievey does 12 songs, playing all instruments himself: it's Freshie-style pop-rock with a '60s inspiration (underlined by his Lennon tribute, an earnest cover of 'I Am The Walrus'). The whole thing took him three months and £200 to make, mostly on borrowed equipment.

Frankly, the film betrays its amateur status quite a lot, and is possibly over-ambitious, but Sievey's pluck and humour go a long way in compensation. Besides, with the benefit of the "special glasses" (of cardboard and coloured paper) supplied free with the tape, he claims you can see it in 3-D! (Hmmm...)

***Denigration Now* costs £17.50 (including post & packing) on either VHS or Betamax. Cheques are payable to CVSongs, c/o Razz Records, 20 Cotton Lane, Withington, Manchester M20 9UX. An SAE to the same address will get you details of future Razz videos, including John Cooper Clarke (Live), Earwigs, Freshies, and The Fabulous Wonderfuls.**

— PAUL DU NOYER

Olly: transvestical

THIS IS Olly. Olly sings with The Specimen, and The Specimen have a video single they want you to purchase. They say they are "*the* most important and exciting unit to emerge from the '80s", and who are we to contradict? If you fancy a shot of rather lumpy rock of a transvestical bent, conceived while under the influence of Bauhaus/Dolls/Bolan, The Specimen, their video *and* their club (news of which is promised next week) could be for you. For the video single, 'Returning'/'Friends In The Dark', send £9 or blank cassette plus £4 and padded SAE, to Kipper Productions, 80 Jerningham Road, London SE14. A mite expensive, but well promising . . .

—THE VIDIOT

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

Keighley Funhouse: **The Nightingales/Divan Japonais**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco: **Blancmange**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Duphorias Last Dance/Dancing Counterparts/The Jackals**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Run Run/Bad Detectives/God & The Supreme Beings**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Red & The Black**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fundation**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Americans/Admit One**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Keith Nicholls (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **John Otway**
London N.1 Keskidee Centre: **Deadpanick/Kevin Coyne**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Johnny Griffin Quartet (for a week)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Pinski Zoo/Gorp/Bass Tone Trap/Alev/Rae James Quintet**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dance On A Telephone/The Act**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **The Berlin Blondes**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Fabulous Wonderfuls**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Incognito**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: **Centurion**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 6th

Benton Newton Park Hotel: **Suspicions Confirmed**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **The Precautions**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Teaser**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Verukas/Disorder**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Theatre of Hate**
Hull Tiffany's: **Saracen**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Br...m Zoom**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rebel Da Fe/Modernairs/Island Of Dance**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Streetwalker**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Farmers Boys/Popular Voice**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dance On A Telephone/God & The Supreme Beings**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Spit Like Paint/Fusion/Geiger Counters**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Reasonable Strollers/Dial C Copyu/K. K. Khan**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Rattlers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Stolen Pets/Earplay**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Billy Frank Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Pigbag/Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Carmel/Inity Rockers**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Oop Shop Sha Boom**
London Marquee Club: **John Otway**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissy Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Macrami Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Matt Fretton/The Three Courgettes/X-Plosives**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Hinterland/Dumb Waiter**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Rye & The Quarterboys/The Escorts**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St- The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **Jimmy The Hoover**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Scarlet Alive**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Blancmange**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Cheaters**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**

wednesday 7th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Edinburgh Buster Brown's: **Epsilon**
Hanley The Vine: **The Spy's**
Ilford Room At The Top: **Incognito**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Marmalade**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer with Creation Rebel**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **C.S.A.**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **The Stargazers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airport and Dean/White Noise**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Jelly/Roll Soul**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Sainty Clause**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Cross/Amyl Dukes**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Cloned Again**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Bob Cairns**
London Holland Park (open-air): **Battlefield Band**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Americans/Admit One**
London Islington The Astro-Turf: **007**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **John Otway**
London Plumstead The Ship: **P.S. Personal/Negative Response**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Confrey Phillips Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Tufnell Park Bost'on Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Hollywood Killers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Europeans**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Admit One**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Les Bolger**
Manchester (Duckenfield) Drifters: **The Varukers**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **Saracen**
Newcastle (Jesmond) The Lonsdale: **East Side Torpedoes**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Jack Pound & Henry McCullough**
Nottingham Beeston Greyhound: **A Conversation**
Preston Guildhall: **Toyah**
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Saturday 3rd July
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Sunday 4th July
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THUNDERCRACK 2.30, 5.30, 8.30
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Friday 2nd
Cronenberg's
SCANNERS 2.45, 6.00, 9.15
+ **THE HILLS HAVE EYES** 4.30, 7.45
Saturday 3rd
Andy Warhol's
CHELSEA GIRLS
Starring NICO 12.30, 4.00, 7.30
Sunday 4th
Herzog's
SIGNS OF LIFE 1.30, 6.15
+ **EVEN DWARFS STARTED SMALL** 3.05, 7.50
+ **FATA MORGANA** 4.50, 9.35
Monday 5th
John Cleese in
TIME BANDITS 2.30, 5.50, 9.10
+ **5,000 FINGERS OF DOCTOR T** 1.00, 4.20, 7.40
Tuesday 6th
Astaire/Rogers double
SWING TIMES 1.00, 5.00, 9.00
+ **TOP HAT** 3.00, 7.00
Wednesday 7th
Golden Turkey Triple!
PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE 1.40, 5.10, 8.40
+ **GLEN OR GLENDA** 2.50, 6.20, 9.50
+ **WILD WOMEN OF WONGO** 4.00, 7.30
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REGGAE RUNNINGS

Michael Smith . . . believe it

ELECTRIC . . . that's the only way to describe the feeling when **Michael Smith**, dub poet, freezes his audience with a wicked eye and then shifts gear into his free-flowing, yard style parables.

It was with the classic 'Me Caan' Believe It', c/w 'Roots' recorded with Light of Saba that the poet first achieved notoriety in '78. 'The Disco' was eventually released here on the L(inton) K(wesi) J(ohnson) label and has since vanished.

Organised by the Race Today Collective, his nationwide tour alongside Oku Onuora and LKJ has firmly established his cult and reputation with the response at gigs being nothing short of WILD!!!

Island Records, quick to recognise a genius, signed him up and for the past few weeks he's been in Studio 22 along with Blackbeard and LKJ cutting an album which is scheduled for release in early Autumn.

Also on the dub poetry front, eagerly awaited is **Mutabaruka's** Check It album on Chinna's High Times label, but in the meantime search out his last single 'Hard Times Lovin' c/w 'Hard Times (Loves Theme In Dub)'.

Up from JA on 7" single on the Hitbound label out of Maxfield Avenue is a version of Al Campbell's 'Turn Me Loose' from DJ duo **Wayne and Johnny** who relate the story of the wretched gambler, entitled Gambling'. Also on 7" is a heavy duty number from **Voice of Progress** on the Fire House label called 'Mini Bus Driver', which relates to those *"public servants"* whose *"robots"* supplement the bus service. Back on the scene are the **Abysinnians** with a re-mix of 'Leggo Beast' c/w 'Licking Stick' on their Clinch label, while on the Production label **Junior West** takes us on a tour of Kingston's sound system circuit on 'Splash it out'.

Good to see Jah Love Sound System DJ **Brigadier Jerry's** 'Pain' available here in quantity. Snap it up.

On Pre disco 45 is a superior re-mix of **Freddie McGregor's** 'Big Ship' coupled with a reggaefied version of Kool and the Gang's 'Get Down On It'. **Althea Ranking's** feisty little 'Just Rocking' rap on the Go de Jockey label starts with verve:

"I know a one called Ranger,
To some he is no stranger / He says in rhyme He wants to be mine / So with doubt and a lot of tout I let him take me out / I step into his flat and he has no stereo in sight / We get to the club him can't rub a dub / A real kisko pop I gave him a drop RIBBIT . . . "

But sadly the song degenerates into slackness and cliches.

Ladbroke Grove's **Sons of Jah** will be appearing at Acton Town Hall on July 9th and Cleopatras in Venn St., Huddersfield on July 24th to promote their 'Universal Message' LP which strongly features Aston and Familyman Barrett.

Taken from the 'Tell It To The Children' album and due for immediate release on 7" and in a pic sleeve is **I Jah Man's** 'Lend A Hand', which is rooted in the gospel/R&B mould. A 12" single of 'Closer To You' c/w 'Praises In Strange Places' is also due for release on his Jahmani label.

For all those steeped in World Cup fever and feel that Crooks and Regis should have made the England squad tune to the 'World Cup Football' disco 45 where **Dennis Alcapone** gives it some rabbit about Ron Greenwood . . . *"If you want to see some skill, Riiiight! Come watch the team Brazil."*

Up and coming events: July 3rd Reading Central Club, London St. Reading **Supa Dupa Jnr Delgado** — direct from JA with his own band plus **Sir Coxsone Outernational** with **Rockers** and **Blacka** at the controls and **Mikey Dread** and **Sperangey Ranks** on the mike, 10pm till 5am and £5 entrance at the door. July 9th, People Club, Praed St. **Jamdown Rockers** with **Papa Facey** at the controls and **Sir Lloyd-King** of Lovers Rock a Blacka Dread promotion from 10 till late.

St Pauls Festival, Bristol . . . Friday July 2nd: **Ras Angels, Ras Messengers, Poet Levi** plus dance and theatre groups in St Barnabus School from 8pm. Saturday July 5th: Carnival procession with the **Mangrove Steel Band** and at night in St Barnabus School it's **Cornastoan, Tao, Mainstream, Joshua Moses** with **Roots** and **Culture, Safi** and **Ekome** dance group. For more info ring Bristol 421870/952981.

After having their transmitter stolen **Dread Broadcasting** is back on the air this Friday on 103.8 FM. Tune in if you're rankin'.

Paul Bradshaw

IN THE shops this week courtesy of New York's "militant anti-corporate recording company dedicated to preserving, not exploiting reggae", Clappers Records is the minimalist 'KWJ DUB' set by Trenchtown roots-person and multi-instrumentalist **Junior Dan**.

"Clappers Records were never meant to be entertainment, it's a weapon without compromise", says their chairman. The label which gave us the crucial 'Black Slavery Days', Familyman's 'Juvenile Delinquent' and Brothers D's deadly 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise' continues its militant tradition. A million miles away from the current radics dubs, Junior Dan's sound is a heady mid '70s rockers with muted shades of Augustus Pablo. Both his 'East of the Rio Cobre' and 'Give Thanx No Sanks' ridims are revisited and other cuts include 'Midnight In El Salvador', 'Free Namibia' and 'Guided Missiles Leftist Dub'. Short (27 minutes) but sweet.

Staying Stateside, the **Twinkle Brothers** continue extensive touring, appearing in Houston, Austin, L.A., Chicago, Boston and 'Our Father's House' in New York. Booked to appear at this years sunsplash (August 4-8th), they also have a new 12" single, 'Magnet' c/w 'Chant Rastafari', released here on their Twinkle label.

Lloydie Coxsone and the Outernational Coxsone posse are currently resident, Wednesday to Sunday, at Bennetts Riverside Club in Battersea High Street, SW11. The club once attracted national media coverage through its patronage by one Roddy Llewellyn and other members of his decaying class but with **L.C., Pebbles, Blacks, Festus and co.** at the musical controls we find the plush surroundings transformed by a dreader clientele.

Sir Coxsone Outernational's Top Ten

1	Love Has Found A Way	Dennis Brown (A&M 12")
2	Dreadlock Man	Sammy Dread (12" Pre)
3	Last December	Michael Maggotty (Techniques 7" Pre)
4	Lovelight	Dennis Brown (Yvonnes 12")
5	We Want No War	Lloyd Parks (Parks 7" Pre)
6	Love In The Morning	Leroy Sibbles (Gorgon 7" Pre)
7	Rock Steady Party	Leroy Sibbles (Gorgon 7" Pre
8	Pain	Brigadier Jerry (Jwyanza 7" Pre)
9	Never Fall In Love	De Quincy
10	Fight It To The Top	Heptones (Studio 1 12" Pre)

LPS EXTRA!

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Another Saturday Night (Oval)

THERE'S A Southern folk story which comes out of the soggy, vapour-curtained dismal swamplands of Louisiana. In it a solitary male motorist is guiding his Packard through the fog, when he is waved down by a lone female figure standing by the road. Sometimes she is a waif, sometimes a handsome black woman — but always she's wearing an ivory satin wedding gown and she is soaked to the skin. The woman asks for a lift and the man accedes, and they drift along in awkward silence while she shivers on the seat beside him.

When the soft-focus neon of a local cafe looms up out of the night, Mister makes a sharp turn towards it, thinking of coffee, clarity and protection. Except that when he takes his eyes from the wheel and turns around to speak, there's no lady, no dress, no presence. Only a damp spot on the seat indicates that the wet satin folds, at least, were real.

The hairs on his neck standing at attention, Mister climbs out, looks around, locks up, and heads inside for a dose of reality. There things seem to take an inordinate amount of time — and when the waitress brings his coffee, it's bitter with chicory and so strong the spoon stands up in it. The gaze of the other patrons seems a little less than casual, too, so nervously Mister fingers two bits and slips 'em into the jukebox. Out slides Belton Richards' rich, lazy lament of a voice singing in what sounds like tongues. It's another Saturday night in Cajun country.

'Another Saturday Night' is a compilation of Louisiana bayou and Cajun tunes (local dance music built round a waltz two-step formula and originally always sung in French patois) culled by Charlie Gillett. Most were recorded for Floyd Soileau's Jin and Swallow label — the largest supplier to an enthusiastic local market in existence since the form evolved in the mid-18th century. This is a re-issue of the original Oval compilation with four tunes added (two by Hugh Thierry And Shelton Dunaway's Cookie And His Cupcakes, who held a certain pre-Beatles pop sway in the South; one a slow-motion, reverie-like rendering of 'Sweet Dreams' — the Don Gibson number recently covered by Costello — by genre balladeer Tommy McLain; and a spirited cover of the soul song 'Don't Mess With My Man' by Margo White.

Because these additional tracks are all sung in English — as is Johnnie Allan's wonderful version of Berry's 'Promised Land' — this LP makes the form somewhat more accessible. And, though the cursory listener is unlikely to understand what a slow-cooking gumbo of voodoo, isolation, and inter-racial terrors lurks beneath the lilting fiddles and sweaty-breathed accordions, anybody can enjoy such a fullsome, swirling skirt of an album.

In addition, Cajun music is indicative of a whole imagined relationship between the sexes which its practitioners (often slurred for bone-laziness by Southerners outside their orbits) have taken time to dream up. It's one which includes verbs like 'woo', 'flirt', and 'win'; adjectives such as 'sidelong', 'sidle', and 'slink'. Gunshots may lurk just outside these dance halls and truck stops with their wafts of cheap perfume — but then, that's just another Saturday night.

Cynthia Rose

Johnnie Allan

CAJUN COUNTRY

Lydia Lunch *Pic: David Arnoff*

LUNCH COUNTERED

LYDIA LUNCH

13.13 (Situation 2)

LYDIA LUNCH'S besotted search for sensation has taken her to some strange and dangerous places in her chequered career, but nothing has quite matched her classic 'Queen Of Siam' for quick wit and subtle sensibility or the oiled ease with which she stepped in and out of sex roles. Carelessly discarding each shed skin, trampling or wooing myth as the mood of the moment took her, she pursued her obscure objects of desire with an amorous energy that was singlemindedly amoral.

Lunch as love's languishing victim or disappointed predator, stalking the shady boundaries of her domain with animal panache, her deceptively casual slouch hiding an ability to shoot straight to the heart of her subject matter, can act as an irresistible catalyst to the more morbid corners of the imagination. In the right context Lydia Lunch can exert all the appeal of lush introspection on a dubious moral twilight; the timeless attraction of the room with the curtains shut fast against the sun.

Lydia's eccentricity has the strong, fascinating streak of an unpredictability that comes from having no allegiances except to herself. In fact it's that quality that in the past has so often proved her downfall. '13.13' has some wonderful moments whose impact is muted by the frequent spectacle of Lydia stuck howling in a thick depressive sludge. Too many times her heavy scent of decay proves almost overpowering, too many of the tracks get clogged with helpless gloom and too often the sense of investigation gives away to an atmosphere of sated atrophy.

Lydia's best moments come when her slack sensuality is confronted by an icy, brittle beauty or when her treatment of a subject arouses both a piercing, unexpected pathos and a transfixing sense of strangeness, as in the sad, sweet guitar on 'Suicide Ocean' (*"Time died at a quarter to midnight / . . . different man in the same position"*), the doomily portentous piano on 'Dance Of The Dead Children', or 'This Side Of Nowhere' taken surreal-slow and moving swimmingly: *"What do you want / Well I bet that you get it."*

'13.13' is finally irritating, not just for the frequent times that it presumes upon the patience, but because the talent you can see in those few inspired seconds seems to have been so wantonly wasted.

Lynn Hanna

THE ROOM

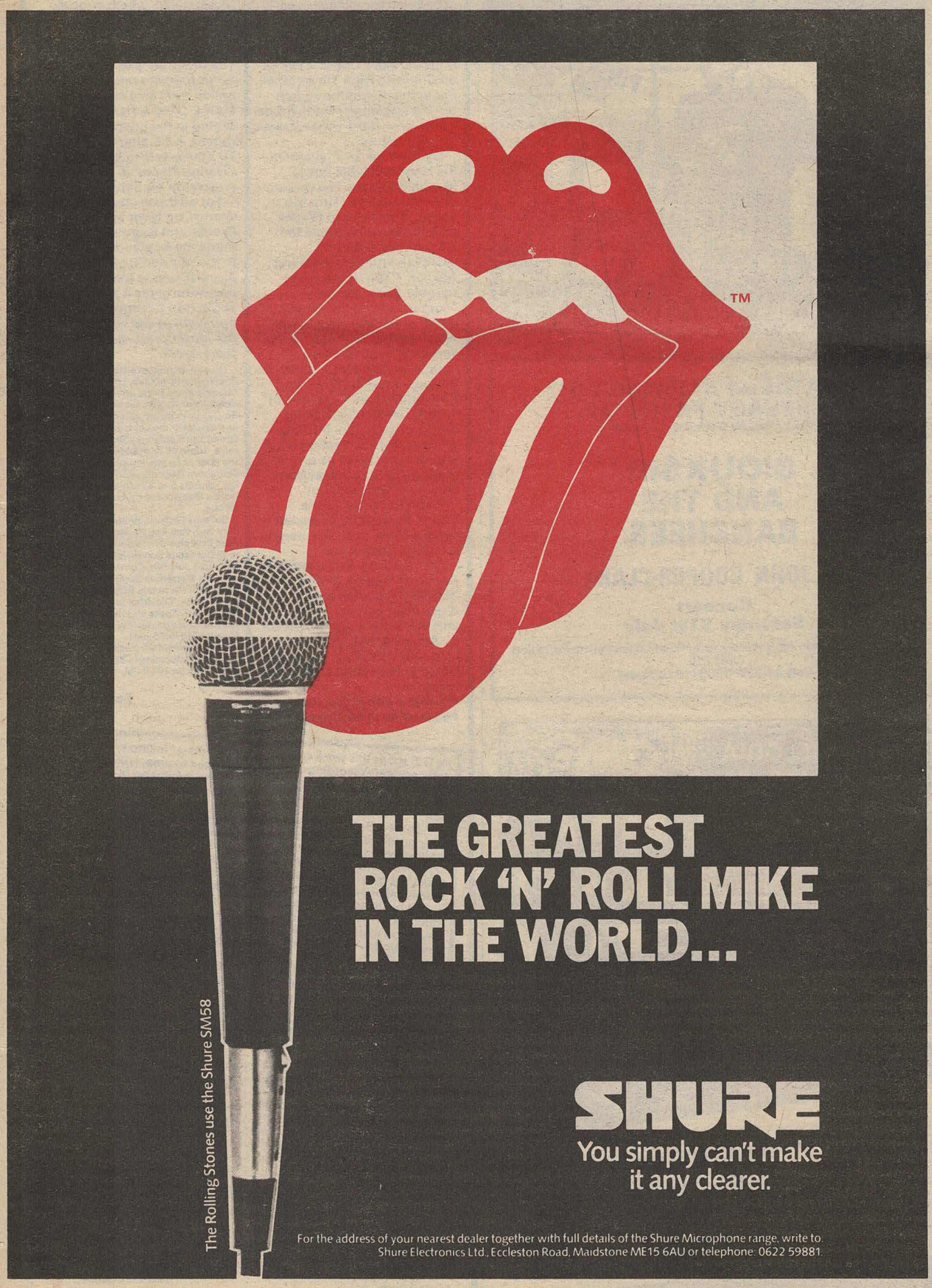
Indoor Fireworks (Red Flame)

THE ROOM'S debut long-play won't come as a surprise to those who've followed them over the past two years, being mostly the material they've accumulated over that period. It shouldn't come as a disappointment either: the 11 songs faithfully reflect all aspects of The Room's moody and atmosphere-laden appeal. So what does it hold for everyone else?

The production job is straightforward, only enlarging slightly on the northern quartet's guitar / drums / bass and voice format — although some added brightness might have been welcome. As it is, the brooding introversion of Dave Jackson's writing takes on a darker aspect than it strictly needs, sometimes lost in a murky excess. For the future, the group could usefully work on varying their approaches, too: a lot of the work falls too neatly into one of two types, with over-similar melodies to match — the slow and ponderous '('Rewind', 'In Sickness And Health') or the fast and neurotically choppy ('Chat Shows', 'Escalator'). In isolation, though, each number's fine.

To make an instant summary: I'd say The Room contains plenty that's of interest and of promise. All that's needed now is an open window, for light so *everyone* can see.

Paul Du Noyer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TIERS ARE NOT ENOUGH

Anthoropology class of '82

Pic: Peter Anderson

THE ROLLING STONES

Wembley Stadium

CRUISING OVER London last week in one of our most recently developed surveyance craft, I chanced upon the giant two-tower structure that stands in the north-west region of the city and provides a location for the ceremonial gatherings which have been such great anthropological interest to us.

But where previously recorded sightings have reported only that curious spectacle in which a small spherical object is manouevred between 22 pairs of feet until it has entered one of two opposing nets in a delimited area of play, I perceived that an event of a quite different nature was now taking place. In this case, there was only one net, considerably larger than the usual kind, and adorned, like the shrine of a religious festival, with multifarious screens, drapings, and balloons; stranger still, a large proportion of the spectators, more commonly ringed round the stadium in tiers, had filled the field of play.

I resolved to disembark at once, the proceedings being, I thought, of likely further interest to the empire and our noble leaders. Thankfully, my craft was mistaken for a part of the festivities.

Although the earthlings assembled seemed to be following the pattern of a swarm of insects, bunched together in a mass likely to cause extreme discomfort, many appeared contented and, in range of age and size of belly, bore a distinct resemblance to the multitudes we have observed at the more callisthenic rites.

At some short time after 20:00 hours, the curtains of the shrine parted and a voice intoned the words "Rolling Stones", a phrase which produced an outbreak of delight bordering on hysteria. It seemed that something highly significant was about to happen. Perhaps the secret of this most bewildering of planets would at last be revealed — and to me alone, of all our patrollers!

I was to be disappointed, for the five mangy and middle-aged characters who proceeded to take the proscenium could hardly have been taken for deities. The crowd's ecstacy, however, was unabated. I noticed then that the five male humans so showered with adoration were musicians, strolling players of some kind, since they had broken into an odd, lurching sound which they entitled 'She's Under My Thumb' — not a sentiment which would meet with much approval on *our* planet.

The singer, however, displayed exactly the kind of insensitivity it would take to conceive so barbaric an idea. Although lean, and clearly skilled in crowd control, he seemed so concerned to show off his physical fitness that he was unable to sing with any feeling for his words, and so occasionally dispensed with them altogether. I noticed also that his complexion was heavily masked by cosmetics, attributing this to a narcissistic dread of old age.

Attired in an outfit reminiscent of certain earthling "comic-books", this creature paraded his physique along runways that stretched from one side of the stage to the other and used his excessively large mouth to smile a lot. He seemed in addition very concerned to inveigle himself yet deeper into the crowd's already quite pronounced sympathy by stressing repeatedly how kind it was of them to have come. He was eager to be seen as some champion of the deprived and so made various fey gestures towards the subsersive which sounded, in equal parts, presumptious, avuncular, and condescending. Example: "I 'eard some of you 'ad to foot it up 'ere . . . yeah, fuckin' pain . . ." This data should be logged for future reference.

Not a few of the devotees instead directed their worship at the one they called 'Keef', a grey and stooping fellow in his early sixties who may possibly have fathered the entire group. This weatherbeaten anachronism was cheered vociferously every time he stumbled towards the edge of the stage, yet managed nonetheless to catch a certain spirit in such chants as 'Twenty Flight Rock' and 'She's My Little Rock And Roll'.

The greater part of the noise performed by the five — with the help of some old retainers — was dire in the extreme, and never more so than when their pace(makers) quickened, uncomfortably, on droning anthems like 'When The Whip Comes Down', 'Let Me Go', 'Neighbours', 'She's So Cold', and 'Hang Fire'. All of these seemed to me identical and equally fatuous, despite the marvellous rhythm provided by the melancholy, long-faced drummer and the deep, looping structures built under the sound by the four-stringed player.

The lifeless ceremony of 'The Rolling Stones' climaxed in a series of bizarre gimmicks involving the arrogant frontman being hoisted over the writhing masses in an "aerial access" elevator. This was faintly unnecessary but appeared to strike most of the spectators as an extra treat. When the curtains had closed for the last time many of them were happy to "foot it" five or more miles home.

With hopes that the information collected may be of some use to our benevolent bureaucracy, this is Patroller Bryan E completing the transmission of his report.

(intercepted by the NME telex laser, 0:01 hours Saturday morning)

Hosey Barynks

SLIDING ON A RAZOR'S EDGE

DEFUNKT

Venue

AFTER their wordless prologue Defunkt thump into 'In The Good Times', the Funky But Chic riff taken at cranked-up break-neck speed. In these minutes every component of the Defunkt machine is firing away with ruthless, artful efficiency. A seamless state of affairs which persists with hardly a break or a crack in the set.

THE DEEPER IN DEBT . . .

Of course Defunkt do mix up styles — a be-bop amalgamation (made guitar smooth), a cool 'Cocktail Hour (Blue Bossa)' nova, which began with a Joe Bowie chuckle as he momentarily overstated the rhythm on the congas, are laced in with the dominant Defunkt mode — but above all, Defunkt *are* a style. In the main, a face full of funk, bolstered and buffeted by alternately dense and fluid guitars on both sides, Bowie's darkly ambiguous phrases somewhere in the middle, and a trumpet soloing in and around the works or punching out punctuation, locked tight with Bowie's trombone. In this shuddering consistent context it would be utterly inapproprate to label Kenny Martin's drums and Kim Clarke's bass a 'rhythm section' — effortlessly tough and endlessly engaging though they are — the integrity of Defunkt is so fiercely effective it just won't break down like that.

. . . THE HARDER YOU BET

Joe Bowie's stage persona is as enthralling in its way, (if more single-minded) as Kid Creole's. Almost perpetually poised on the balls of his feet, eyes now narrowed, now popping wide, a picture of a barely suppressed potential for extreme violence. He blows a short trombone line, cuts away from the microphone and stares with enquiring malevolence at the front rows, before jumping back to play a few more lines himself or spinning around sharply to cue in a solo; all timed with immaculate precision. And with a slick dramatic flourish he brings every song to a cleanly cut conclusion.

A traditionally moulded bandleader, seen to be in complete control, he releases every number; and Defunkt have the best intros, the most cardiac arresting opening lines I've ever heard. Every beginning exemplifies the maxims of 'Thermonuclear Sweat'; *"Step up, or be stepped on . . . move to the beat, or be beaten . . ."*

Joe the Lion

Pic: Peter Anderson

HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

Moments of contemplation are few, though thoroughly effective when they occur, as if Bowie's too tightened up to wind down even for a moment. *"I gave up a lot, but I won't give in!"* is the irresistable refrain of 'Razor's Edge' which Bowie returns to, and which he must appreciate in all its myriad meanings.

One of those moments occurs when he sings, with hurt-full scorn, *"Believing in love . . . is a fallacy!"* and the band turn on him in accusation: *"Why don't you believe it!"* A rare theatrical gesture used to hammer home the dilemma, on the horns of which Bowie and his art are impaled.

NEED MORE ROOM TO PLAY!

The slick success of the best moments catapault the potential of Defunkt into various and thrilling dimensions: they also expose the (self-imposed) limitations which the present Defunkt formulation, shapely and sharp as it is, impose on a fuller expression. It's most noticeable when John Halkerin solos, stretching out so far before having to return prematurely to base, having run into a rhythmic impasse which can't be broken up without the complicity of a suitable sparring partner.

Paring down the extent and range of his options to a far more economical base than, say, Kid Creole And The Coconuts NOW, or Sly And The Family Stone THEN, is resulting in Bowie being uncomfortably (and unnecessarily) cramped for space, especially when the virtuoso guitar barage balloons to fill so much of it. Yes, I do detest the beasts outside their proper rhythmic function. And with good reason: I'm being (seriously) over-critical in a negative sense; there was much in the Defunkt show which was the very best of its kind, and a marginal shift in Bowie's (currently misplaced) respect for certain harmful forms is all that's needed for (t)his dangerous and exotic hybrid to come into luxuriant bloom. To extend the metaphor; the roots are Brave And Strong. And Demonstrably Healthy.

Mark Cordery

LIVE!

THE ART OF ME

CULTURE CLUB

Derby

A CHEQUERED embroidery weaving together fine strands of topical and tropical influence in a convocation both unique and instantly recognisable. That's the Culture Club. An arena of sapphire and steel and cyanic splendored cool where hot-headed peacocks sit sipping cobalt coloured cool-me-downs and forget-me-nots. That's the Blue Note Club.

The Club and the club walk hand in hand, tongue in chic: both parading an exhibition of ornate outrage and simultaneously finding time for a delightfully coquettish laugh at themselves. The cultured Boy George meets the Blue Note Georgie Girl for a stolen kiss in an evening of dubbing it, nightclubbing it.

Culture Club are stand up drums and white dungareed guitar, a hard-handed bass that never gets heavy-handed and . . . Boy! That George can sing. *"Just take a look at me/I couldn't look much better"*. George is a wonderful thing alright. The homme fatale boasts credibility credentials slapped ostentatiously to a floral print dress: this boy's scaled the heights from Chicken George, the Brummie wierdo, to would-be hermaphrodite of the big city (bypassing the odd diversion in modelling and Bow Wow Wowing) to a good word from Danny Baker.

Tempering suave off-handishness with guiltless gaud and a spirited pirouette of a voice, the lead Culture vies and cries for attention to the exclusion of everything else. This is the new 'me' generation, there's no doubt about that. Boy George is extremely self-centered. Boy George is the vanity of lovers. And Boy George is the Culture Club.

Culture Club are dub and funk and salsa and lots of other pinky blue (ch)art objects. But the pop doesn't fizzle and drone. The funk doesn't surge and drive. The bass doesn't twang and shout. The salsa doesn't stand still and pout. So what do you do? Subtle innuendos follow.

Michael Craig designs the bass pattern, skirting the crucial dub barrier but maintaining just enough shy reserve to steer clear of the pitfalls of heavy-throb orthodoxy. Jon Moss pushes the pace with that come-on thump. The drums, now waxing to a 'Trevor Horn' crash and now (only seconds after the first 'now') waning to a skeletal off-beat patter. Roy Hay, the six-string machinist, sews up the sound, flitting and fretting across the rhythms, hemming and herding them in tight in controlled manoeuvres. There's a much needed caution in the Club guitar too. So many of 1982's bright young things strut onto the danceclub stage with axe flailing way above everything else, discarding the precious studio subtleties for the noise a 'live gig' apparently demands. And if there's one point in particular where Culture Club excel, it's in their concerted efforts to bury this particular rock ethic by filling their sound full of empty spaces. You can almost see the void between bass and drums: this is no rocky rhythm section pounding away on its last legs. The guitar, poised delicately somewhere in between, strikes rich harmolodics dancing painlessly through a cultured set.

There's keyboards doubling as effects, a horn section that creeps out of nowhere to punch the sting back into the new single, 'I'm Afraid Of Me'. Hot saxes and streaming trumpet herald the heatwave and even if the dazzling sound quality of the recorded product is less evident, even if the great backing vocals are missing, even if the bass and drums aren't as beefy . . . it's still a song tailor made for success.

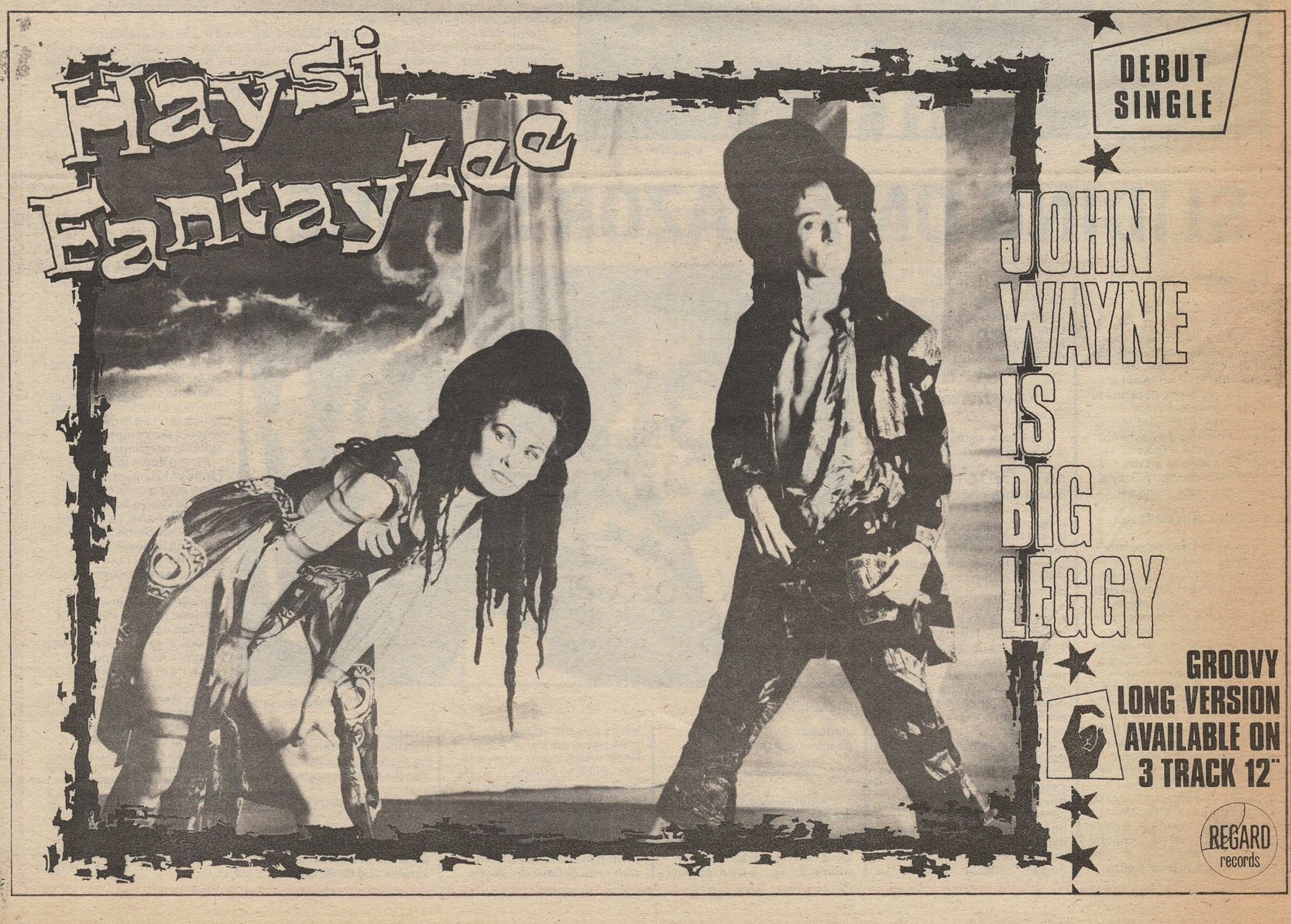
There's steel in that sound, stealing its way past the lexicon of love with an unmistakable look of joy. It's a loving construction illustrating the Culture Club's ability to spin the spotlight from guitar to bass to drums to horns with almost criminal ease. Funk it up, salsa it down and dub that thing out of sight. This is the tonic for 1982's club country.

Boy George. What can I say? Deb or dandy, I still only expected a Sylvian or at the most a surrogate Ferry (is there any difference?) but not for one minute did I expect to be confronted with a hot Tamla-beat soul goddess. Or should that be god?

Amrik Rai

For club, country and St. George

Pic: Bryn Jones



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I'LL SECOND-HAND THAT EMOTION

TOYAH

LIVE!

Hammersmith Odeon

THE MANAGEMENT at the Hammersmith Odeon — the voice crackling over the PA system, the bouncers controlling one's every movement — remind me of the grim voice that opens Cabaret Voltaire's 'The Voice Of America', commanding "WE HAVE A DETENTION ROOM SET UP WITHIN THE COLISEUM ... WE WILL NOT ALLOW ANY DANCING, RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE AISLE: IS THAT CLEAR WITH EVERYBODY?"

A thoroughly degrading place for a "night" out, especially at £5 a ticket, and one that makes Toyah's 'I Wanna Be Free' sound even more hollow than it already did, if, indeed, that is possible.

That Toyah is a star, there is no doubt: almost every second person seems to be taking photos of her, and the audience is warmly responsive to her every gesture. However, despite the brave talk in the programme of individual expression, Toyah's performance does little more than exploit the usual repertoire of imagery associated with "youth" and "freedom": arms flailing, eyes raised to the heavens, fists clenched, down on her knees and in constant motion.

Similarly, her colourlessly functional backing group employ all the statutory discourses of rock "emotion", most notably the sudden climaxing of guitar and drum towards the end of the song.

One song reminds me vaguely of Bow Wow Wow, another of Joy Division, but where Joy Division intoxicated us, Toyah leaves us sober with both feet planted firmly on the ground. Any apparent attempt to convey emotion is concluded with the same smile, as if, well, it's all ONLY A JOKE anyway, isn't it?

Every aspect of popular music which a concert by Toyah touches, is reduced to its lowest, laziest common denominator. There is no real beauty, no real anger or violence being communicated and at a time when so many people, from ABC to 23 Skidoo, from The Fall to Grace Jones are prepared to push the possibilities of pop music to their limits, the mediocrity embraced by Toyah and her audience seems criminal.

Though it would seem that part of Toyah's appeal is sexual, any sexual significance in her performance is of an almost pre-pubescent nature. The level of her "political" thought would appear to be at the same level. Even her singing, which is reasonable enough technically, avoids any real impact.

In the programme, Toyah tells us that *"... we hope to deceive and tease your pre-conceived expectations"*. Well, besides refusing to utilise the phrase *".. this is our last number"*, Toyah, of course, does nothing of the sort, but it seems that she would genuinely like to be a provocative stimulant. How unfortunate it therefore seems, that this is beyond her capabilities.

Marcus Boon

Two 'chutes duet for the dance *Pic: Chris Clunn*

Dudu Pukwana's Zila

Animal Magic

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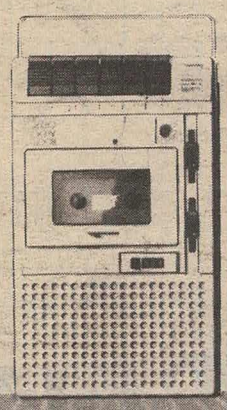

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Never heard of the Worried Parachutes! And you a new POP lover — HA! The Parachutes are as easy as ABC — as fresh and prickly as a new Haircut. Itch but dance — please dance! Why is there NEVER anybody at the Zig Zag?

But there are more pertinent questions to be asked about the Worrieds — image, beauty (believe me — *beauty*), musicianship, creativity, improvisation, vo-coders, fun, precious even precocious — never less. There were no weak songs, no let down of pace — from 'Another Nativity Song' to the 'Night Creatures' the songs peaked and then returned you safely in a mass of silk and sax.

The girls sung duets, the boys dived about the stage in their army gear changing instruments as well as they changed pace. Worried Parachutes? GERONIMO!

Even the Paras couldn't bring me down to earth without a bump when the 'stars' — Animal Magnet fell to earth. I'd heard both singles and was ready — but they fooled me! They had

become a latin band — congos, bongos and shakers and beer cans stuck together with tape and filled with stones (maybe).

This was all very interesting for a person like myself who is steeped in South American culture! But for most people the songs rolled by like a scratched Santana LP — no hot blood, no fiery temperaments just the same 'let's samba sam' beat. This was the band's first gig in eight months we were told — why didn't somebody tell them that Salsa died with the Falklands. In fact Animal Magnet were poles away from being the main attraction of the night.

Friday boasted more animalisms in the shape of Animal Magic — the band of the zoo of the TV show. Now I've always thought that old Johnny Morris was a great performer/presenter so if these were his protege what could go wrong? Nothing and nothing did! Animal Magic are great — so forget the old adage about never working with animals or children.

Animal Magic just wave

Animal Magnet

those brass wands and let the sound do the rest — more rooted in a jazz / new wave fusion than their more eclectic Bristolian brothers Pig Bag / Rip Rig + Panic but this is not detrimental to their performance — it sets a parameter, a cage for the Animals to rush against.

It stops the sometime boring experimentalism of Pig Bag but still allows for improvisations — freestyle. Jazz a l'idiosyncapation . . ! African rhythms blurred the civilized edge of the music and just let rip. Burundi drums screamed the war cry on 'Hold The Bus' and sax became sex in 'Sex In Heaven'. An hour of fresh air — jungle fresh. From African Studies to the South African Master.

Dudu Pukwana's Zila is a name known to a few — the initiated. Probably all 80 of them were at that smoke stifled hall the 100 club. I could hardly do justice to Dudu's majesty in such a short space but I can mention some of the gems in the crown. The pianist, a young south African black, who moved the hearts of the oldest jazz regulars creeping up on the keys and un-locking the sweetest melodies — twisting the bones until the energy screamed out of the box.

The sax, bass and congo players laid down uncut rhythms — and crossing over the continents and sliding between the conformity that is western jazz and the lush veldt that is African percussion. Somewhere — everywhere the man stabbed the beast that is jazz with short, dynamic thrusts of his horn.

Dudu called the pack together then threw the piece to the dogs — letting the feast tease us — boiling up something new then stealing it at the last moment for himself. Somewhere the swaying, drifting notes of an African woman washed over the set — floating then dropping to a sob. This could never be enough.

The saying goes that "Saturday's child works hard for his/her living" and this is certainly true of Sole Sister who will have to work very hard to make a living. In a dirty little hall at the LMC four dozen burly women hassled for seats and the lights went out.

Now me, being a cringing little male became rather worried and started wondering what atrocities they could manage with a copy of *Spare Rib*. But lo! There was sound and vision — somebody's holiday film of Thatcher and marches and Centre Point (Freudian eh?) and nude men and women. The sound wasn't quite as interesting as the cine film — but what could you expect —

Safari 'chutes!

they were all playing in the dark still! Then they started to play with the lights on and things got worse. The Sole Sisters are obviously toying with the idea of calling themselves the Monotone Set. The stiff propaganda I could handle but the frigid iced music — is this what feminists really want?

Thirty-six hours of live leads — energy and power failure. Jump to the Worried Parachutes — see the wizardry of Animal Magic. In fact plug into the electric circuit — it's NASTY!!

David Dorrell

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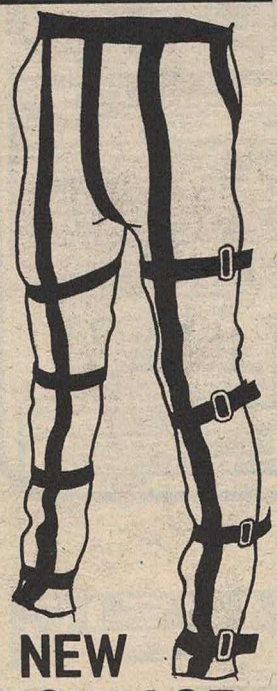

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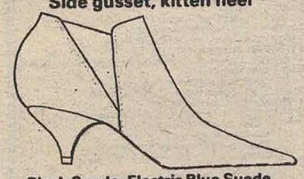

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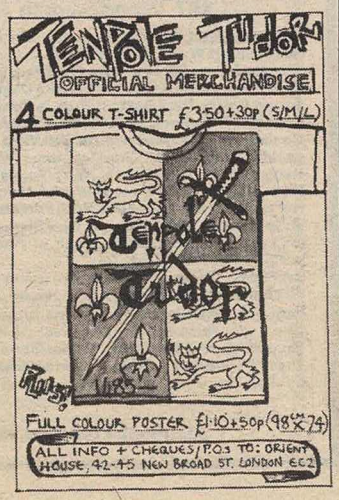

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LIVE!

P.V.C.

Berlin

BERLIN HOLDS a million glowing references; the town has become a modern day Troy. Legends live side by side with lies and the new flows incongruously over the rubble of the past. Berlin is 'wall', 'cabaret', 'checkpoint charlie', 'divide' or 'fall'—yet every name is a cinematic illusion of the 'aware' (unaware) mind stoked by a thousand films and fables.

In Berlin somebody has stolen the production sets—whipped them from under the feet of Caine and Minnelli—pulled them down around the ears of Bowie and Christiane F. The low life, left bank image has disappeared and has been replaced by the cushy decay that seems to skulk below the bierkellers in Munich, Dusseldorf and Hamburg.

The idea that Berlin is in the throes of some cultural upheaval, a new Germanic Renaissance, is so popular in London that you cannot fail to be disappointed on arrival. It's a funky city in a stiffly teutonic way; the punks all smile and offer to sell you dope—the poseurs all pose AND smile AND offer to sell you coke. All terribly decadent and sleazy in a prim, business like way.

Cultural revolution? No way—the baby was still-born and the funeral for Berlin is long overdue.

Berlin, being the dead innocent that it is, seemed oblivious to the arrival of P.V.C.—a 'punk'(?) group that has developed a cult audience over the last few years. The whys and wheres are sadly lacking. A couple of hundred seedy looking hippies in a club with a strong likeness to the Scala cinema on an all-night showing of *The Song Remains The Same*—does not in my mind constitute an evening of radical entertainment.

The band (moustaches and macho) may well have preached the manifesto of '76, the audience may well have nodded in agreement but so what! There is more life in a bowl of yoghurt—more genuine angst, aggression, beauty in the WALL that divides Berlin. You could feel the power of the P.A., you could see the anger in the band yet the over-powering sense of void—the tepid degeneracy of the crowd was awe-inspiring. In any town in Britain a few people would have felt, seen, the need to converse physically with the band—here the apathy hung heavy above the cloud of weed that was the audience's only aphrodisiac.

P.V.C. with their coy, naive name and their combat rock stance played loud and fast but still failed—achieving little in defeat and finally finding themselves the eunuchs of the audience's 'revolutionary' harem. P.V.C. could never scale the audience's Aryan wall of antipathy, a wall that left them castrated from the mainstream in a city that finds itself in a similar situation—holding the umbilical cord of its western parents but waiting/fearing the final snip of the doctor's scissors.

David Dorrell

MY PIERROT DOLLS

Rotherham

IT'S AMAZING how the old Triumphant Return motif has etched itself onto our culture. Look at Jesus, look at Sinatra, look at The Space Shuttle. And now, in the dim half-light of late 20th century twilight, look at My Pierrot Dolls: back, and proud.

They used to be a synth-and-drum-machine, and now they're curving with the times and becoming a two synth/bass/drums/singer band.

There's no doubt that the Pierrots can slam out a good anthem: their Pierrot Dolls Ant-rapesque (in the message if not entirely the medium) piece was stirring in its own self-limiting way. There's little doubt that singer Ivan / Ivor has pots of charisma, and he uses the stage well, stretching it like an elastic band, marking it out like a surveyor with a lurex theodolite.

The rest of the Dolls were too anonymous: they became Ivor / Ivan's backing band. The drummer didn't seem to be keeping time too well. He needed winding up. I mentioned this to the bass-player later and he seemed genuinely surprised: "We just told him to play slower" he said. You should have defined "slower", old pal.

They were on stage for just over an hour and they sang 'The Toy' three times. They didn't seem to have too many songs, although most of them were quite good, and I suppose that's better than having too many mediocre ones. 'The Face' was a good song, 'Deja Vu' was a good song, 'Dying' was a good song. Half a dozen good songs for a triumphant return: Ol' Blue Eyes never had it so tough. Maybe the triumphant return motif has been played out: maybe it's better to disappear hopefully that to arrive. If My Pierrot Dolls can set the pace they'll be okay; if not, they'll fall at the second fence.

Ian McMillan

BLACK UHURU

From page 31

"Yeh mon. **But there mus' be someone to pray to. You must know Jah . . . seen? You must know what is right. There are two things in this world, good and bad. One has to deal with the goodness. I and I proud to see so much people coming across. We do not force our music on anybody: you listen an' you tek it for your own. That is its *purpose.* We do not force it on you. If you listen and you are pleased . . . it is up to you. Your own opinion. It is for everyone who wan' hear it.**

"We want to help a lot of people, but we don't 'ave enough money. We were wondering if *you* could help out and lend us some."

You're welcome to my debts.

"I and I know that if this album sell platinum there are a few things that Black Uhuru can do. We can build a studio in Jamaica, 'ave the right amount'a instruments and equipment and everything *right,* get the bes' sound and start record some youth. There is a lotta talent in Jamaica goin' to waste because producers just hustling an' singers are afraid to work wid dem. For 'Love Crisis' (Black Uhuru's first album) we never get paid yet. I am angry with them bad producers, but Sly and Robbie 'ave experience. They know the business, they know one mus' give an' take.

"When we firs' start to record with Sly an' Robbie, we didn't get no advance or nut'n like that, but one mus' give an' take. They fin' the rhythms and we sing. They book the time . . . we jus' go in and sing and them find chords and record, a bit of genius work, but it no matter to me. Could sing to a piano or anyt'ing . . ."

Rose dismisses any question concerning the respective merits of the various Jamaican governments of the last few years. Since Black Uhuru became a touring band, he has chosen to live in New York City rather than in JA.

Does it seem that nothing can come out of a political system which can help people?

"Help *people,* yes, but can't help me."

It is time for embarkation cards to be filled out, and Rose catches sight of Puma's special Parisian biro. "Me wan' borrow that thing," he cajoles.

"Naw, me buy it special for me sister," she ripostes, but she knows it isn't going to end there. Rose has picked it up to fill out his own card. "If you holds it you gwaan *keep* it."

"Naw, *lose* it man," his tone simultaneously wheedling and peremptory.

"Yes man," she retorts sharply, casting an eye at my cassette machine, "don' mek me argue over the tape . . ."

At this point I look out of the window and catch sight of an inscription bearing the name of the boat in which we are travelling. The symbolism is marvellous . . .

Because 'The Spirit Of Free Enterprise' brings Black Uhuru to the White Cliffs Of Dover . . .

WHAT A JOY TO HEAR THE UTTERANCE OF A RASTA

DUCKIE SIMPSON has just swaggered through customs with the air of a man who is by definition illegal and is daring somebody to do something about it. His passport is in order, his work permit is cool and his herb . . . well, Jah protect and guide, y'know? He is intrigued by the book I am carrying — R. D. Laing's *The Politics Of Experience* — and declares himself to be an enthusiastic and voracious reader.

"I read *everything,* man . . . war, politics, sex, revolution, comics . . . all knowledge is written down there waiting to be found. Everything that has been known has been written down somewhere by somebody, all wisdom there, man . . ."

Beneath his fearsome facade, Duckie Simpson is the most spontaneously warm member of the trio. On the boat, Michael Rose talked to me because he was supposed to. On the bus, Duckie Simpson talks to me because he wants to. He started the group, but he has always subordinated himself to more flamboyant frontmen, like Rose and his predecessor Garth Dennis.

"Me never see myself as a lead singer. Me more prefer to sing harmony, like 'ow me see lead singing is that a lead singer must be outstandin' and very strong. When I'm singing harmony I can sing a high pitch, but when I'm singin' lead I can't do that. I just don't know why, seen? I just can't get certain sounds out of me unless I hear other people singing, so I'm just a born harmony singer. Maybe sometime in the future I'll try to do a lead on a song but now I'm strictly harmony."

And when you write a song you think in terms of Michael singing it?

"Maybe if I was singing it would turn out different, but the way Michael sings . . . Michael is a very *militant* reggae singer and so like you got to give 'im militant stuff. He can 'andle it more. For instance, give 'im a love song, it be difficult for 'im to 'andle . . .

(Rose had told me, earlier on, that, "The only level I check is the militant level.")

"The song that means most to me Michael wrote is 'Utterance'; it is like a Rasta anthem to us. What a joy to hear sounds of a Rastaman . . . in Jamaica, when we were kids, our parents would tell us that the Rasta is a black heart man, that they steal you away and cut your heart out. Dreadlocks used to have to live in the woods an' hills, because in the city they would just run you down, an my mother would tell me to be careful of those guys. But I started hanging out with them anyway, an' it was a joy to hear what they had to say. You're on the outside, but when you start hanging out with them, you are surprised to find that they're very intelligent.

"I was 12-plus, 13 when I start check wha' gwaan with Rasta. My mother had died and there was noone to tell me what to do. I hadda aunt, but she wasn't sayin' very much. I don't listen to what people say, y'hear that?"

Before it is time to go, Puma shows me a collection of Haile Selassie's speeches, delivered to the League Of Nations when he was seeking aid against the Italians. Beautifully eloquent, totally founded in common agreement, the very voice of sweet reason itself . . . Selassie continued to ask *why* were all agreements for mutual aid seemingly null and void when the plaintiff was Ethiopia: words to break your heart, Jack.

Finally, there seems to be some understanding and an air of relaxedness: Duckie looks at me and says, "Where we come from, is hard. If you jump on a bus, the conductress will curse you before you even do anything. Do you understand me? This is just the way we are . . ."

CHILL OUT

UNTIL THE cool-out towards the end, travelling with Black Uhuru had been an instructive but moderately unpleasant experience. The atmosphere stopped short of hostility, but there was a tension and pressure that Black Uhuru just seem to generate around them. Militant . . . yeah. They are the hardest of the hard, the toughest of the tough, and as long as Sly and Robbie are with them to lay down that beat, they're the best band this side of Aswad.

But — the question is begged — is sheer hardness enough? After all, the harder they come . . .

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ROWLAND

FROM PAGE 26

We stole the tapes of the LP but that was much earlier — that was really fucken crazy, stealing the tapes of the LP. But what I'm really talking about is Paul grabbing hold of McLaren because he was their golden boy at the time, and saying, Hello Malcolm, and then just cracking him in front of all the EMI blokes. That really put us down in their esteem.

McLaren had said a couple of things about us and, personally, I have no respect for what he does, but we were just using him to get our feelings across to EMI and it worked.

I always thought 'Show Me' was an odd song for you to have written, but 'I'll Show You' on the new LP sets it in perspective. A much more honest way of looking at 'the kids' than most modern music.

Those songs were meant to be all one song at one point. 'I'll Show You' was going to be the B-side of 'Show Me', but I thought the tune of 'Show Me' was fucken useless. I hate it.

But the words are just from personal experience. I went back to see how the people I'd went to school with had grown up. The kids that I thought were great, you probably had them in your school; real flash characters who had all the clothes and all the girls would always be after them. They were always the ones who'd have the first sex and they'd tell you about it. And you'd see their fags, their lighters and their watches and you'd think, Well, when these blokes grow up they're going to really do something great.

Then you see them a few years later and they're ice-cream men or something, or a lot of them have had real problems because they were such big stars in the environment of the playground that when you take them out of it they don't know what to do.

And the ones you think would sink are making something for themselves?

It's funny, isn't it? But I always think that that lot don't really know. They always get somewhere, but it's probably more through determination and things like that. I suppose they do creep up later and they get wiser. But I've always had a soft spot for the guys in the song because they've still got it in them and it's there naturally.

The new version of 'Liars' on the LP is much better, who are the singers on that?

That's the Sisters Of Scarlet. We just phoned up an agency and they sent them. One of them is Katie Kissoon, you remember Mac and Katie Kissoon? And one of them is Joe Brown's daughter.

It was funny getting them to sing 'Liars' because they didn't really know what they were singing, but they really put everything they had into it. I was telling them to sing harder because at first they were a bit like foxy . . . black . . . chicks, singing very soft. I said, C'mon you've gotta give it some of that old southern stuff. And I don't know if they were taking the piss, but they started to wave their arms about and shimmy a bit. It worked anyway.

YOUR MUSIC AND STAGE SHOW ARE A CELEBRATION OF HUMAN QUALITIES, BUT IT'S A CELEBRATION WHICH SEEMS ROOTED IN A DISCIPLINE AND BELIEF IN THE POWER OF THE HUMAN WILL.

Definitely, that discipline and self-will thing is important, but it comes over in different ways. It may be more relaxed now, but there's still a very fierce attitude, it's almost like a religious thing, that's the connection for me more than anything. Not religion, what it is, but the ideas that come from it. The way they go about gospel music and that, I love it. The way they get so involved with it."

Working themselves up to a state where something else takes over?

Yeah, definitely. I went to an adventist church, I think it was, one Sunday in West Bromwich. I just met the bloke walking down the road, a 40 year old Jamaican fella. He grabbed me by the arm and said, I'm going to church, where are you going? It was like something out of a dream (laughs). He said it was one of those churches you do a lot of singing and dancing and clapping and I thought, Yeah, great I'll go.

So we got there and there was only about 20 people in a really tiny room and they're all going bananas. They did the Lord's Prayer and it was just loads of spontaneity and singing.

Last year, I think that was in our music a lot. A sort of religious fervour, the real proud sort of staunchness of it. That's what I like about it.

Is it based on a belief in God?

Well, no. What I think it was, was more a belief in what we were doing. I do believe in God, though, but that's a different thing.

That feeling of religion does carry through; like 'Until I Believe In My Soul' definitely has it. It's a basic fucken belief in God, but what I'm really talking about is a feeling you get. I mean, I haven't really got any religion — I was originally a Catholic but I'm far from that now.

It's not something you can bring down to one thing, it's more an instinctive knowledge. I can't say why I believe in God, I just do and it's not that I was brought up that way because I stopped a long time ago. The realisation of the soul — that's what's imporant, that you have a soul and it can be used positively.

Like you can do lots of different things but eventually you realise there must be something else?

Absolutely. (Smiles.) And that's what 'Until I Believe In My Soul' is about. About growing up and looking up to brothers or older people and thinking that they're sussed and wanting to be like them. Then when you get there you find there's nothing there, fuck all. So the backup singers go — That's all there ever is? And I go yeah, yeah, yeah because I believe there has to be something else. And the realisation that you have to find it for yourself."

Do you have a favourite track out of all the songs you've recorded?

Well, it varies, I liked 'Keep It (Part 2)'. Lyrically I thought it was my finest hour, although the production leaves a lot to be desired. People have said that that song sounds dead phoney. But the truth of it is that was definitely genuine, other times it may have been phoney to a certain extent, but people say they want real raw passion but when you present it to them they don't really want it.

That was borne out of a lot of trouble with the old group, that horrible tour and a combination of other things — some of it was written about a similar period earlier in my life.

It was definitely recorded at the right time because I hadn't spoken to anyone in the group for three or four dates and when it gets like that, it gets sort of tense. So when we went into the recording studio I poured it all out to the microphone, I was talking to it. People have said the vocal style is exaggerated, but it was definitely genuine.

I think the worst thing we've ever done was 'Love Part 2' on the B-side of 'Celtics'. We had some studio time booked and although I was really fucked because we'd done the demo for 'Eileen' the day before, I said I'd go in and do it. I forgot the notebook that I had with all the ideas in it and I tried to remember what they were but it just came out really embarrassing.

YOU SPOKE ABOUT THE AUDIENCE EARLIER AND THEIR IMPORTANCE TO THE GROUP WHERE DOES THE INTENSE EMOTION CIRCLE COME INTO ALL THIS?

Well' that's a different thing. It's just an idea to make it better than an ordinary fan club. Everyone who is in it has everybody else's address so they can write to each other or just make friends, meet somewhere perhaps. People may have something in common . . . well, they have one thing in common because they all like the group.

I'm not in it myself, but in one of the newsletters you referred to it as The Intense Knitting Circle.

You get the problem that people think it's music to commit suicide to and that we're all really depressed, which is just not true. I get letters from people telling me not to commit suicide or letters that are sort of dead sympathetic to me. I just think . . . well, some of them are just fucken nutters.

When the group started you locked yourselves away and listened to old Stax music and stuff like that. The material you're demoing now has a much more 'folk' instrumentation, is there a similar process going on?

At the time of the first group it was definitely necessary to listen to all those old records, like a fucken brainwashing process almost, but now I think it's a more natural developing thing. I got a few folk albums as a reference but they weren't really that much good to me.

I like the idea of putting strict boundaries around what you're doing. Like there's loads of groups and they'd rather have a free run. But I think it stretches you a lot more when you decide you're only gonna do that and build up the walls because working within that does really stretch you.

What are your other interests apart from music?

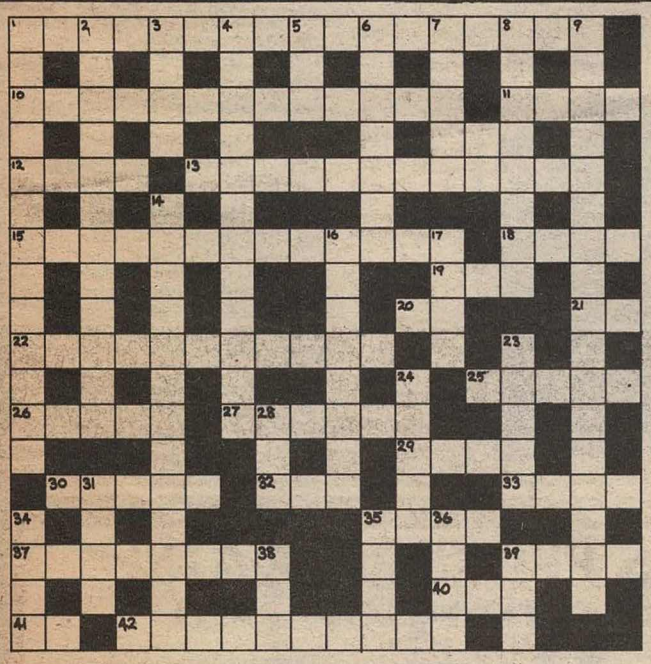
Various, like everyone else I watch a bit of telly. There's some good stuff on TV despite what people say some of the plays, and the comedy programmes are good like *Bilko*, and I really Like *Mind Your Language* though no one else I know does, but then my friend plays the caretaker in it. I like to watch athletics on TV, I'd rather watch athletes running round the track than watch a fucken group, because at least the athletes are stretching themselves. Feats of determination are definitely an interest.

Is it important for you that your music should keep changing?

I think it has to change every year, I want it to be ever-changing and ever-challenging. Not just the music but the group, the whole fucken thing, always challenging and a little bit threatening at times as well, to kick things up once in a while, and just be . . . good, always good.

What's the value of Dexys music for you?

Well, it's only fucken music, we just try to do the best we can and use as much care as possible. It's no great world shattering experience. Like I've said before, it's like a bricklayer laying bricks, you just use all the skill and care that you can and try to be the best at your trade.



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NME XPRESS WORD

ACROSS

1 The human (?) tongue-flapping, can-canning, pink snooker-ball (6-11)
10 Skidding Dick (7-6)
11 see 30
12 see 25
13 Monsieur Patrick Juvet's unpatriotic jive (1-4-7)
15 He's been a Quoman now for 20 years, and recently by royal appointment to HRH Prince Charles (headbanger) (4-9)
18 See 21
19 Their original line-up was Anderson, Squire, Banks, Kay, Bruford (3)
20 Robertson's artistic award (1-1)
21 & 18 Half of Boney M double A-side, couple with Gotta Go Home (2-4)
22 Samba-along-a-Bowie? (7-4)
25 & 12 'Very 'eavy, Very 'umble' and 'Demons and Wizards' were two of their albums (5-4)
26 & 41 & 42 Al Green's first and biggest hit (5-2-5-5)
27 Bob Marley's departure (6)
29 Not real oral sex for Jimmy Pursey . . . . (4)
30 & 11 . . . . and while on the subject, joystick jealousy from Crass (5-4)
32 Michael Schenker's one for the nations (3)
33 & 39D Classic oldie from Sam and Dave (4-3)
35 Early original label for Bauhaus' Dark Entries (4)
37 The Distractions' Boys Cry was originally a hit for this chap (4-4)
39 He's um . . . oh, you know, the nice one in Soft Cell (4)
40 Jimmy — of Slade (3)
41 & 42 See 26

DOWN

1 Another year and something to celebrate? Get drunk with the Pope! (8-5)
2 Time For Action — keep it (or them) to yourself (6-6)
3 Kirsty MacColl's dad who write 'First Time Ever I Saw Your Face' (4)
4 Freddie Mercury lets his fingers do the walking and lets his torso do the talking (4-8)
5 She was walking on thin ice (3)
6 & 23 Jim Reeves' only number one . . . (7 & 5)
7 . . . and Benny Hill's only number one (he's had other hits?) (5)
8 Shuffled aces slip, they're now discarded (8)
9 Higsons in concert (4-2-3-8)
14 *"Never chew a pickle with a little ————"* *Difford/Tilbrook (4-3-6)*
16 Pigbag beginning to hum a bit in warm weather? (5-3)
17 Paul and Barry (4)
23 see 6
24 Make a couple of points before sex with David (5)
28 No thugs in our house — sounds ecstacy (1-1-1)
31 They've had it for Karel Fialka (4)
34 Recently Going Under single-wise (4)
35 ———— Guthrie, of Alice's Restaurant (4)
36 ———— Race, in which Jeff Lynne was a runner in the sixties (4)
38 Early Seventies, avant-garde band who featured in their beginning Steve Hillage (3)
39 see 33

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Hawkwind, 5 Hersham, 9 (V)Era), 10 Animal, 12 Level, 13 Two (2x45)), 14 Barnacle, 18 RSO, 19Una, 20 Rich, 21 Q-Tips, 23 Think, 25 Dear, 27 Church, 32 Bake, 33 TUC, 35 Red, 37 Uber, 38 Flesh, 39 Elaine, 41 RAK, 42 Bifocal, 44 Mecca, 45 Mirrors.

DOWN: 1 Heaven Up There, 2 Arn, 3 Wait, 4 Wyatt, 5 Helen, 6 Rev, 7 Helter Skelter, 8 Molotov, 11 Smash, 15 Actor, 16 Hacienda, 17 Rig, 22 Hacke, 24 K.C. Sun, 26 Rich Kids, 28 Ubu, 29 Rabbits, 30 Her Room, 31 D.A.F., 34 U.S.A., 36 Ellen, 40 Itch, 43 Air.

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CHIP BAG

MONTY SMITH provides the usual battering

Illustration by Catherine Denvir

FORSOOTH!

If there is one thing I have always admired about the *NME* besides your thought-provoking non-music articles (e.g. the excellent computer technology pieces) it is the photography and artwork; no one at *ZZZounds* can touch Benyon for wit and artistry or Mark Fairnington's vitriolic caricatures for professionalism.

In the past you have had some great artwork by "alternative" artists and so I was really pleased with the emergence of illustrations on your pages by Ian Wright and up until now his pictures have always been excellent. But Kim Wilde? Wouldn't have known if it hadn't said so — in fact it looks more like Mari Wilson on the previous page.
Another Ian Wright, Wolverhampton, W. Midlands.
Really? — M.S.

Good old Mick "Overview" Farren. Once again we get a decent, down to dirt Brit telling us about the real world, i.e. America and TV. Thanks Mick! As an underling in the age of Reagan I suddenly realise how dumb I am! All this time I've been wasting my time reading books! I should have been down the Arcade with Pac-Man. Instead of groping my biro, I should have been a Defender.

I'm so unhip man, I think tee-vee is, uh, uncool. Write books, read books. Tee-vee is at least one hundred and ten percent shit. Who needs it? It may be your intellectual quarter pounder with cheese, but perhaps there are plenty more who love the Cassoulet of literature. Good mum, good food, good books, good sex, who needs TV?
Bertie N. Biggsy, Toulouse, France.
One thing's for sure: your sort gives me indigestion. — M.S.

Has Paul Rambali missed the point, or is it just that he can't communicate very well? I refer to your article on "Making Friends With The Microchip".

My point is that, like it or not (I love it), the microchip is now very much a part of society. All Jnr. Luddites can forget it; they're too late. Everything from motor cycles to coffee vending machines now has a 'chip' somewhere in the design. Within twenty years we will look at people who don't understand something about the programmed equipment much as we look at those who don't understand TV today. I *don't* say you have to like 'em, but you will have to understand them (particularly if you want a job).

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M Hodson, London, SE19.
You're right — Monsignor Rambali missed the point (unlike his compatriots in Spain, jammy bleeders). Only joking, Paul — please don't put another horse's head in my bed. — M.S.

This is getting ridiculous! I refer of course to Paul Rambali's review of the band "Making Friends With The Microchip" (bloody daft name for a start).

I used to think the people that wrote in, complaining that reviews were too complicated and incomprehensible were just thick, but even I can't make this one out.

He doesn't even tell us where the venue is! Or how many were in the band! Or what songs they played! And all this reference to 'programmes' was very misleading — was the gig televised or not?
John Brown, Gorgie, Edinburgh.
That's what we like to see — withering satire. Your David Frost commemorative gnomes are in the post. — M.S.

NEW SOUNDS

Me, I don't see any problem with Rip Rig & Panic. As far as I'm concerned Richard Cook and Barney Hoskyns are taking it all far too seriously, which Rip-Rig certainly do not!

Personally, I think Rip Rig's way is a good and relevant one. They certainly do just get on with what they're doing. I don't think they try to lump themselves with any jazz thing, that was Richard Cook's idea. Gareth Sager is open to any sort of noisey shit, just as much as any sensible person. Of course, the new jazz thing is deep and all that but there's no reason why it can't live next to all the other music that's going on, including pop.

So get away from all definitions and just listen to what you want. Don't take the thing so seriously; start writing about important things like Life if you wanna get serious!
Tony Preston, London. S.E.8.
Thanks for the tip! — M.S.

. . . NO STYLE

As sign-systems go (and don't they just!) your Queen's English would appear to be remarkably resilient. I very much doubt however, its ability to withstand the latest series of brutal and callous attacks on its person in the name of "serious" rock journalism.

While a badly-mixed cocktail of metaphor and metonym flows freely from the pretentious pens of the *NME*, an excruciating over-indulgence in arch alliteration is all too common. Meanwhile Litotes, a sexually-transmitted disease not uncommon among the hack, is spreading like a cliche.

All this (and more, more, much more . . .) would be tolerable were it not for the shameful semantic SM indulged in by a certain semiliterate semiotician on your staff.

If your resident punpal the Marquis de Bedpan insists on reserving "every Briton's right" to both (sick) split innocent infinitives and sodomize non-deviant syntax I'm afraid I shall have to give up reading your magazine, your language, or both and renew my senile grandmother's subscription to *Record Mirror*.
Paddy the Punter, Ireland.
Suit yourself, clever dick! — M.S.

Why is it that I increasingly find myself having to reach for the dictionary whilst reading the *NME?*

In the music press over the past few years there has been a trend towards employing the sort of hacks whose only idea of creative journalism seems to be stringing together as many long words per sentence as possible. This kind of pretentious, sixth-form mentality is not only irritating but also leaves the average humble reader confused and sometimes misinformed. I suggest that you devote a *Pseuds Corner* in your paper for the airing of journalistic egos and for the benefit of the 10% of your readers who pretend to understand them. Leave the rest of the space for the other 90% of us punters that only got an 'O' level English.
Trevor Steel, Upminster.
Okey-dokey, sunshine! — M.S.

I am contemptuous, vain, bigoted and have 'O' Level English. Can I have a job writing for *NME?*
Tim Taylor, Oxford.
A warm welcome back for an old favourite. We print one of these, or similar variants, about once every six months. What that proves — about us or you lot — I've no idea. — M.S.

DEFINITELY NO STYLE

God knows why Pete Townshend was worrying about coming across like something out of *Pseuds Corner*. Compared to most of the garbage that *NME* writers have been churning out recently Pete's agonising over "people's need to externalise" was positively conservative.
Tim, London N20.

QUITE A LOT OF STYLE

Loves bites, Buzzcocks died, Richard Cook wrote. Thankyou. I understood what you said. No big pretentious Morley scrawl. Nothing humdrum.
Ossie Ardiles, Ely, Cambs.

STYLE? NEVER HEARD OF IT

Look — shut up all you whingeing and basically envious smallminded conservatives who endlessly swamp *Gasbag* with bigoted and petty letters about Paul Morley. Isn't it perfectly obvious that Paul, realising and effortlessly rejecting the tired old cliche of the 'rock stars' is now bravely seeking to replace it with the increasingly tiresome concept of the JOURNALISTIC STAR *a la* Max Hastings. But that's alright! It's about time that smug patronising bores with giant noses had their turn at the wheel.
Chris Bardeleau, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Cheek! Max Hastings' nose isn't that enormous. — M.S.

Now look Morley, I hate Glenn Hoddle because he buys Christopher Cross records, but you seem to have no reason for your sudden unprovoked outburst on Peter Withe.

I don't suppose he's ever been to the Hacienda Club, I bet he's never heard of Peter Murphy, or Kirk Brandon, he probably hates 'The Look of Love', but none of these are any reason to compare him to the abominable Charlene (*NME 18.6.82*). Let me say now that Peter Withe is a fine, upstanding person with a nice beard (try telling that to Bayern Munich, ha-ha).

By the way, Paul, I'm having an argument with a friend. He says you are Tony Morley's cousin but I disagree — who is right?
Ron Saunders, Tooting.
Neither of you. As even Ian St John knows, they're sisters. — M.S.

HOW COME STYLE KEEPS CROPPING UP IN THE CROSSHEADS?

The appearance of *On The Box* is annoyingly erratic around this time of year. It was the same last summer. There can be no excuse for these lapses. A copy of the new Halliwell's, an eager writer with an acerbic wit and ten minutes to spare, and you really can't go wrong. I could do it! So why the gaps?

I prefer to use *Movies On TV* edited by Scheuer. It's a lot cheaper than its big papa — not as sumptuous visually, admittedly, but still very good. As well as being a reference book it's an addictive browser. I've come across some very odd entries . . .

Imagine settling down by your telly, stiff whisky to hand, cigarette clutched petulantly in anticipation for the midnight movie double-bill. Yes, it's Rosalind Russell in her well-known turkey, *Uh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feeling So Sad* plus the oft-repeated, but obscure *Jesse James Meets Frankenstein's Daughter*. What a crack!

A personal favourite of mine, though is *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies* (1964). It is admirable for (a) length, and (b) being a cleverly prophetic comment on aged members of the House of Lords.
John Nemes, Newport, Gwent.
On The Box: The Collected Works (except films beginning with the letter 'S') by M. Smith and I. Penman is available from "Celluloid? We'll Sell You Anything" press, a snip at £6.95. — M.S.

Ian Penman's Fassbinder obituary had its heart in the right place and some of it summed up my feelings about his death. But I couldn't understand the rest of it. "Bloody outraged drunken vigilant profligate libidinal" — you're going to take the piss out of me, but I just couldn't read half of it without a dictionary. Fassbinder was a very basic and un-pretentious film-maker. Penman made him sound like Alain Resnais — God forbid!
Kevin Wood, GL8 8JP.

Yeah, I know what you mean. It never rainers, but it pourers. — M.S.

Monty! You promised you wouldn't use that terrible line. — Ed.

'STYLE' — SLIGHT REPRISE

Not content with his fatuous, puritanical dismissal of *Britannia Hospital* for "heartless negativity" etc., Richard Cook follows it up with an equally smug and ill-informed hatchet job on Chris Monger's *Voice Over*. So it "hardly makes for chuckles over the cornflakes" — so what? Who says entertainment has to be funny/wholesome/socially uplifting or whatever? What's wrong with a bit of realism once in a while — even if it means presenting some of the uglier (e.g. misanthropic, misogynistic) aspects of the human condition? And even if this grates somewhat on the fearless, noble sensibilities of all you starry-eyed radical optimists!

As for the crap about *Voice Over* "looking as though it were made on a fraction of its £11,000 budget"! If Cook knew anything whatsoever about film-making (which he quite patently doesn't) he would realise that £11,000 is an almost unbelievably miniscule figure for a feature film, and give credit accordingly.

But then fair-mindedness is a rather boring, outmoded concept these days, isn't it? Self-righteous, subjective sneering (tinged with a healthy measure of insincere utopianism) is so much more exciting — and it's positively 'de rigueur' in the good old hipper-than-thou NME.
Mark Demetrius, Isleworth, West Middlesex.
You appear to have missed the point entirely: *Voice Over* is a crappy film. But if you'd prefer to believe otherwise, fair enough. PS: Richard Cook's new film *Aguirre, Wrath of God 2*, opens at the Warner East End next month. — M.S.

Who is the "Anita Corbin" credited with the photographs of "Women live", shown on Tyne Tees TV's *Check It Out* programme of 3.6.82? Is she by any chance your own 38-24-34, 6' 5" big ears? I think we should be told.
Bitterman Pop, The Blue Bells, Etherley.
No comment. — Ashen-faced 'Anita'.

THE SECTION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR — LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE NUTTERS!

Is Kevin Rowland the Alex 'Hurricane' Higgins of music?
John McEnroe, Wimbledon.
What, potty you mean? — M.S.

Loved the Honda spread, broke the sound barrier with Maxwell, received my handy fishing accessory with *Anglers Mail*, and contemplated being the "face for the space" with Tyne Tees TV. Now can I have *Plutonium Blondes* back?
Cindy, C.N.D., Finchley, N.3.
No. — M.S.

There is one thing I've always wanted to know about your weekly UK charts. Do they reflect the nationwide sale, the *NME* staff's choice or frequent radio programmings? Anyway, ABC are in there and (nearly) all the rest doesn't count.
John E. Khomlay — Tlee, Lyon, France.
The source of our charts system has been a tightly guarded secret since 1952 and must remain so until we all drop dead. But if you must know, we just shout out a few names each week and if we can spell them they go in. ABC was a cinch. — M.S.

THANKS BUT . . .

First of all I want to congratulate you on the excellent cassette 'Hit The Road Stax'. It is amazing, brilliantly edited and of superior quality — well done!

Secondly, I have a suggestion to make: why not come down here to Wiltshire and interview a small band I know called —

Block up our letterbox at: Gasbag NME, 5-7 Carnaby Sreet, London W1V 1PG.

Pic: Bryn Jones

Eighties Cabaret artistes turned still life sculptures Eddie And Sunshine model Brit Eurovision celebrities Pearl Carr and Teddy Johnson at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, while the originals are away being refurbished.

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ANYONE REMARKING on the R*** S***** that's been crippling the country is liable to be poked to death under the emergency Traffic Bore White Paper of 1963.

The real matter in hand is How On Earth Did **Alana** Tame **Rod?** We wish she'd tell a Sunday newspaper in the near future, it's very worrying. Like, Part 90: Rod Begins To See Things My Way After I Thrash His Testicles With A Length Of Plywood by Alana Stewart *as told to Ophelia Tugs.* Failing that, how about an item called 'Jurgen (8) Is The New Boy In Britt's Life' and reading like this: "Surrey schoolboy **Jurgen Certain** is the latest toy in the life of 60-year-old retired actress **Britt Ekland**. Britt met Jurgen during the grand opening of his local Presto supermarket. 'I grabbed him by the Findus fridge,' she told our reporter, ' and pulled him inside the freezer. We got on great and, as far as I'm concerned, it's all over between me and Nose (This is **Nose Flannel**, the 14-year-old guitarist with whom Britt was stepping out from 6 till 7.05 last Wednesday). Jurgen is a fantastic lover although he doesn't really understand what I'm writhing about. I want to teach him everything I know.' Jurgen is quiet spoken but managed to tell us "Bwitt is a nice lady. She buys me lots of things. She said we might go to the zoo tomorrow which I would like very much. I only need two more cards for the set of Battleship Galactica in Shreddies. Bwitt is going to get them for me." Britt looked on lovingly and squeezed his hand which made him cry for a while . . .

Right then **Len**, who's in the cages this week? Well first, just to be snatty and irritating let's go for the straight boring bits like (oh no) oh yes (oh no) APOLOGIES! *T-Zers* would like to apologise to everyone. Ever. Sorry. There that's that. We apologise to **Chron Gen** — abbreviated from Chronic Degenerates which in the sleazoid mondoid lemonoid world of beat is a real compliment man — for getting their names wrong last week. We mentioned **Eric**. There is no Eric. **Phil** made him up. The caption should've read L-R: **Tag, Ernie, Jack, Pobble, Legrag** and **Pube**. Also, sorry to "illustrator" **Trevor Brown** whose frankly brown name was left off *Gasbag* on purpose. Also sorry to **Kevin Cummins** who took the snaps — well all the important ones — on last week's **Buzzcocks** retrospective . . .

In contrast, an *apogee* is a spacecraft's furthermost point of orbit. FACT... There are more sex shops and peep shows in North America than there are McDonald's Hamburger concessions. *(Fascinating for sure, but let's get the column going proper shall we? — Jed). (No, look wait. I'm sorry but if we're going to begin let's get it* ***straight****. I am the ED. Not the Jed, nor the Ted, Ned or Fred as I have been called in past "works". ED, got it? Now quickly, before we run out of space. — Ed. (Please accept our humble apogee, Ned — Two T-Zers flying at a certain height in space . . .)*

EXCELLENT STORY: **Bruce Springsteen** was spotted in New York lounging beside a swimming pool. When big gruffy Billy Goat Bruce went in for a dip . . he wore water wings! Water Wings! This story appeared in the *Standard* and is quite true . . .

Fact! **David Bowie**, who spent several hours at London's Soul Furnace Club last week, has asked RCA, his label, to slash all his album prices to a meagre £2.99, meaning he will take a substantial cut in royalties. Ain't that nice, eh? No, really. Said David, "Yeah I'm great, I've got all my albums," adding, "Sorry who is it we're talking about?" . . .

Bryan Ferry got married last Sunday to his "childhood" sweetheart **Lucy Helmore** the mayonnaise heiress. Bryan politely said he was "very very fond" of Lucy but stopped short of uttering the type of slush he feels wont to slap into his latterday work. Lucy said: "Mmm mmmm love that mayonnaise!" The couple were married inside one of **Andy McKay's** "fat period" suits . . .

Keith Richards in the gutter press: "(rock'n'roll) is a very sexy job and the girls are a great perk!" More! "A junkie's life is dangerous . . . it's no fun going down those mean streets . . . And people say I have a fascination for guns — I don't. I have a fascination for life!" And finally: "Few people play rock'n'roll at my time of life so I suppose I'm exploring virgin territory . . ." **Richard Branson** says: "Possible joke about me here?" . . .

Actually let's have a pop at one of our "sources", the *Ad-Lib* column in the *Standard*. So dizzy can this whacky page get that it publishes lines like: **"Haysi Fantayzee** must be the most hyped band around. Even though they've never played live . . . their party last week attracted the likes of **Hazel O'Connor** and **Phil Lynott!"** Oh success! Where will it all end? . . .

Ronnie Wood in the *Sun:* "We've been in and out of drugs. Live audiences give me all the kicks I need" . . .

Duck! **Art Garfunkel** — the bubble - haired balloon - headed crofter who rose to fame playing **Bette Midler** in *Lady, Don't Fall Backwards* — has been hitch - hiking all over the West Country. Art — worth over £50 at latest estimates — finds getting the odd smelly lift invigorating and relaxing . . .

Shock! Lantern-jawed **Paula Yates'** ridiculous *News Of The World* column began this week with a story about **The Boomtown Rats**. Ms. Yates — who tucks away about £15,000 a year for this childish puff — begins *every* column with a story about The Boomtown Rats. This one marked her ten thousandth. She was presented with two wax effigies of **Bob Geldof**-style flop records along with a check from Ensign Records for £6.75 . . .

Speaking of flops: **The Belle Stars** give their own **Ronnie Wood-type** views to the *Mirror:* "Sex & drugs? We're too busy rehearsing to notice if that kind of thing goes on in this business . . ."

Cat Stevens — currently called **Armans Aramn Feral That** — has received an invoice from the Inland Revenue to the tune of half a million pounds. "Ah," said Cat, "they don't write tunes like this no more." He went on: "I wonder if you could throw a few Muslim jokes in here to pad my item out a bit. My last album only sold six hundred copies worldwide and, well, every bit helps . . ."

CLIFF WAS at hand to comfort **Sue** after her humiliating early exit from the so-called Wimbledon fennis championships (an event that nobody has ever heard of in this fabulous WORLD CUP year). But what did Cliff say to cheer his "girlfriend" up? "Well," began the ageless popster, "I just said she played like my old man and would possibly never win another point if she lived to be a hundred. She just sobbed harder. Huh, women! Who needs 'em! . . ."

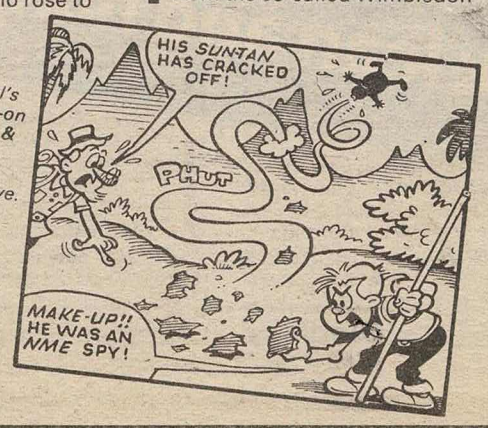
Monsoon have received an award from the International Minority Arts Group for a vital contribution to Indian Pop. We contacted Indian Pop at his Newcastle home and he went: "Hawar, little lad. Meyharp we be crackin' tooneet bonnie lass. When the er, boowet comes in, oh I can't say this rubbish! . . ."

Adam "Ant" Goddard got his quickie divorce this weekend. His case went through the courts unheard and, lo, the pair were free once again. "There was nothing left," said Adam's manager -style assistant **Ken Woodchef**. The *Express* called the marriage "a hollow shell". **Marco** told us: "Another portion of mash please, **Gertie!** . . ."

At exactly the same time — eight thousand miles to the right — **Marie Osmond** finally got a husband. She linked up with **Stephen Craig** in a ceremony with some 4,000 guests (FAT!). Stephen met Marie during the one-night disastrous run of her & **Donny's** *Little Johnny Jones* play. "Stephen was the kindest reviewer," blushed Marie, "and when he called my performance 'a witless farago of stunted bone - headed cliches from one of America's leading dopes', I felt a rush of love." Stephen was quoted as saying, "Yeah yeah she's a great gal sure. Now point me at the mansion wid da piles of dough I wanna get the old feet well and truly under this cuckoo's table, bub . . ."

Well, that's it, Ned! *(Look come on we've been through all this — ED).* Sorry, uh, Ted. *(You can't bait me you know — Ed).* What's that again, Fred? *(look I'm appealing to you for—).* Appeal dismissed! Six months! . . .

"Was this Errol's real fate — walk-on roles in 'Wizzer & Chip's'?" asks reader TzB of Ross-on-Wye.



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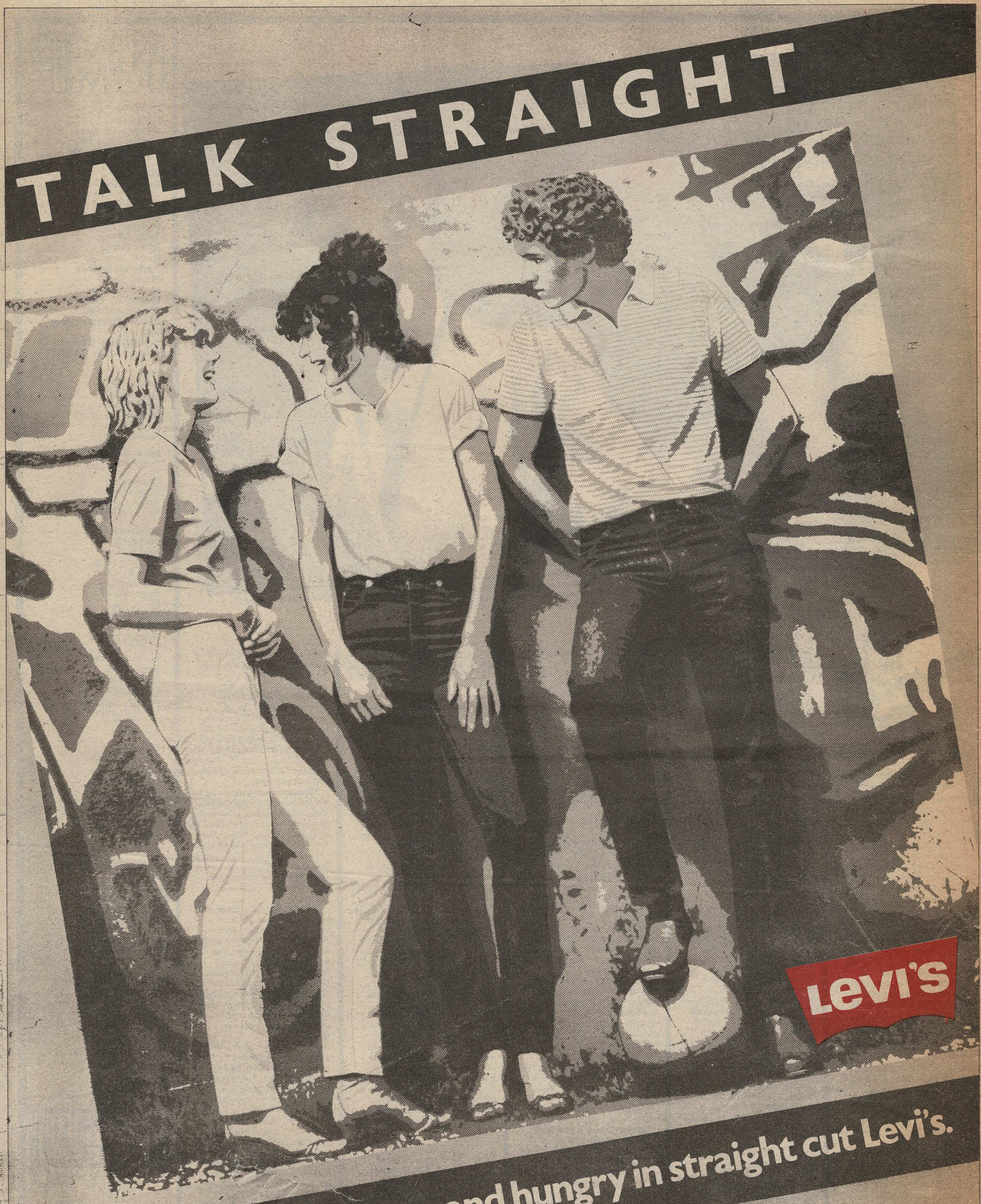

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